Sept. 11, 1954

THE NEW YORKER

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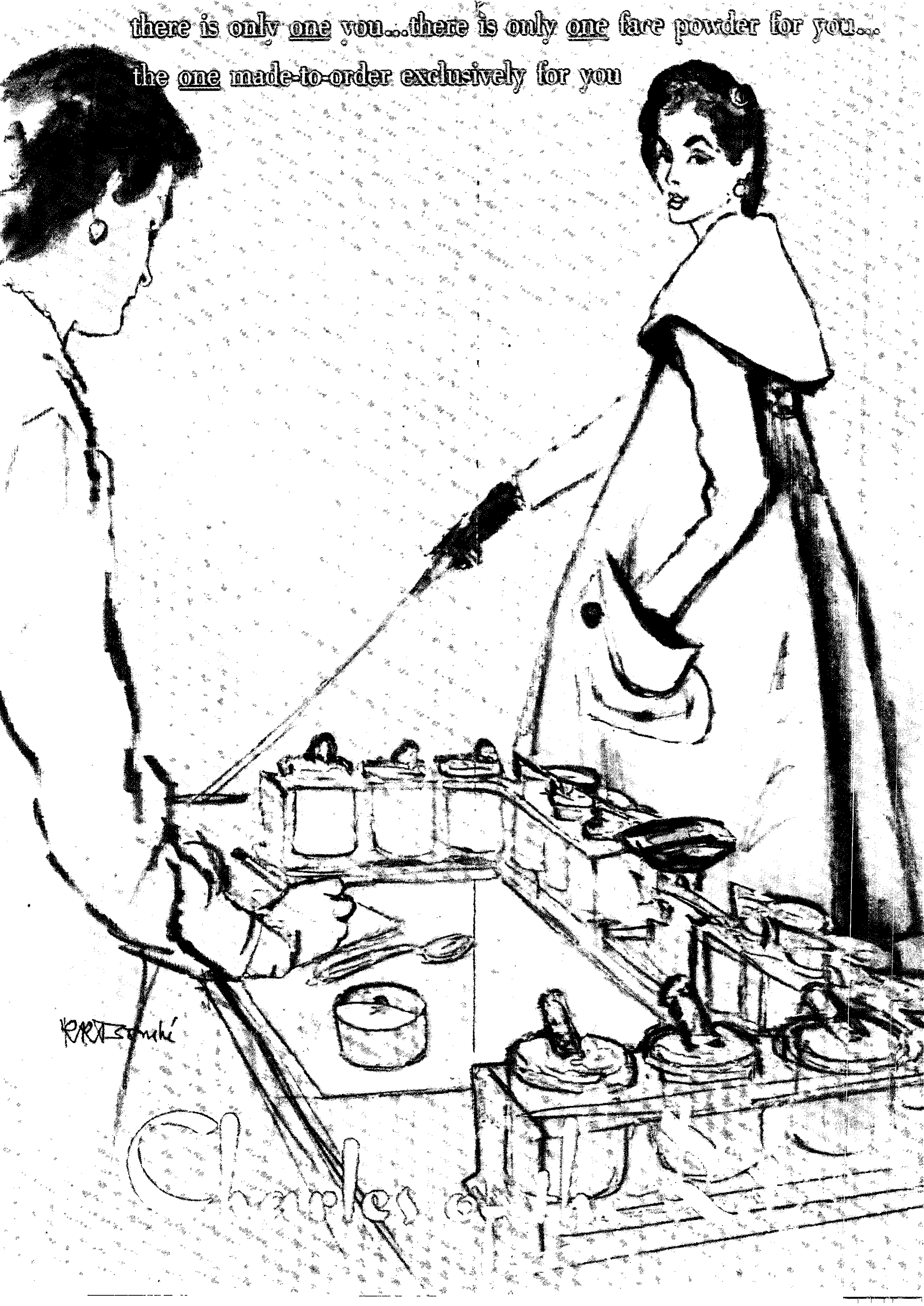
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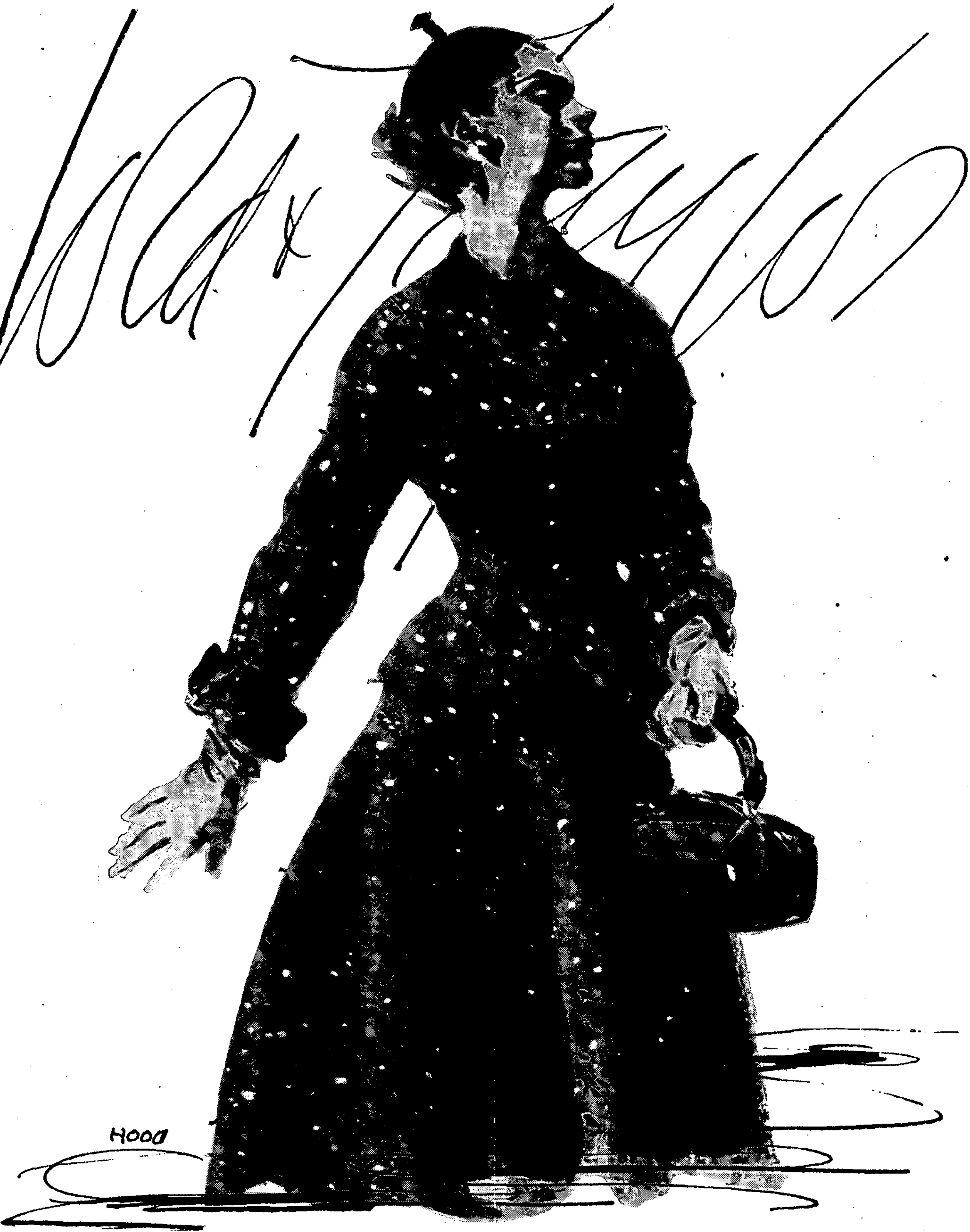

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Anniversary Waltz—Jerome Chodorov and Joseph Fields have written much better comedies than this one about two people who lived together before they were married, and Kitty Carlisle and Macdonald Carey have been happier in the theatre, too. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Caine Mutiny Court Martial—A dramatization of a section of the Herman Wouk novel, in which Lloyd Nolan achieves one of the year's best performances as Queeg. He is ably abetted by John Hodiak, who portrays the defendant, and Barry Sullivan, who now has the role of the defense lawyer. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

King of Hearts—Donald Cook, Jackie Cooper, and Cloris Leachman head the cast of Jean Kerr's and Eleanor Brooke's diverting comedy about a comic-strip artist and his singular romance with himself. Walter F. Kerr is the director, and Frederick Fox designed the cheerful set. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. LU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Oh, Men! Oh, Women!—This play by Edward Chodorov, which deals with a psychoanalyst whose own mind comes under something of a strain, is extremely comic, despite the fact that it trails away a bit at the end. At present, Lloyd Bridges is playing the tormented healer, and Betsy von Furstenberg, Tony Randall, and Larry Blyden are among those who contribute to his distress. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays, except Sept. 9, and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—the fifth season: A comedy about the garment industry, back after a ten-week vacation. Chester Morris and Joseph Buloff are now in the leading roles. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.) . . . **the seven year itch:** George Axelrod's comedy about a middle-aged man who gets more or less carried away with his own fantasies about being a Valentino. Elliott Nugent has taken over as the man, and Sally Forrest is playing his inamorata. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **the solid gold cadillac:** A comedy, by George S. Kaufman and Howard Teichmann, portraying some complicated skulduggeries in the business world. Josephine Hull is still absent, but Loring Smith is around at the head of a talented cast. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **tea and sympathy:** A preparatory-school student, charged with homosexuality, is saved by the understanding wife of his housemaster. Joan Fontaine and Anthony Perkins are currently in the central roles. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **the teahouse of the august moon:** John Patrick's comedy about the Americanization of Okinawa, with David Wayne, John Forsythe, Paul Ford, William Hansen, and Mariko Niki. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

By the Beautiful Sea—Shirley Booth is practically all there is to this piece about Coney Island in the nineteen-hundreds, and she may just possibly be enough. Herbert and Dorothy Fields wrote the book; Arthur Schwartz turned out the music; and Jo Mielziner and Helen Tamiris handled the settings and the choreography, respectively. Others featured in the cast include Wilbur Evans, Mae Barnes, Carol Leigh, and Matt Briggs. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18

The Pajama Game—Labor relations in a pajama factory might not strike you as the most promising theme in the world for a musical comedy, but George Abbott and Richard Bissell have turned it into the merriest of the current offerings. In the highly competent and professional cast are Janis Paige, John Raitt, Eddie Foy, Jr., Carol Haney, and Reta Shaw. Music and lyrics by Richard Adler and Jerry Ross. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Sept. 12.)

Long Runs—can-can: Montmartre in the nineties. Cole Porter did the score, and Lilo, Gwen Verdon, and Norwood Smith are in the cast. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **comedy in music:** Victor Borge in a one-man show. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **kismet:** An adaptation of Edward Knoblock's 1911 comedy-melodrama, with a score drawn from the music of Alexander Borodin. Alfred Drake and Doretta Morrow are the vagabond poet and his daughter. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

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OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Dear Charles—Tallulah Bankhead in an adaptation, by Alan Melville, of a French comedy by Marc-Gilbert Sauvajon. Produced by Richard Aldrich and Richard Myers in association with Julius Fleischmann. Opens Wednesday, Sept. 15. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

Provincetown Playhouse—"The Cretan Woman," a play by Robinson Jeffers, with Jacqueline Brookes and Charles Aidman. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. GR 7-9894. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:45. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:45.)

Theatre de Lys—"The Pony Cart," a new play written by Roger Garis and presented by I. B. Joselow, with a cast headed by Louisa Horton and Lamont Johnson. Opens Tuesday, Sept. 14. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

BALLET

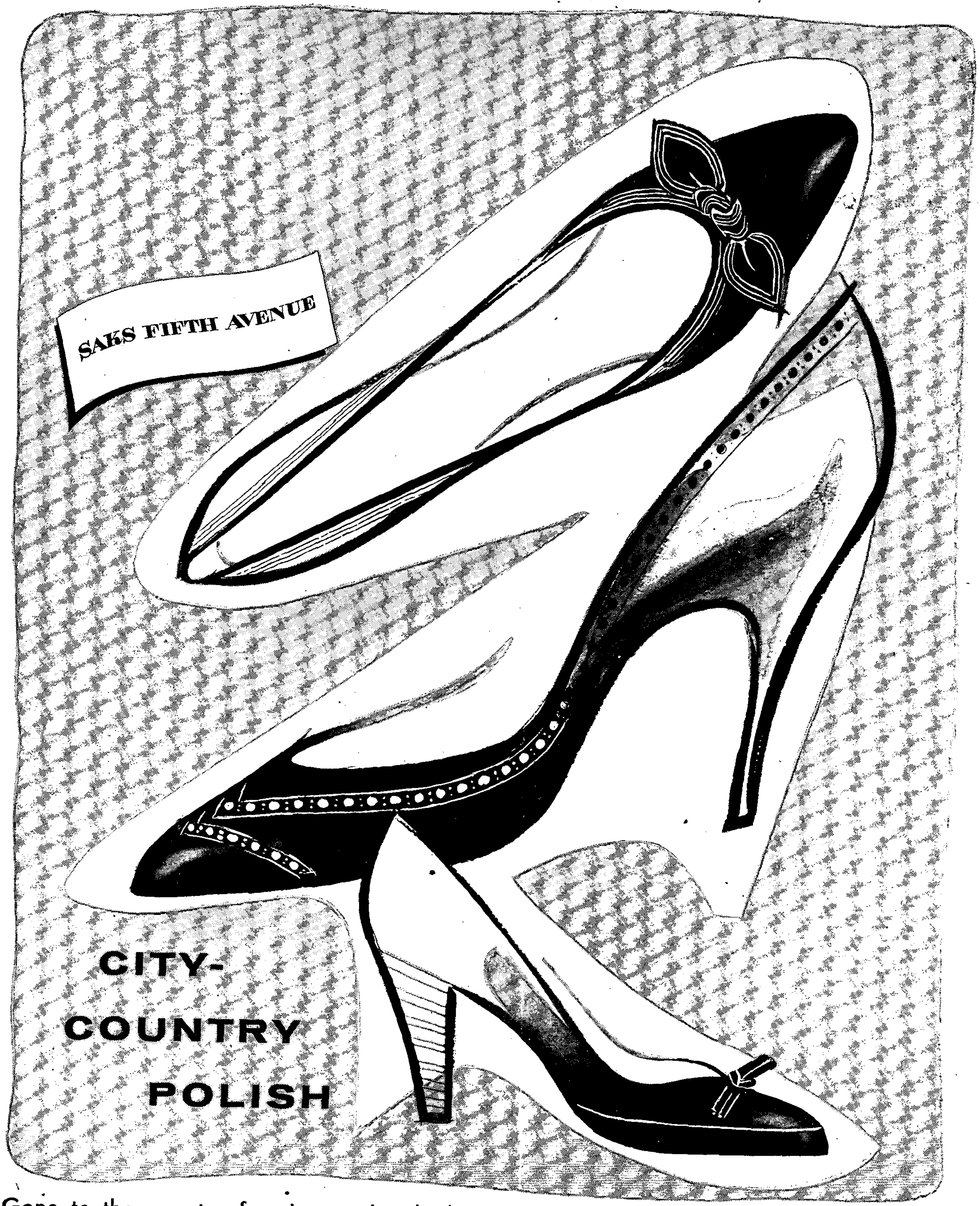
New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Thursday evening, Sept. 9: "Firebird," "The Cage," "Sylvia: Pas de Deux," and "Cakewalk." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Sept. 10: "Con Amore," "The Cage," "Harlequinade," and "Cakewalk." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Sept. 11: "The Duel," "Swan Lake," "A la Françaix," and "Pied Piper." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Sept. 11: "Serenade," "Filling Station," "Pas de Trois," and "Bourrée Fantasque." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Sept. 12: "Firebird," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Western Symphony," and "Fanfare." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Sept. 12: "Interplay," "Orpheus," "Sylvia: Pas de Deux," and "La Valse." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Sept. 14: "Con Amore," "Ivesiana" (première), "Sylvia: Pas de Deux," and "La Valse." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Sept. 15: "Firebird," "The Cage," "Sylvia: Pas de Deux," and "Pied Piper." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Sept. 16: "Interplay," "Opus 34," "Illuminations," and "Western Symphony." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Sept. 17: "Swan Lake," "The Five Gifts," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Bourrée Fantasque." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Sept. 18: "Firebird," "Interplay," "Pas de Trois," and "Cakewalk." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Sept. 18: "Swan Lake," "A la Françaix," "Orpheus," and "Pied Piper." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30. Through Sunday, Sept. 26.)

MISCELLANY

Ice Show—"Ice Capades of 1955," produced by John H. Harris, will offer a frozen abbreviation of "Wish You Were Here," a Mother Goose charade, and eight other creations, ranging from "Ave Maria" to a narrated parody on "Dragnet." Opens Wednesday, Sept. 15, and will run through Sunday, Sept. 26. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

Jones Beach Marine Theatre—A big blowout, engineered by Guy Lombardo, called "Arabian Nights." The title gives some idea of the nature, if not the extent, of the commotion. With Lauritz Melchior, Helena Scott, Ralph Herbert, and Mia Slavenska. (Night-

The New Yorker, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine. Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., New York 36, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding and R. H. Truax, vice-presidents; S. B. Botsford, treasurer; M. L. Fries, secretary; A. J. Russell, Jr., advertising director. Vol. XXX, No. 30, September 11, 1954. Entered as second-class matter, February 10, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y. under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1954, by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, 1 year $7.00; Canada, Philippines, Latin America, and Spain, $8.00. Other Foreign, $10.00.



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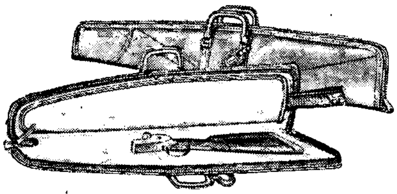

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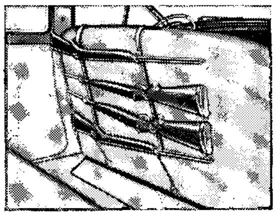

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ly at 8:30; through Saturday, Sept. 11. For tickets, call CO 5-7587.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

BILTMORE, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Gleb Yellin and his instrumental ensemble murmur sweet nothings "under the clock" at cocktails, except Sundays, and from seven to nine in the Madison Room Mondays through Fridays. No dancing.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—All the customers need now is a private airport, which should be ready any day. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band play for dancing.

NEW YORKER, Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (LO 3-1000)—The Terrace Room, which has emerged at last from the Ice Age and put away its skates, will be presenting the dance music of Ralph Flanagan's orchestra and Henri Nolette's quartet as of Wednesday, Sept. 15. Closed Sundays.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—In the Café Pierre, dancing from cocktails through supper to a small orchestra, which is usually Stanley Worth's.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Julie Wilson, almost too beautiful to be such a big romp, is to be the nightingale of the Persian Room, which will reopen on Thursday, Sept. 16. The major-domo is once again Ted Straeter, pianist, tenor, and fashion plate, whose virtuoso dance band will alternate on the stand with Mark Monte's musicians. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The serenity of the Rendez-Vous Room, one of the best of all possible worlds, is broken only by the rocket's red glare of an arriving swordful of flaming *shashlik.* Maximillian Bergere's and Nicholas Matthey's dreamy dance music starts at eight-thirty. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's group does muted music for cocktails in the Palm Court every afternoon. No dancing.

ROOSEVELT, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—A couple of easygoing (or 45 r.p.m.) dance bands noodle around in the Grill most of the evening. Closed Sundays.

ST. REGIS, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Constance Moore, of the Beverly Hill Moores, is singing her breezy songs in the Maisonette, practically the last of the fabled Fifth Avenue town houses, which is still run with all the traditional grandeur. Dancing to Milt Shaw's and Ray Bari's perpetual-motion bands. Closed Sundays.

SAVOY-PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—All week long, there's afternoon and evening dance music by Irving Conn's orchestra in the Café Lounge.

STATLER, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—Jazz has found another foothold in the Café Rouge, which, beginning Friday, Sept. 10, will be billeting the armed forces of Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey. Closed Sundays.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—Not as old as Groton, but it gets most of its graduates into Yale just the same. Dancing in an alcove to the music of Payson Ré's orchestra and a rumba band.

TAVERN-ON-THE-GREEN, Central Park W. at 67th St. (SC 4-8100)—A huge open-air gymnasium for jitterbugs, where Mother Nature comes as close as she dares to our asphalt jungle. The dancing starts at eight weekdays, at seven Sundays.

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—The score of the incumbent musical comedy is a tie right up to the ninth inning, when Irwin Corey, a lad with the gift of inexplicable gab, puts the first ball over the right-field fence. Fay DeWitt and Lou Nelson are no mean comedians themselves, but the book of the show is almost entirely put together in Basic Broadwayese. Panchito's band and Salvatore Gioë's orchestra play for dancing after nine.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The starlight that sprinkles the dancers on the Roof may not be real, but the dance music of the long-lost Henry King orchestra definitely is. The three Andreas do a spectacular waltz-and-tumbling act to it, and Betty Clooney, a prepossessing young imp, sings songs that make little or no use of her ability. Closed Sundays.

NOTE—The Rainbow Room, which has had its head in the clouds these many years, offers cocktails—beating any other sightseeing bus hollow—and modest non-dance music from four-thirty to nine every evening except Sunday. The best seats, of course, are up near the windows. The address is 30 Rockefeller Plaza, the telephone CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

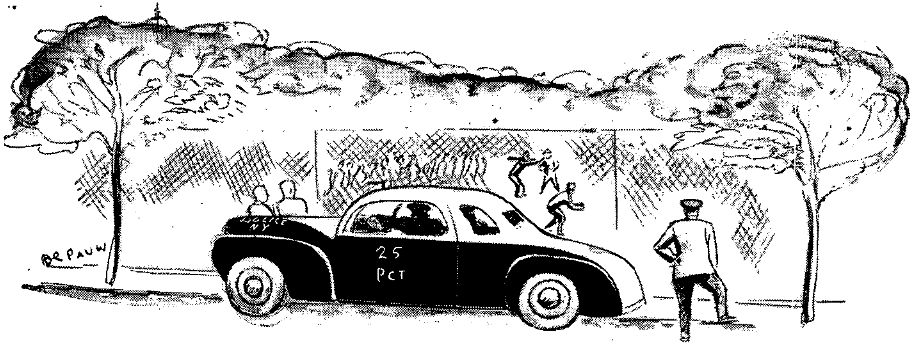
(No dancing, unless noted.)

LITTLE CLUB, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): Norbert Faconi is a star pupil of the you-and-I-were-made-for-each-other school of tableside violin. He's at work at suppertime every night but Sunday, and there is Continental piano music at dinner. Sundays, at suppertime, Bud Gregg does piano in an American vernacular. . . . **WEYLIN ROOM,** 40 E. 54th St. (PL 3-9100): Cy Walter is again presiding over his fashionable finishing school for drawing-room pianism in this cool, collected little buttery. Lessons from six to eight and from ten to two every night but Sunday. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): A cityscape of notable opulence wherein Addison Bailey, who remembers a good tune when he hears one, is at the piano during dinner and supper, except Sundays. . . . **LE COQ ROUGE,** 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Eddie Davis was out of town when Rome burned, but he's fiddled at most of the important social occasions since then. His tiny dance band is around after nine. Closed Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Latins loving, weeping, making music, and dancing with fascinating fury. The clients are occasionally allowed to dance, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ NINO,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): In the bar of this decorator's *nuit blanche,* Herman Arminski plays for cocktails, and Rudy Timfield for dinner and supper. Closed Saturday, Sept. 11, and every Sunday. . . . **CHAMPAGNE GALLERY,** 135 Macdougal St. (GR 7-9221): Harmless antics, largely song and piano, in the extremely relaxed lobby of this youth hostel.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5098): The family life of Martha Davis and Calvin Ponder, set to their own words and music, is all play and no work. The other court jesters are Jimmie Komack, a keen analyst of



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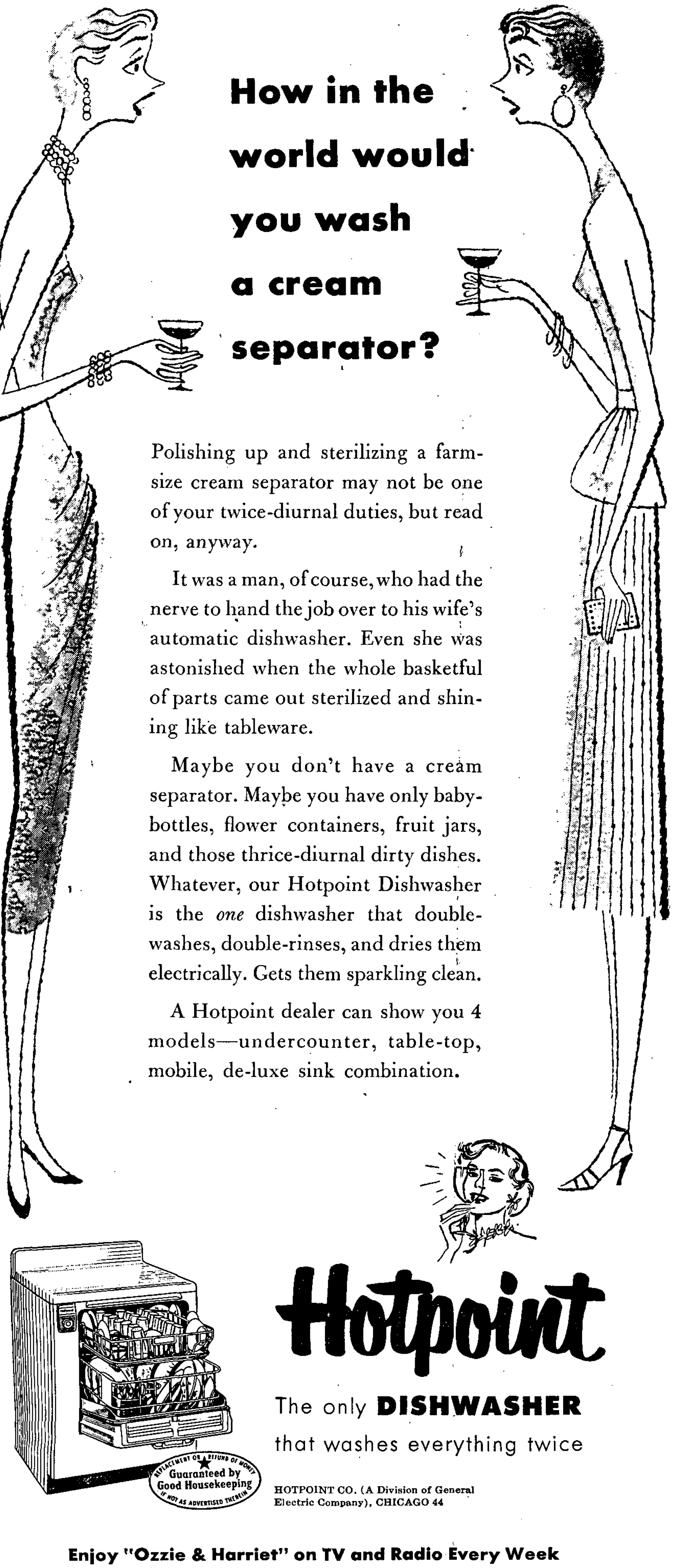

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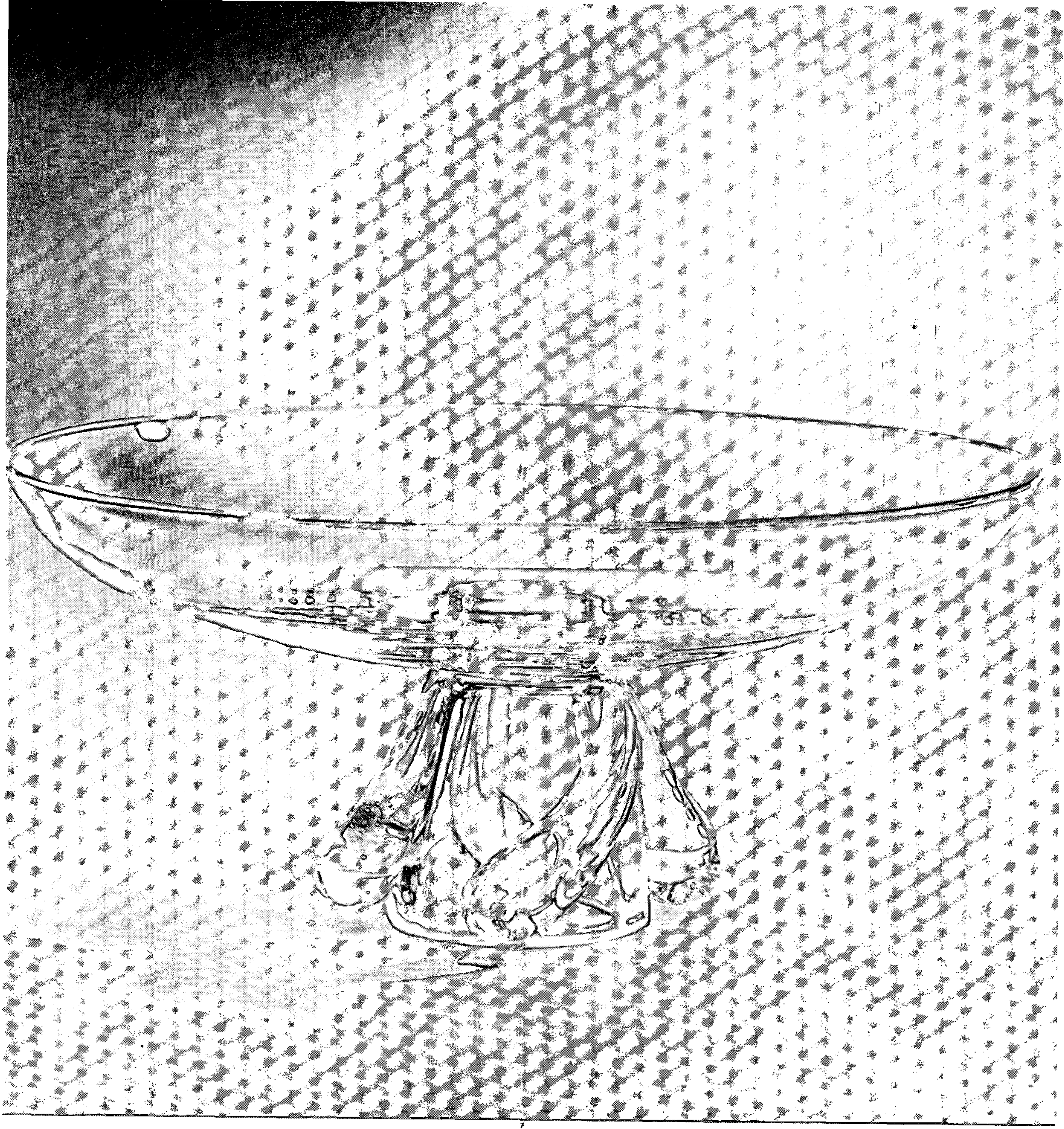
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

a number of Manhattan psychoses, and Charlotte Rae, dissector of the more menacing types of American songbird. There are also the George La Faye Puppets, just in from Paris. The background is Bart Howard's romantic piano and the restrained jazz of Jimmy Lyons' trio. . . . ¶ Except Saturday nights, the Davis-Ponder family keeps the lounge jumping from two to four with more of its music. . . . **LE RUBAN BLEU**, 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): The night nursery for talent operated by Julius Monk, *conférencier* and pianist, is currently domiciling Lee Goodman, taking his postgraduate degree in high comedy; June Ericson, a gentle lass with several delicate arias; Terry and the Macs, part singers; and Alan Carrier, a new anecdotist. The music of the unique Norman Paris trio is a show in itself. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Robert Clary is an ideal household pet—small, fun-loving, and willing to dance and sing until all hours. There is also vocalizing by Ada Moore, a tall freshman with a sunny disposition and a good jazz style. The dance music is by Clarence Williams' trio, which has Carl Lynch on guitar. Closed Mondays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE**, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Clara Cedrone, a girl with a sandpaper voice and a desperate air, is turning the songs that Mother used to make into appetizing mincemeat. Bob Downey and Harold Fonville play rousing double piano, and Hazel Webster is the piano soloist. On Sunday, Miss Cedrone will be replaced by antique movies, and Monday, Sept. 13, is her last night. Patricia Bright, a brusque humorist, takes over next evening, which will also be the start of an Old Home Week; i.e., Russell Nype, Martha Wright, the team of Kirkwood and Goodman, Bibi Osterwald, Nancy Andrews, and Jack Cassidy (all of them prominent alumni) will do individual one-night stands. . . . **BYLINE ROOM**, 137 E. 52nd St. (EL 5-8324): The course of untrue love doesn't run very smooth either, but Mabel Mercer's special lyrics offer a few helpful household hints on what to do about it until the analyst comes. She's ensconced in a small upstairs salon where the reliable Sam Hamilton is almost continually at the piano. Closed Sundays. On the floor below is the febrile Show Spot Lounge, where, except Sundays, Laurie Brewis provides cheery piano. . . . **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Reopens Friday, Sept. 10, to the same set of sound effects that accompanied the downfall of Carthage. The participants, *in no particular disorder*, are Mae Barnes, the venerable steam calliope; Tony and Eddie, whose mimicking of sundry recording artists is pure malice; Ceil Cabot, a merry minx with practically no mind of her own; Jimmie Daniels, intoner of *bon-vivant* ballads; the Three Flames and their existentialist music; Norene Tate, who plays piano and sings; and Bruce Kirby, a sotto-voce clown. Closed Mondays. . . . **JORIE'S PLAYGOERS CLUB**, Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): A homey little cellar populated principally by Jorie Remes, an avant-garde comedienne with the air of a woman who has wrestled with the Devil and found it good, clean fun. Closed Tuesdays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(Open later than most other places, and no dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Wild Bill Davison's trumpet, that fabled wind machine, makes the four-minute mile seem child's play. Cutty Cutshall, Gene Schroeder, Cliff Leeman, Edmond Hall, Walter Page, and Mr. Condon give him and his weapon of choice rich Deep South support. Ralph Sutton has the solo-piano chore. Tuesday nights, when other American primitives drop in, are especially rugged. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): These pine-panelled walls bring out the best in pianists. George Shearing, surrounded by a clever quintet (including Al McKibbon and John Thielmans), never sounded better or more original, and Don Shirley, aided only by a bassist, makes thoughtful tone poems out of his music. They all check in at nine-thirty. Ronnie Selby, another important addition to this little Stein-



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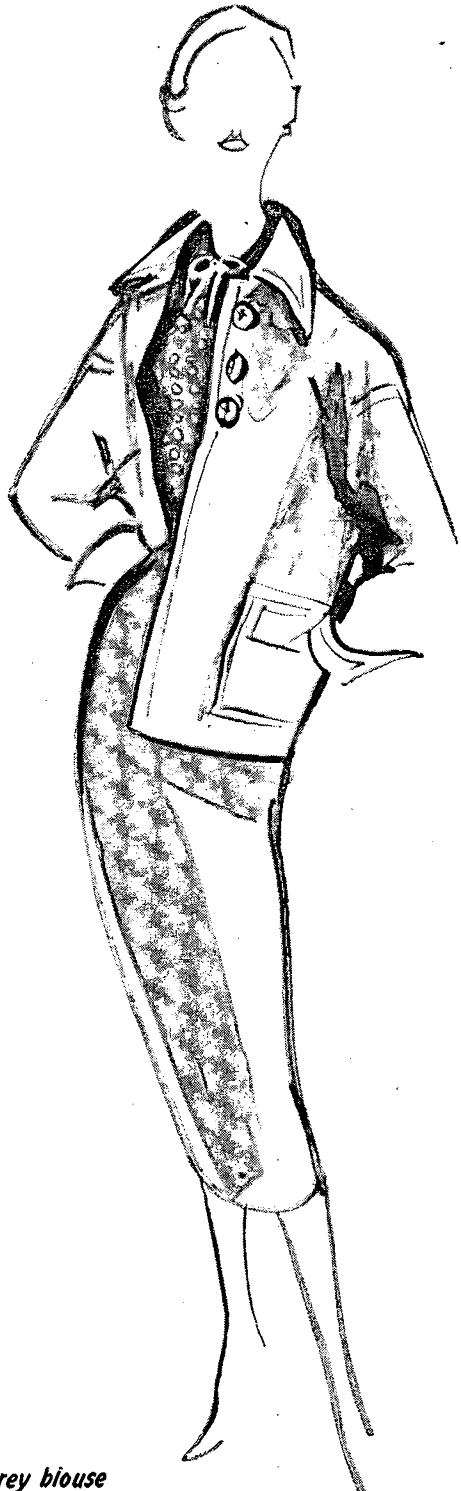

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NEW YORK 19 NY

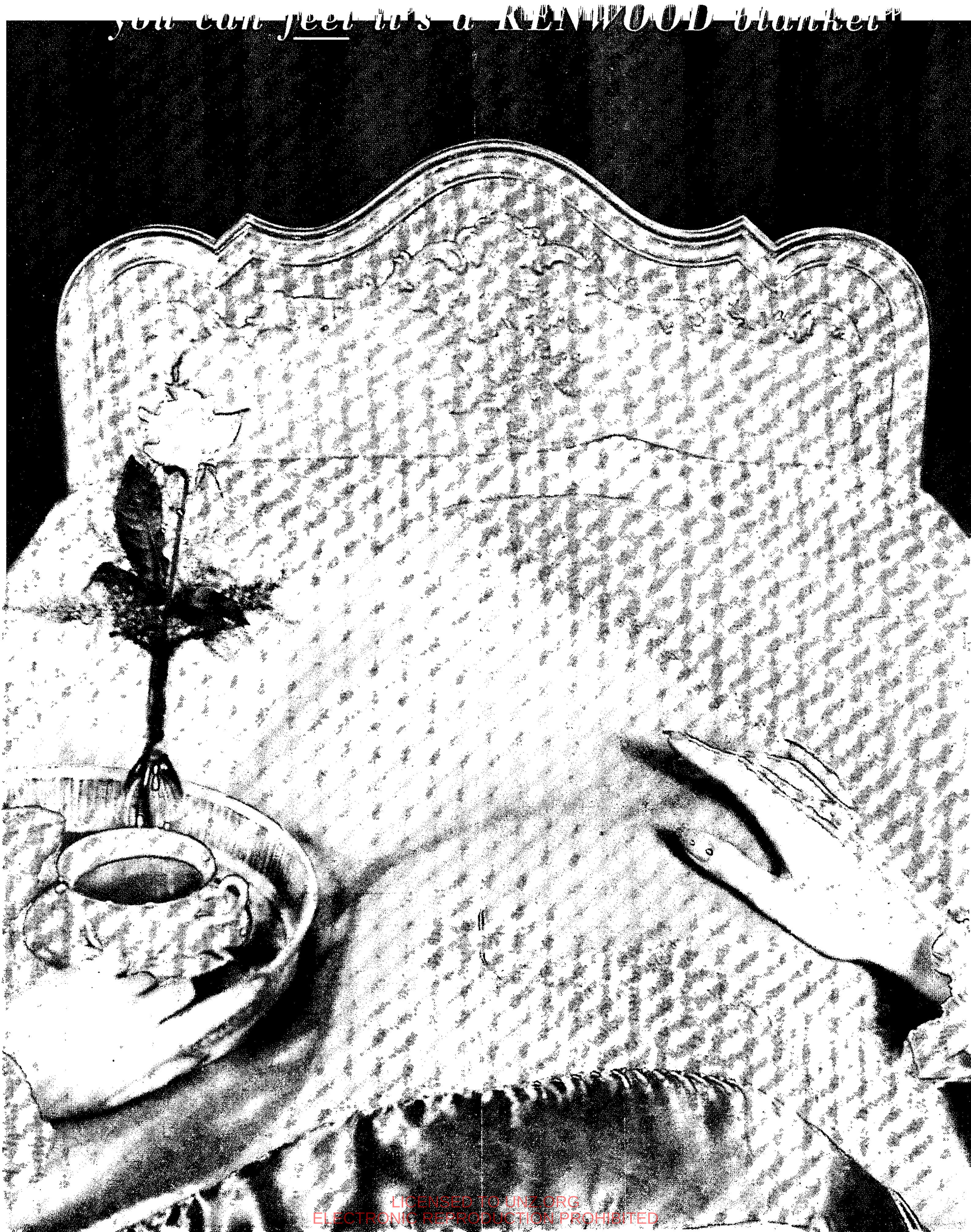
Gold topper, gold-patterned grey blouse ...grey or red jacket, red-patterned grey blouse. Sizes 10 to 16.

way Hall, does the dinner music. All's well, in fact, except for Mr. Shearing's jokes, which are better left unsaid. On Monday, Sept. 13, a new deal: the Shirley pair from seven to one, and Alex Kallao's and Dorothy Donegan's trios from nine to four. Closed Sundays.... **BASIN STREET,** Broadway at 51st St. (PL 7-3728): Jack Teagarden and his All-Stars (Charlie Teagarden, Ray Bauduc, and Norma Teagarden among them) are paying a long-awaited visit to this underground polo field. Their Early Americana is an interesting contrast to the latter-day slang of Johnny Hodges' extrovert sextet and Gerry Mulligan's introvert quartet. On Tuesday, Sept. 14, Lionel Hampton's large and lambasting band will be replacing them all. Closed Mondays.... **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Phil Napoleon and his Memphis Five are hopping to it with considerable gusto. Sunday afternoon is jam-session time. Closed Mondays.... **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Wilbur de Paris and his band (Omer Simeon, Sidney de Paris, and Eddie Gibbs) do an excellent job of jazz as it was in the beginning. Don Frye is the solo pianist. Jam sessions Monday nights. Closed Sundays.... **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-1368): The meeting place of an extremely feverish freethinking, freewheeling society. Through Wednesday, Sept. 15, Dinah Washington, the voice of experience, and Dizzy Gillespie's abstractionists will be making (or paraphrasing) music. Next evening, the Sal Salvador quartet, Chris Conners, and Chico O'Farrill's band will be checking in. Visitors on Mondays, which are jam-session nights.... **CHILDS PARAMOUNT,** Broadway at 44th St. (CH 4-9440): On Tuesday, Sept. 14, the Grill will revert to its old love, music in the barrelhouse mood, as played by newcomers to these parts—Turk Murphy and his San Francisco Jazz Band (Wally Rose, Bob Helm, Bob Short, Frank Haggerty, and Everett Farey). They'll start at six-thirty; dancing starts at nine-thirty.... **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): A cheerful point of view prevails inside the circular bar, where, after nine, Marian McPartland and her two-man rhythm section play a lot of good, up-to-date harmonics. No music Mondays.... **STUYVESANT CASINO,** 140 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-9742): This celebrated beer parlor, now air-conditioned, is back on a Friday-night routine. Promised for Sept. 10 is a priceless collection of heavyweights; to wit, Bobby Hackett, Buck Clayton, Pee Wee Russell, Tony Parenti, Joe Sullivan, Pop Foster, Snub Mosely, and Jimmy Rushing. Dancing.... **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): On Friday and Saturday, Sept. 10-11, there'll be a heated, if friendly, argument between the Conrad Janis tailgaters and Roy Eldridge.

DINNER IN THE COUNTRY

(Places to dine while out motoring. Telephoning ahead is always wise; a few places insist on it. No dancing, unless noted.)

BANKSVILLE, N.Y.: La Crémaillère (Bedford Village 4-3306); closed Mondays.... **BETHPAGE, L.I.:** Beau Sejour (HIcksville 3-0091); closed Tuesdays.... **CLOSTER, N.J.:** Nolan's Closter Manor (Closter 5-3012).... **CONGERS, N.Y.:** Jean's (Congers 8-6178); closed Mondays.... **DANBURY, CONN.:** White Turkey Inn (Danbury 3-2726).... **EAST NORWICH, L.I.:** Rothmann's Inn (OYster Bay 6-0266).... **FISHKILL, N.Y.:** Boni's Inn (Beacon 9-7394).... ¶ Gertrude Hart's (Beacon 9-7384).... **GARRISON, N.Y.:** Bird and Bottle (Garrison 4-3342); closed Tuesdays.... **GLENWOOD LANDING, L.I.:** Swan Club (ROslyn 3-0037); music nightly and dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings.... **HARTSDALE, N.Y.:** Tordo's (WHite Plains 8-0597).... **LAKE SUCCESS, L.I.:** André; formerly Mori's (HUnter 2-7717).... **NORWALK, CONN.:** Silvermine Tavern (Volunteer 6-2588).... **PORT WASHINGTON, L.I.:** Nino's Continental (POrt Washington 7-1604); dancing every evening except Monday.... ¶ Riviera (POrt Washington 7-6500); dancing every Friday and Saturday evening as well as Thursday, Sept. 9.... **POUND RIDGE, N.Y.:** Emily Shaw's Inn (Pound Ridge 4-8873); closed Mondays.... **RIDGE-**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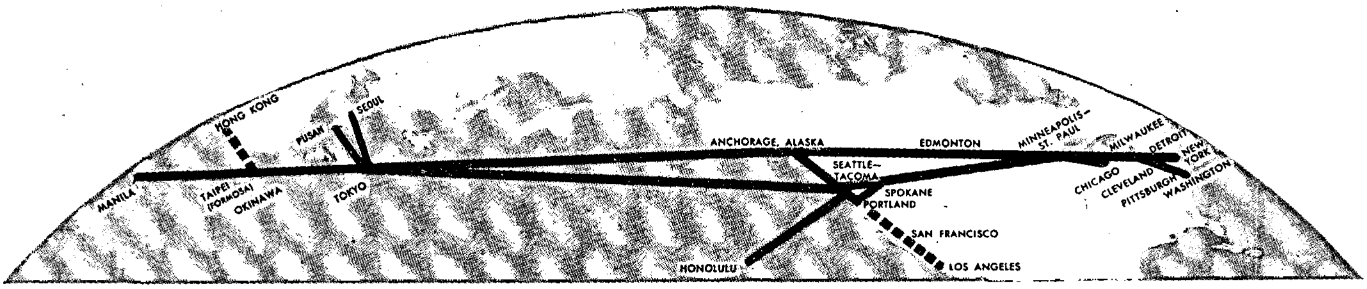
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NEW YORK
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WASHINGTON

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

FIELD, CONN.: Stonehenge (Ridgefield 6-6511). . . . ¶ Fox Hill, on Route 7 between Ridgefield and Danbury (Ridgefield 6-7628). . . . **ROSLYN, L.I.:** Blue Spruce Inn (ROslyn 3-3300); closed Mondays. . . . **SMITHTOWN, L.I.:** Frank Friede's Riverside Inn (Smithtown 2-1016); closed Tuesdays. . . . ¶ Mont d'Or Inn (Smithtown 2-1997); closed Mondays. . . . **SOUTH HUNTINGTON, L.I.:** Round Hill (Huntington 4-1371); closed Mondays. . . . **SYOSSET, L.I.:** Villa Victor (SYosset 6-3886). . . . **TARRYTOWN, N.Y.:** Tappan Hill (TArrytown 4-3030); dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings. . . . **WESTBURY, L.I.:** Westbury Manor (WEstbury 7-2184); piano every evening except Sunday. . . . **WESTPORT, CONN.:** Red Barn (Capitol 7-6204).

ART

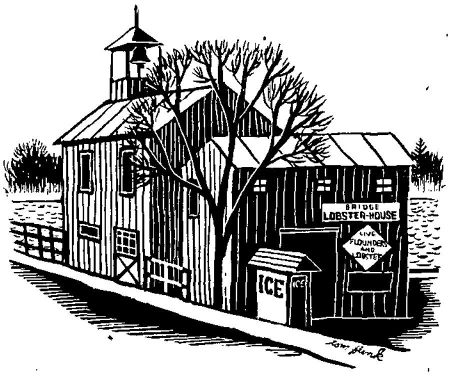
(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **ALAN**, 32 E. 65th St.: New paintings and a couple of sculptures by Karl Zerbe, Jack Levine, William King, and the nineteen other artists who are associated with this gallery; through Oct. 2. (Open Saturdays.) . . . **BABCOCK**, 38 E. 57th St.: Albert Ryder, George Inness, and Charles Sibley are among the nineteenth- and twentieth-century painters represented in this show; through Oct. 2. (Open Saturday, Sept. 18.) . . . **BORGENICHT**, 61 E. 57th St.: Paintings, sculptures, graphics, and mosaics by present-day artists, including Milton Avery, Jimmy Ernst, José de Rivera, Gabor Peterdi, and Max Spivak; through Sept. 25. . . . **CONTEMPORARY ARTS**, 106 E. 57th St.: Oils by Edward Betts and Stephen Czoka, and sculptures by Boris Kagan and Nancy Dryfoos are some of the items in a mixed-mediums show by thirty-seven contemporaries; through Monday, Sept. 13. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5:30; Monday evenings, 8:30 to 10:30.) . . . **CRESPI**, 205 E. 58th St.: Almost every type of work, from oils and sculptures to artists' portfolios, in styles varying from the classic to the non-objective; through Friday, Sept. 10. (Mondays through Fridays, 3 to 8.) . . . **KRAUSHAAR**, 32 E. 57th St.: Gifford Beal, John Koch, and Tom Hardy are three of the artists who have contributed early and recent oils, gouaches, and sculptures; through Friday, Sept. 10. . . . **ROSENBERG**, 20 E. 79th St.: Canvases by Abraham Rattner, Karl Knaths, and Marsden Hartley; through Sept. 30. . . . **BERTHA SCHAEFER**, 32 E. 57th St.: "Fact and Fantasy '54," consisting of paintings and sculptures by the gallery's group, which includes Balcomb Green, Will Barnet, and Robert Cronbach; through Friday, Sept. 10.

FRENCH; GROUP SHOWS—At the **NIVEAU**, 962 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: An exhibition of paintings by Chagall, Derain, Utrillo, Vlaminck, and others; through Oct. 2. (Open Saturdays.) . . . **PERLS**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: The first show in an old gallery's new home comprises oils by such modern French painters as Picasso, Braque, and Rouault; through Oct. 2. (Open Saturday, Sept. 18.)

NOTE—The semiannual Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit will be on view daily,



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

from noon until dark, starting Friday, Sept. 10, and continuing through Sunday, Oct. 3.

MUSEUMS

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—No special art exhibitions right now; just the permanent collections. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Traditional Japanese calligraphy used as a point of departure for forty examples of abstract Japanese pen-and-ink drawings on exhibit for the first time in this country; through Sept. 19. . . . ¶ Prints in color and black-and-white by Paul Klee, ranging from his early allegoric themes of 1903 to some of his last etchings, done in 1931 and 1932; through Sept. 19. . . . ¶ A hundred prints by twentieth-century North and South American artists, including John Marin, George Bellows, and Posada; through Nov. 14. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Colored engravings of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century English country and sporting scenes; through Wednesday, Sept. 15. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A show called "Younger American Painters," nationwide in scope, with fifty-odd paintings in a variety of styles; through Sept. 26. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

MUSIC

Interval Concerts—Thursday, Sept. 9: A program of chamber music performed by Philip Fatt, clarinet; Marya Sielska, piano; Harry Zaratzian, viola; and Harold Kohon, violin. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Sept. 14: Norma Holmes, piano; Daniel Andrews, baritone; and Yoko Matsuo, violin. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 16: Irving Becker, violin, and Irving Owen, piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Evenings at 8:40. For information about tickets, call MU 2-6521.)

Jazz at the Philharmonic—A big soirée, to be attended by Ella Fitzgerald, Dizzy Gillespie, Roy Eldridge, Flip Phillips, Bill Harris, Buddy DeFranco, Louis Bellson, Buddy Rich, Oscar Peterson, and others. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Saturday, Sept. 18, at 8:30 and at midnight.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Coonamessett Music Festival—Friday, Sept. 10, at 8:30: The Philharmonic Chamber Ensemble. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 11, at 8:30: Arnold U. Gamson directing the American Chamber Opera Society in performances of Purcell's "The Witch of Endor" and Gluck's "The Passionate Pasha," both in concert form, with Salvatore Baccaloni, bass, and Laurel Hurley, soprano. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 12, at 5:30: The Kroll String Quartet, with Ray Lev, piano. (Falmouth Playhouse, Coonamessett, Mass.)

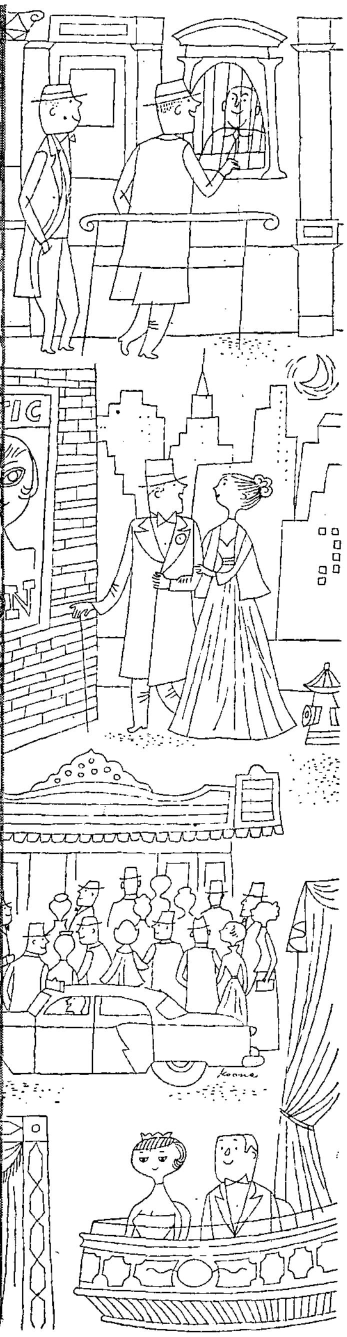
SPORTS

Baseball—At the **polo grounds:** Giants vs. Chicago, Thursday, Sept. 9, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Cincinnati, Friday and Saturday, Sept. 10-11, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Giants vs. St. Louis, Sunday, Sept. 12, at 2, and Monday, Sept. 13, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Milwaukee, Tuesday, Sept. 14, at 8:15, and Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 15-16, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Philadelphia, Friday, Sept. 17, at 8:15, and Saturday, Sept. 18, at 1:30. . . . **ebbets field:** Dodgers vs. St. Louis, Thursday, Sept. 9, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Dodgers vs. Milwaukee, Friday, Sept 10, at 8, and Saturday, Sept. 11, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Dodgers vs. Chicago, Sunday, Sept. 12, at 2 (doubleheader). . . . ¶ Dodgers vs. Cincinnati, Tuesday, Sept. 14, at 8, and Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 15-16, at 1:30.

Boxing—Carmen Basilio vs. Carmine Fiore, welterweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Friday, Sept. 10. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

Dog Show—Westchester Kennel Club. (Rye. Sunday, Sept. 12.)

Golf—U.S.G.A. Women's Amateur Championship. (Allegheny Country Club, Sewickley, Pa. Monday through Saturday, Sept. 13-18.)



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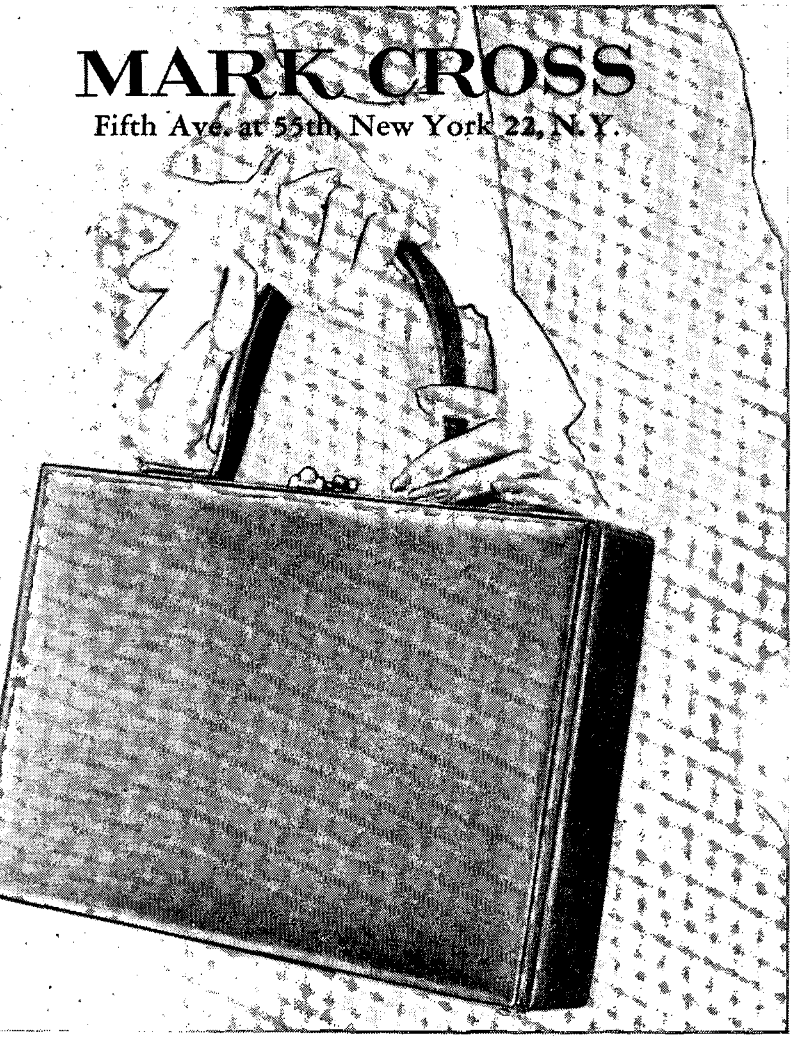

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

. . . ¶ Westchester Seniors Golf Association Championship. (Hudson River Country Club, Yonkers. Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 15-16.)

Horse Shows—Maryland State Fair Horse Show. (Timonium, Md. Through Thursday, Sept. 9.) . . . ¶ North Shore Horse Show. (Stony Brook, L.I. Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 9-11.) . . . ¶ Helping Hand Horse Show. (Syosset, L.I. Sunday, Sept. 12.) . . . ¶ Piping Rock Horse Show. (Locust Valley, L.I. Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 16-18.)

Hunt Racing—Foxcatcher Hounds. (Fairhill, Md. Saturday, Sept. 11, and Saturday, Sept. 18.)

Motorboat Racing—National Sweepstakes. (Red Bank, N.J. Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 11-12.) . . . ¶ President's Cup Regatta. (Washington, D.C. Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 18-19.)

Polo—At the MEADOW BROOK CLUB, Westbury: Sundays at 3:30. . . . BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB, Purchase: Sundays at 4:30.

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:15; through Tuesday, Sept. 21. The Discovery Handicap, Saturday, Sept. 11; the Babylon Handicap, Monday, Sept. 13; and the Beldame Handicap, Saturday, Sept. 18. (Trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:25.) . . . ATLANTIC CITY, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Wednesday, Oct. 6. The American Bred and the Foreign Bred, Wednesday, Sept. 15. (A train leaves Penn Station at 10:30 and connects with a train for the track at North Philadelphia.)

Sports-Car Road Racing—Touch and go on the paved circuit for the Seneca Cup, the Glen Trophy, the Queen Catharine Cup, the Watkins Glen Grand Prix, and other rewards. (Watkins Glen, N.Y. Test runs on Friday, Sept. 17; first official race Saturday, Sept. 18, at 10 A.M.)

Yachting—Manhasset Bay Race Week. (Manhasset, L.I. Through Sunday, Sept. 12.)

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—The organization's activities are expected to be more or less quiescent until Tuesday, Sept. 21, when the General Assembly will reconvene. In the meantime, there are still periodic sessions of the Security Council and meetings of various commissions and committees that the public may attend. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3 Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours, conducted by the American Association for the United Nations, leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so, daily from 9 to around 4:30. . . . ¶ Questions about the United Nations will be answered, Mondays through Fridays, by the Information Center for the United Nations, 345 E. 46th St., MU 2-2658.

Morgan Library—An exhibition drawn from the Library's collections of stone tablets, Egyptian papyri, illuminated and autograph manuscripts, printed books, and other examples of the written word; through Oct. 30. (Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St. Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

National Homefurnishings Show—Soap dishes, for one thing, and after that the mind reels. (71st Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 34th St. Weekdays, noon to 10:30; Sundays, 2 to 10:30. Through Sunday, Sept. 19.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—Sunsets, rainbows, thunderstorms, and other phenomena caused by the earth's atmosphere are reproduced in the current show, "Sky Fantasia;" through Sunday, Sept. 19. (Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30. Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11. . . . ¶ Half-hour conducted tours of the Planetarium start every night at 8.)

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Concord, Mass.	The Country Store
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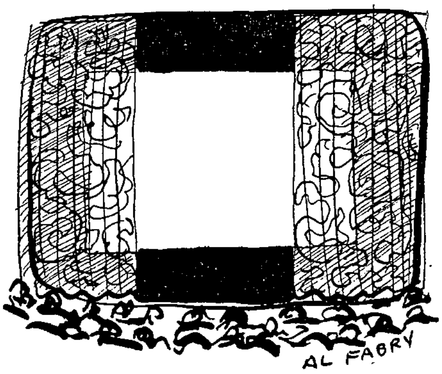
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION



Beat the Devil—Some jolly doings fomented by several diverting crooks who have taken up residence in an Italian town on the Mediterranean while they hatch plans to get control of a big uranium deposit in Africa. The script was written by Truman Capote and John Huston; the scoundrels are Humphrey Bogart, Robert Morley, Peter Lorre, Marco Tulli, and Ivor Barnard; and Jennifer Jones and Gina Lollobrigida add the feminine touch. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Sept. 12.)

The Caine Mutiny—An adaptation of the Herman Wouk novel about life on a minesweeper patrolling the Pacific during the last war. When the film takes itself seriously, it's a bit foolish, but when it's being lighthearted, it's pleasant enough. Humphrey Bogart is fine as the lunatic captain of the minesweeper, and Van Johnson is equally persuasive as the executive officer who gets in all the trouble. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060.)

High and Dry—An ancient Scottish mariner pits his wits against those of an American transportation wizard in an English film that has plenty of solid comic scenes. Alex Mackenzie is the aging but artful Scot, and Paul Douglas is his American foil. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

Knock on Wood—Danny Kaye as a mixed-up ventriloquist who somehow gets entangled with a set of international spies. Obviously, the plot doesn't amount to much, but it does afford Mr. Kaye opportunity to run through a lot of his wonderful routines. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; starting Sept. 10.)

The Little Kidnappers—A charming English film, mostly about two small boys in Nova Scotia in 1904. The young ones set up some fine defenses against the rigid Calvinist orthodoxy of their grandfather, including the offhand adoption of a baby one of them has found in the woods. Jon Whiteley and Vincent Winter are splendid as the boys, and Duncan Macrae, Jean Anderson, Adrienne Corri, and Theodore Bikel do all right as their elders. (Trans-Lux 60th St., Madison at 60th, PL 5-2746.)

Mr. Hulot's Holiday—A fitfully funny romp at a seaside resort with the solid French comedian Jacques Tati. The dialogue, in both French, and English, is held down to a minimum. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

On the Waterfront—All hell breaking loose on the Hoboken docks in a film that compares favorably with some of our best movie melodramas. Marlon Brando does a scorching job as a longshoreman who sees the ethical light after a long wrestle with a fairly elastic conscience, and he is supported magnificently by Karl Malden, Eva Marie Saint, and Lee J. Cobb. The film was written by Budd Schulberg and directed by Elia Kazan. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240.)

The Vanishing Prairie—Walt Disney has taken his cameras out into the great American prairie and has captured a lot of the beauty and wonder of the place—the wildlife, the great skies and long distances, and the struggle for existence. A nature picture, and a good one. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

REVIVALS

All Quiet on the Western Front (1930)—Remarque's grim description of what the common soldier was up against in the war to end wars. Louis Wolheim and Lew Ayres. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 12.)

The Big Sleep (1946)—Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall in the Raymond Chandler tale of blackmail and murder. (Holiday, B'way at 47th, CI 5-5530.)

Chaplin Comedies—"The Paper Hanger," "The Tramp," "Triple Trouble," and "Shanghaied," all one-reelers from the silent past. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 11.)

The Emperor's Nightingale (1951)—A film played by a couple of puppets and a couple of genuine actors. Narrated by Boris Karloff. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 11.)

Encore (1952)—Three Maugham stories. An English film, with Nigel Patrick, Kay Walsh, and Glynis Johns. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Sept. 12-15.)

The Fallen Idol (1949)—A small boy's efforts to prevent his best pal, a butler, from being charged with murder. A British film, with Bobby Henrey, Ralph Richardson, and Michèle Morgan. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

Five Fingers (1952)—A spy drama, with James Mason as the sneaky one. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Sept. 10.)

Gone with the Wind (1939)—Nearly four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; through Sept. 11.)

The Lady Vanishes (1938)—Hitchcock's express train, with Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood, and Paul Lukas aboard. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; starting Sept. 15.)

Little Fugitive (1953)—Richie Andrusco as a little boy who has himself a day at Coney Island despite the thought that he *may* have killed his brother. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Sept. 13-14.)

Never Give a Sucker an Even Break (1941)—W. C. Fields doing his best as a kindly uncle. (Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Sept. 15, tentative.)

A Night at the Movies (1937)—Robert Benchley, the master bumbler, in a one-reeler. (Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Sept. 15, tentative.)

A Place in the Sun (1951)—Taken from Dreiser's "An American Tragedy," and directed by George Stevens. With Montgomery Clift, Elizabeth Taylor, and Shelley Winters. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Sept. 11.)

Quartet (1949)—The first collection of Somerset Maugham short stories. An English film, with Mai Zetterling, Françoise Rosay, and Cecil Parker. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Sept. 12-15.)

Roman Holiday (1953)—A princess (Audrey Hepburn) slips away from her entourage in Rome and winds up seeing the sights with an American newspaperman (Gregory Peck) and a photographer (Eddie Albert). (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; Sept. 9.)

Symphonie Pastorale (1948)—A French version of the André Gide story about a blind girl and a pastor, with Michèle Morgan and Pierre Blanchar. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through Sept. 11.)

The 39 Steps (1935)—More Hitchcock mystification, taking in a shooting in a theatre, a man hunt in Scotland, and so on. A British film, with Madeleine Carroll and Robert Donat. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Sept. 13. . . . ¶ Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; starting Sept. 15.)

Thunder Rock (1944)—The dreams of a disillusioned journalist in a Lake Michigan lighthouse. An English film, with Michael Redgrave. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 12.)

Tony Draws a Horse (1951)—In this English whimsey, a number of the more peculiar facets of British society are given an airing. With Cecil Parker and Anne Crawford. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through Sept. 11.)

Viva Zapata! (1952)—Marlon Brando, Anthony Quinn, and revolution in Mexico. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Sept. 15.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through Sept. 12: "Major Barbara" (1941), with Wendy Hiller, Rex Harrison, and Robert Morley. . . . ¶ Starting Sept. 13: The first half of a two-part film of the 1936 Olympic Games, in Berlin. (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

• • •

THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
ON THE WATERFRONT.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
THE CAINE MUTINY.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"Living It Up," Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis, Janet Leigh.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
"Three Hours to Kill," Dana Andrews, Donna Reed, Dianne Foster.

Holiday, B'way at 47th. (CI 5-5530)
THE BIG SLEEP, revival; and "Kid Galahad," revival, Edward G. Robinson, Bette Davis.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"Duel in the Sun," revival, Jennifer Jones, Gregory Peck.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Seven Brides for Seven Brothers" (in CinemaScope), Jane Powell, Howard Keel, Jeff Richards.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
Through Sept. 15 (tentative): "Private Hell 36," Ida Lupino, Steve Cochran.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"Rear Window," James Stewart, Grace Kelly, Wendell Corey.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"The Egyptian" (in CinemaScope), Edmund Purdom, Jean Simmons, Victor Mature.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"Betrayed," Clark Gable, Lana Turner, Victor Mature.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Dragnet," Jack Webb, Ben Alexander, Ann Robinson.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Cinerama." (Mondays through Thursdays at 2:40 and 8:40; Fridays at 7:30 and 10:30; Saturdays at 2, 5, 8:40, and 11:40; and Sundays at 2, 5, and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
"The French Touch" (in French), Fernandel, Renée Devillers.

NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES

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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Sept. 14: "The High and the Mighty" (in CinemaScope), John Wayne, Claire Trevor.
From Sept. 15: **THE 39 STEPS**, revival; and **THE LADY VANISHES**, revival.

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 7-9653)
Through Sept. 11: "Ring of Fear" (in CinemaScope), Pat O'Brien, Sean McClory; and "Dragonfly Squadron," John Hodiak, Barbara Britton.
Sept. 12-14: "The Raid," Van Heflin, Ann Bancroft; and "The Diamond Wizard," Dennis O'Keefe, Margaret Sheridan.
From Sept. 15: "Broken Lance" (in CinemaScope), Spencer Tracy, Robert Wagner; and "Miss Robin Crusoe," Amanda Blake.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Sept. 11: "The Student Prince" (in CinemaScope), Ann Blyth, Edmund Purdom.
Sept. 12-14: "Night People" (in CinemaScope), Gregory Peck, Broderick Crawford.
From Sept. 15: "Malta Story," Alec Guinness, Jack Hawkins, Anthony Steel; and "The Gay Adventure," Burgess Meredith, Jean Pierre Aumont.

Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th. (EL 5-8790)
Through Sept. 11: "Act of Love," Kirk Douglas, Dany Robin; and "Tonight at 8:30," revival, Valerie Hobson, Stanley Holloway.
Sept. 12-15: **QUARTET**, revival; and **ENCORE**, revival.

Lexington, Lexington at 51st. (PL 3-0336)
Through Sept. 12: "Valley of the Kings," Robert Taylor, Eleanor Parker; and "Her Twelve Men," Greer Garson, Robert Ryan.
Sept. 13-14: "Sins of Jezebel," Paulette Goddard, George Nader; and "Heat Wave," Alex Nicol, Hillary Brooke.
From Sept. 15: "About Mrs. Leslie," Shirley Booth, Robert Ryan; and "Crossed Swords," Errol Flynn, Gina Lollobrigida.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"Lili," Leslie Caron, Mel Ferrer.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
HIGH AND DRY.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Sept. 11: "Ring of Fear" (in CinemaScope), Pat O'Brien, Sean McClory; and "Dragonfly Squadron," John Hodiak, Barbara Britton.
Sept. 12-14: "The Raid," Van Heflin, Ann Bancroft; and "The Diamond Wizard," Dennis O'Keefe, Margaret Sheridan.
From Sept. 15: "Broken Lance" (in CinemaScope), Spencer Tracy, Robert Wagner; and "Miss Robin Crusoe," Amanda Blake.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
THE VANISHING PRAIRIE.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Ugetsu" (in Japanese).

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
THE FALLEN IDOL, revival.

Trans-Lux 60th St., Madison at 60th. (PL 5-2746)
THE LITTLE KIDNAPPERS.

York, 1st Ave. at 64th. (RH 4-5779)
Sept. 9: "Hell and High Water" (in CinemaScope), Richard Widmark, Bella Darvi; and "Cat Women of the Moon," Sonny Tufts, Victor Jory.
Sept. 10-11: "The High and the Mighty" (in CinemaScope), John Wayne, Claire Trevor; and "The Mad Magician," Vincent Price, Mary Murphy.
Sept. 12-13: "Body and Soul," revival, John Garfield, Lilli Palmer; and "Three Smart Girls," revival, Deanna Durbin.
Sept. 14-15: "Indiscretion of an American Wife," Jennifer Jones, Montgomery Clift; and "The Long Wait," Anthony Quinn.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through Sept. 11: **GONE WITH THE WIND**, revival.
Sept. 12-14: "The Student Prince" (in CinemaScope), Ann Blyth, Edmund Purdom.
From Sept. 15: "Malta Story," Alec Guinness, Jack Hawkins, Anthony Steel; and "The Gay Adventure," Burgess Meredith, Jean Pierre Aumont.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Sept. 9: **ROMAN HOLIDAY**, revival.
From Sept. 10: **KNOCK ON WOOD.**

Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-7222)
Through Sept. 12: "Valley of the Kings," Robert Taylor, Eleanor Parker; and "Her Twelve Men," Greer Garson, Robert Ryan.
Sept. 13-14: "Sins of Jezebel," Paulette Goddard, George Nader; and "Heat Wave," Alex Nicol, Hillary Brooke.
From Sept. 15: "About Mrs. Leslie," Shirley Booth, Robert Ryan; and "Crossed Swords," Errol Flynn, Gina Lollobrigida.

Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Sept. 15 (tentative): **NEVER GIVE A SUCKER AN EVEN BREAK**, revival; **A NIGHT AT THE MOVIES**, revival; and "Mad Wednesday," revival, Harold Lloyd, Jimmy Conlin.

Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th. (BU 8-9468)
Through Sept. 11: "The High and the Mighty" (in CinemaScope), John Wayne, Claire Trevor; and "The Mad Magician," Vincent Price, Mary Murphy.
Sept. 12-13: "Here Comes the Groom," revival, Mary Boland; and "Iron Man," revival, Jeff Chandler, Evelyn Keyes.
Sept. 14-15: "Indiscretion of an American Wife," Jennifer Jones, Montgomery Clift; and "The Long Wait," Anthony Quinn.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Sept. 9: "The Quiet Man," revival, John Wayne, Maureen O'Hara.
Sept. 10: **FIVE FINGERS**, revival.
Sept. 11: **A PLACE IN THE SUN**, revival.
Sept. 12: **BEAT THE DEVIL.**
Sept. 13: **THE 39 STEPS**, revival.
Sept. 14: "Abraham Lincoln," revival, Walter Huston, Una Merkel.
Sept. 15: **VIVA ZAPATA!**, revival.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Sept. 11: "Ring of Fear" (in CinemaScope), Pat O'Brien, Sean McClory; and "Dragonfly Squadron," John Hodiak, Barbara Britton.
Sept. 12-14: "The Raid," Van Heflin, Ann Bancroft; and "The Diamond Wizard," Dennis O'Keefe, Margaret Sheridan.
From Sept. 15: "Broken Lance" (in CinemaScope), Spencer Tracy, Robert Wagner; and "Miss Robin Crusoe," Amanda Blake.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Sept. 12: "Valley of the Kings," Robert Taylor, Eleanor Parker; and "Her Twelve Men," Greer Garson, Robert Ryan.
Sept. 13-14: "Sins of Jezebel," Paulette Goddard, George Nader; and "Heat Wave," Alex Nicol, Hillary Brooke.
From Sept. 15: "About Mrs. Leslie," Shirley Booth, Robert Ryan; and "Crossed Swords," Errol Flynn, Gina Lollobrigida.

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
Through Sept. 10: "Indiscretion of an American Wife," Jennifer Jones, Montgomery Clift; and "The Long Wait," Anthony Quinn.
Sept. 11-12: "Human Desire," Glenn Ford, Gloria Grahame; and "Pushover," Fred MacMurray, Phil Carey.
Sept. 13-14: **LITTLE FUGITIVE**, revival; and "Times Gone By" (in Italian), revival, Vittorio De Sica, Gina Lollobrigida.
From Sept. 15: "The High and the Mighty" (in CinemaScope), John Wayne, Claire Trevor.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Sept. 14: "Le Plaisir" (in French), Danielle Darrieux, Simone Simon; and "Scotch on the Rocks," Ronald Squire, Kathleen Ryan.
From Sept. 15: "Malta Story," Alec Guinness, Jack Hawkins, Anthony Steel; and "The Gay Adventure," Burgess Meredith, Jean Pierre Aumont.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"Hello, Elephant" (in Italian), Vittorio De Sica.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Sept. 12: "Valley of the Kings," Robert Taylor, Eleanor Parker; and "Her Twelve Men," Greer Garson, Robert Ryan.
Sept. 13-14: "Sins of Jezebel," Paulette Goddard, George Nader; and "Heat Wave," Alex Nicol, Hillary Brooke.
From Sept. 15: "About Mrs. Leslie," Shirley Booth, Robert Ryan; and "Crossed Swords," Errol Flynn, Gina Lollobrigida.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Sept. 11: **SYMPHONIE PASTORALE** (in French), revival; and **TONY DRAWS A HORSE**, revival.
Sept. 12-14: "Night People" (in CinemaScope), Gregory Peck, Broderick Crawford.
From Sept. 15: "Three Coins in the Fountain" (in CinemaScope), Clifton Webb, Dorothy McGuire.

R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-3440)
Through Sept. 11: "Ring of Fear" (in CinemaScope), Pat O'Brien, Sean McClory; and "Dragonfly Squadron," John Hodiak, Barbara Britton.
Sept. 12-14: "The Raid," Van Heflin, Ann Bancroft; and "The Diamond Wizard," Dennis O'Keefe, Margaret Sheridan.
From Sept. 15: "Broken Lance" (in CinemaScope), Spencer Tracy, Robert Wagner; and "Miss Robin Crusoe," Amanda Blake.

Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-9280)
Through Sept. 11: "Indiscretion of an American Wife," Jennifer Jones, Montgomery Clift; and "The Long Wait," Anthony Quinn.
Sept. 12-13: "Shark River," Steve Cochran; and "Slattery's Hurricane," revival, Richard Widmark, Linda Darnell.
From Sept. 14: To be announced.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
MR. HULOT'S HOLIDAY (in French and English).

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
Through Sept. 15: "A Prince for Cynthia," "The Stranger Left No Card," and two other George K. Arthur films, plus a program of eleven U.P.A. cartoons.

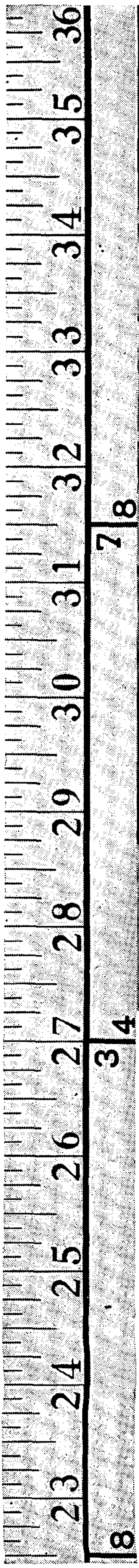
Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Cangaceiro" (in Portuguese), Alberto Ruschel.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
"The Earrings of Madame De . . ." (in French), Charles Boyer, Danielle Darrieux, Vittorio De Sica.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
"Hobson's Choice," Charles Laughton, John Mills.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Sept. 9: A program of six short films dealing with psychology—"Roots of Happiness," "Farewell to Childhood," and others.
Sept. 10: "Russian Ballerina" (in Russian), revival; and "Secrets of a Ballerina" (in French), revival, Pierre Blanchar, Micheline Presle.
Sept. 11: **THE EMPEROR'S NIGHTINGALE**, revival; and **CHAPLIN COMEDIES** (silent), revival.
Sept. 12: **ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT**, revival; and **THUNDER ROCK**, revival.
Sept. 13: A program of ten short films of the dance—"Bluebird," "Ballet of the French Opera," and so on.
Sept. 14: "Medieval Images," "The Mystery of Leonardo," and eight other short films on art.
Sept. 15: Eight short psychological films in a program called "The Story of Modern Marriage."

Nemo, B'way at 110th. (AC 2-9406)
Through Sept. 11: "Ring of Fear" (in CinemaScope), Pat O'Brien, Sean McClory; and "Dragonfly Squadron," John Hodiak, Barbara Britton.
Sept. 12-14: "The Raid," Van Heflin, Ann Bancroft; and "The Diamond Wizard," Dennis O'Keefe, Margaret Sheridan.
From Sept. 15: "Broken Lance" (in CinemaScope), Spencer Tracy, Robert Wagner; and "Miss Robin Crusoe," Amanda Blake.



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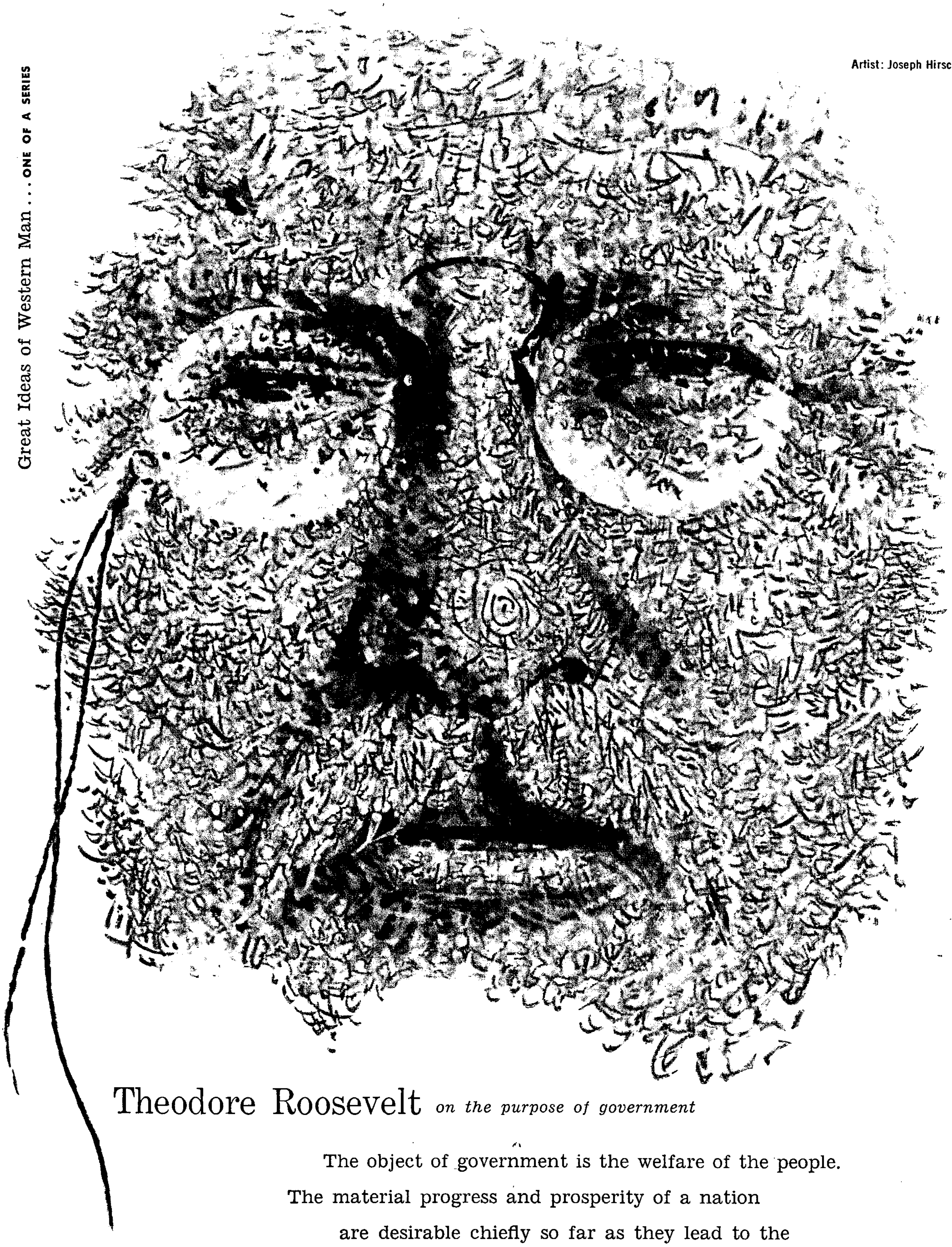

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Artist: Joseph Hirsch

Theodore Roosevelt *on the purpose of government*

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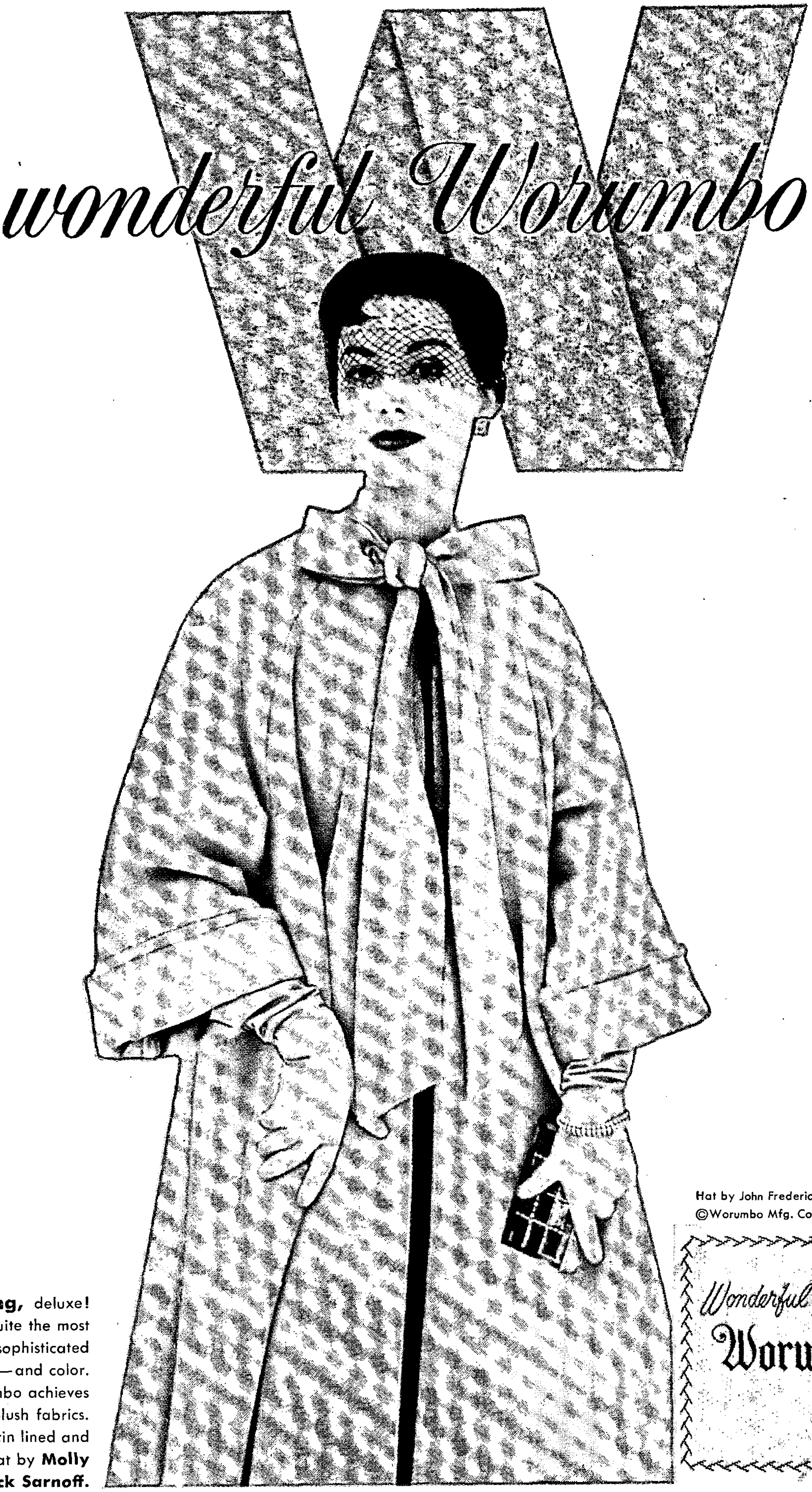
The material progress and prosperity of a nation
are desirable chiefly so far as they lead to the
moral and material welfare of all good citizens.

(*The New Nationalism*, 1910)

CONTAINER CORPORATION OF AMERICA



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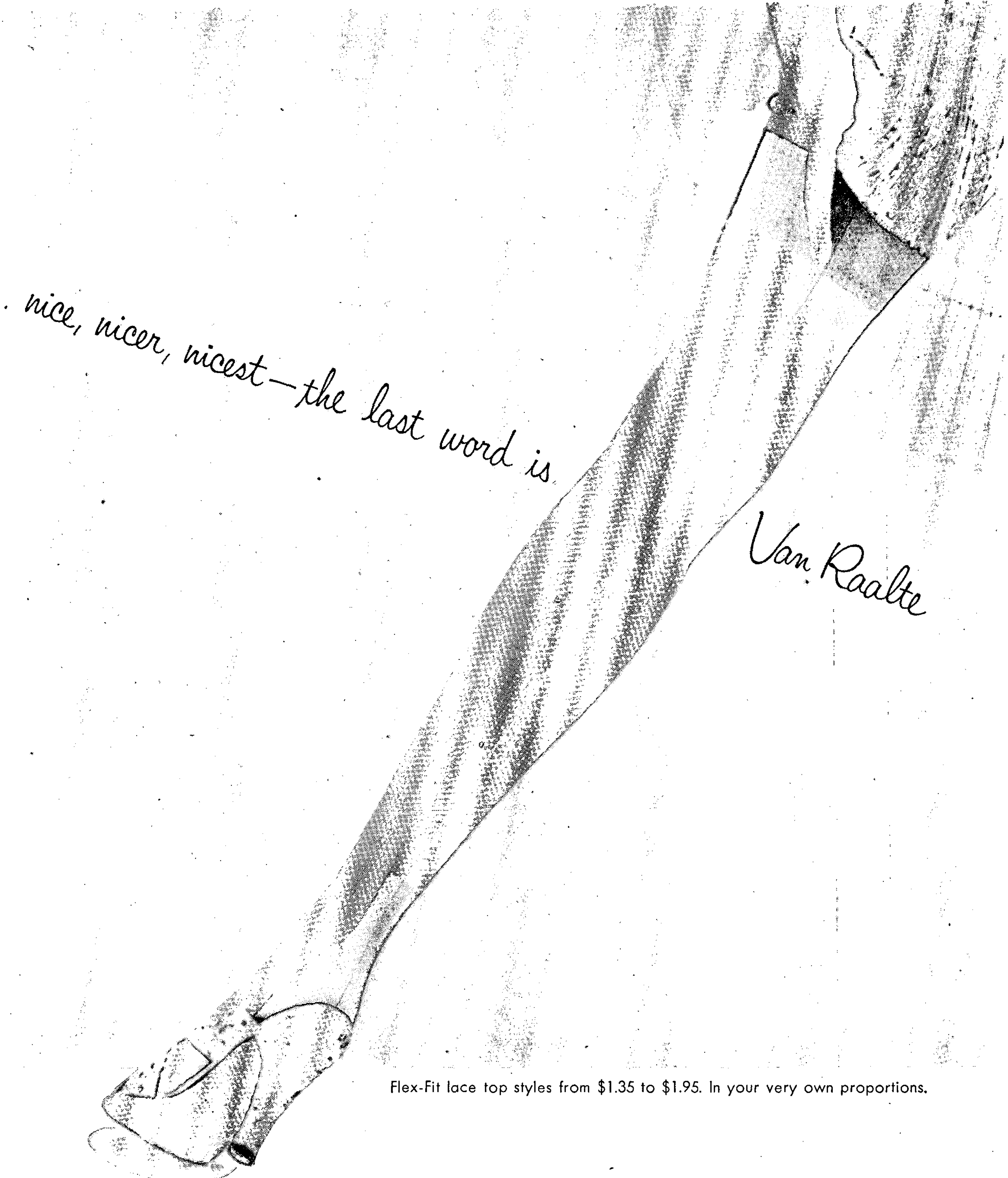
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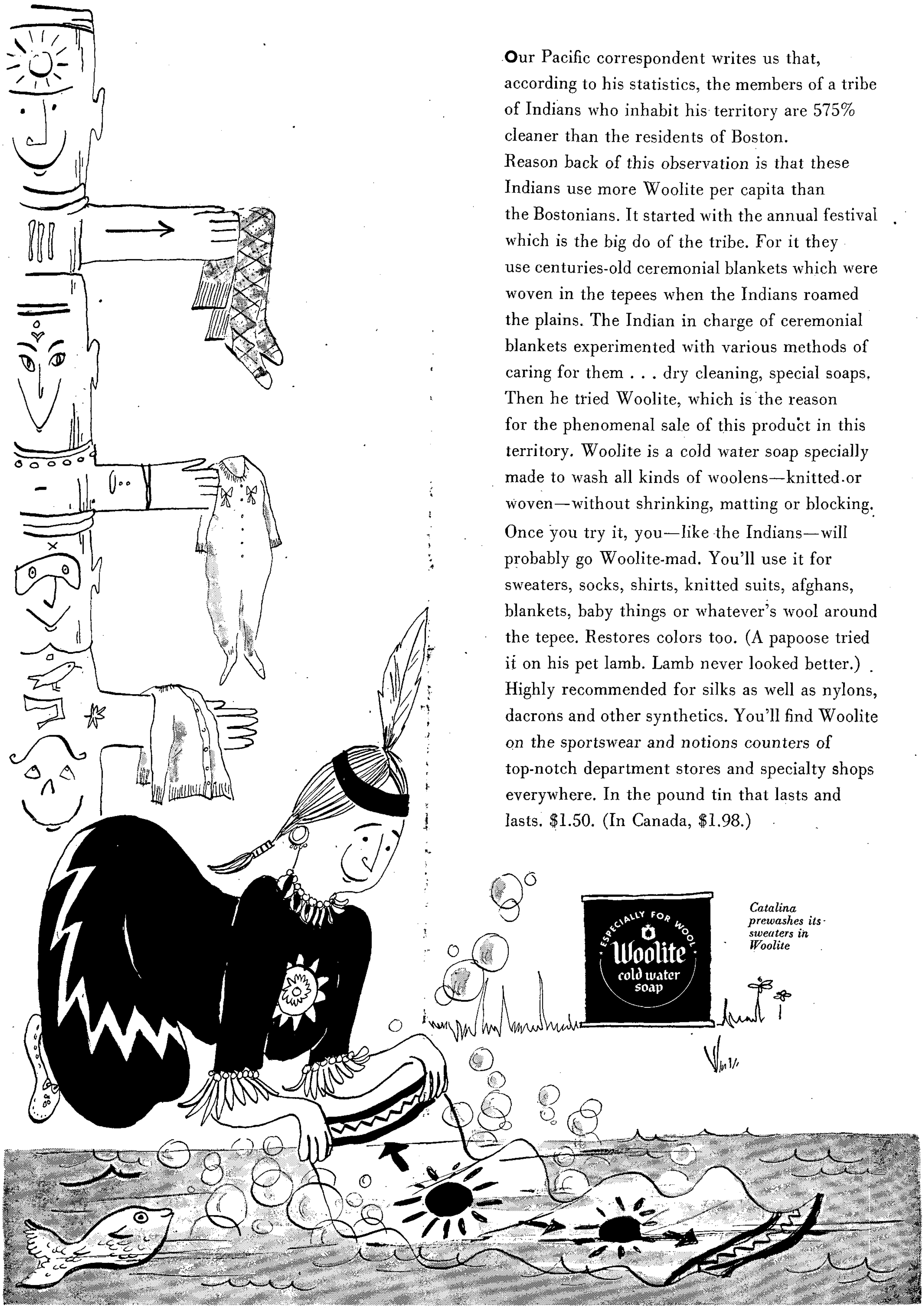
*PAT. PEND.

Our Pacific correspondent writes us that, according to his statistics, the members of a tribe of Indians who inhabit his territory are 575% cleaner than the residents of Boston.
Reason back of this observation is that these Indians use more Woolite per capita than the Bostonians. It started with the annual festival which is the big do of the tribe. For it they use centuries-old ceremonial blankets which were woven in the tepees when the Indians roamed the plains. The Indian in charge of ceremonial blankets experimented with various methods of caring for them . . . dry cleaning, special soaps. Then he tried Woolite, which is the reason for the phenomenal sale of this product in this territory. Woolite is a cold water soap specially made to wash all kinds of woolens—knitted or woven—without shrinking, matting or blocking.

Once you try it, you—like the Indians—will probably go Woolite-mad. You'll use it for sweaters, socks, shirts, knitted suits, afghans, blankets, baby things or whatever's wool around the tepee. Restores colors too. (A papoose tried it on his pet lamb. Lamb never looked better.) Highly recommended for silks as well as nylons, dacrons and other synthetics. You'll find Woolite on the sportswear and notions counters of top-notch department stores and specialty shops everywhere. In the pound tin that lasts and lasts. $1.50. (In Canada, $1.98.)



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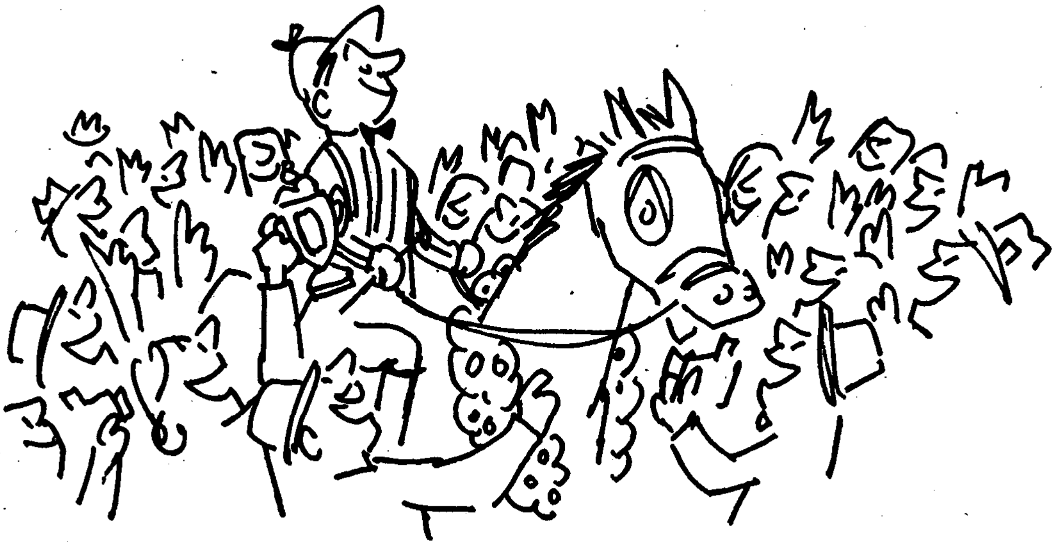

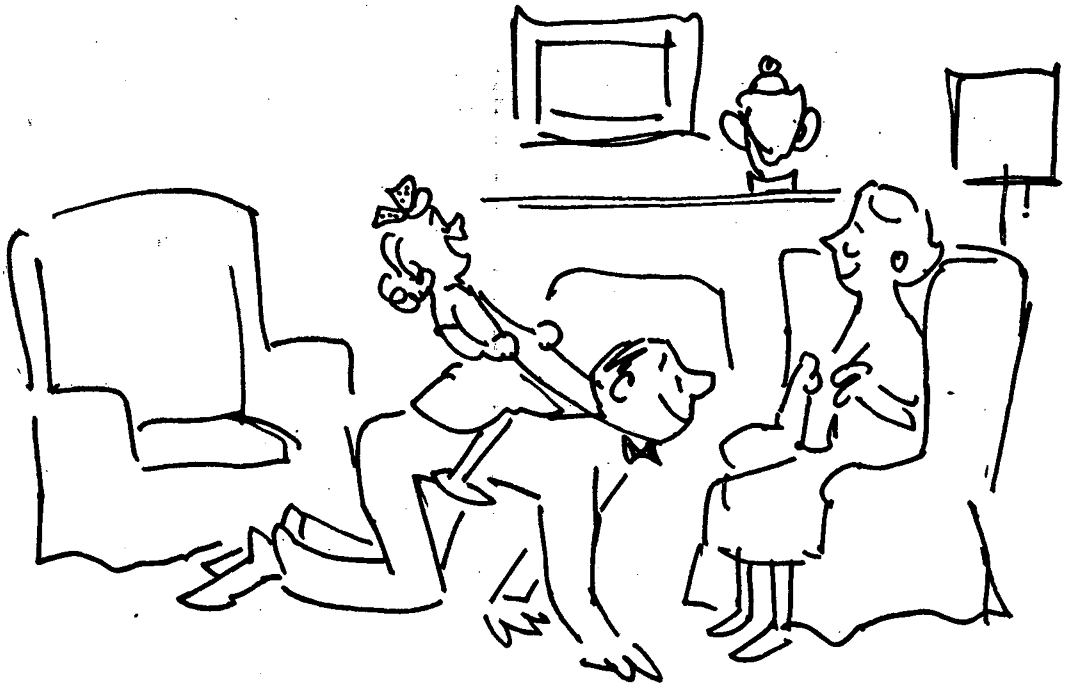

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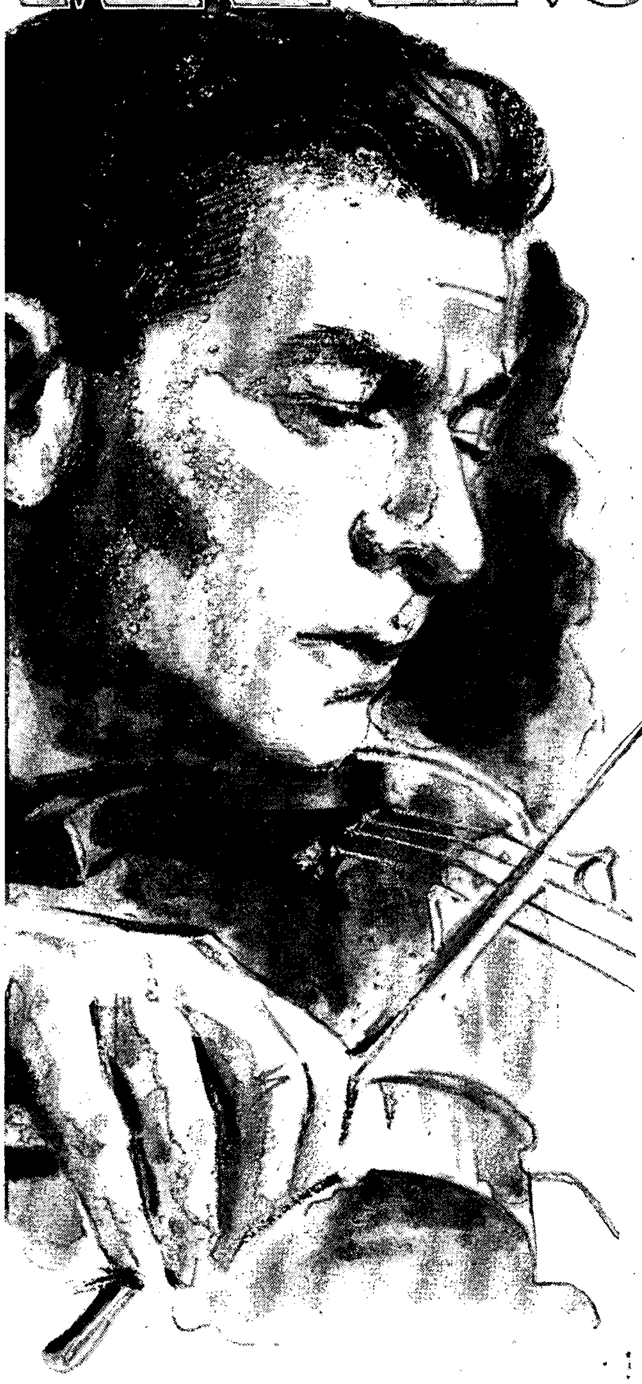

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SATURDAY REVIEW—*Irving Kolodin*

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BRUCH: Violin Concerto No. 1 in G Minor, Opus 26.

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Nathan Milstein, violin. Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra, conducted by William Steinberg P-8243

NATHAN MILSTEIN violin
Capitol
Mendelssohn CONCERTO IN E MINOR, OP. 64 for violin and orchestra
Bruch CONCERTO NO. 1 IN G MINOR OP. 26 for violin and orchestra
The Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra
conducted by WILLIAM STEINBERG

THE NEW YORK TIMES

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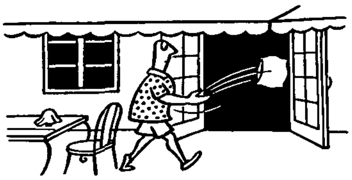
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A PLAN to build an outdoor dining terrace at the headquarters of the United Nations, in Turtle Bay, has been abandoned because of "atmospheric conditions"—which is a diplomatic term for sootfall. We happen to be a student of atmospheric conditions in Turtle Bay, having dwelt there happily for many years, and we can testify that sootfall does not preclude terrace life if you have any guts. Our own terrace—a small, decadent structure a few blocks from the U.N.—is a howling success as far as we are concerned, and we are in a good position to give the U.N. a few helpful hints on terrace living under heavy sootfall. First of all, you have to get an awning. The awning is not to ward off soot but merely to give the terrace dweller a cozy feeling. It soon catches fire from cigarettes tossed out of upper windows, but the fire is a clubby affair and you get to know your neighbors (a valuable experience for the United Nations, if you ask us). Next, you've got to have a glass-top table and some iron chairs with little thin detachable cushions that fade. Every time you come indoors from the terrace, even if only for a moment, you pick up your cushion and heave it ahead of you through the open door into the living room. If you leave a drink standing on the table to go inside and answer the phone, you simply drape your handkerchief over the glass, and when you come back you dump the soot out of the handkerchief and resume drinking. If the drinks are properly mixed, the soot can lie roundabout, deep and crisp and even, and nobody will mind. Soot is the topsoil of New York, giving plants a foothold, or soothold, on ramparts far above street level. We have a five-year-old ailanthus, a lovely tree, rooted in soot, and we are shocked and discouraged at the capitulation of the United Nations in the face of this mild threat—an organization created to bring peace to the world yet scared to death that some tiny foreign particle is going to fall into its drink.

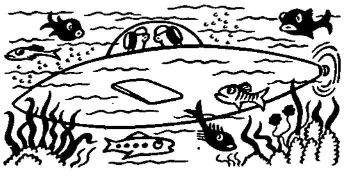


Mini-Sub

NO doubt about it, the subaqueous world is booming—and we're trying to keep up with it. Last week, we discussed the East Coast Underwater Spearfishing Championships, at Point Judith, and this week we're going to discuss the latest thing for underwater buffs, which is, so help us, a tiny submarine. We examined one on the main floor of Abercrombie & Fitch the other morning. It is thirteen feet long, made of yellow Fiberglas cloth, shaped like a cigar, and equipped with a transparent plastic dome and four control vanes, and it seats two. While we were scrutinizing the Mini-Sub, as it is called, we were approached by a well-set-up gentleman who introduced himself as Albert VanderKogel, A. & F.'s underwater expert, and we remembered him at once as a competitor at Point Judith. Mr. VanderKogel flung open the dome and invited us to peer inside. "You will note that the pilot's seat has been furnished with a safety belt, and that the boat is propelled by pedals, more or less like those on a bicycle," he said. "They turn a shaft that whirls the counter-rotary props in the stern. The pilot faces forward and his passenger faces aft. With both men pumping, this model can go along at better than six miles an hour underwater, which is a much higher speed than a swimmer can make, even with flippers. There is another model which has a battery and motor, but we haven't received it yet from the factory, in California. That one will do more than seven miles an hour."

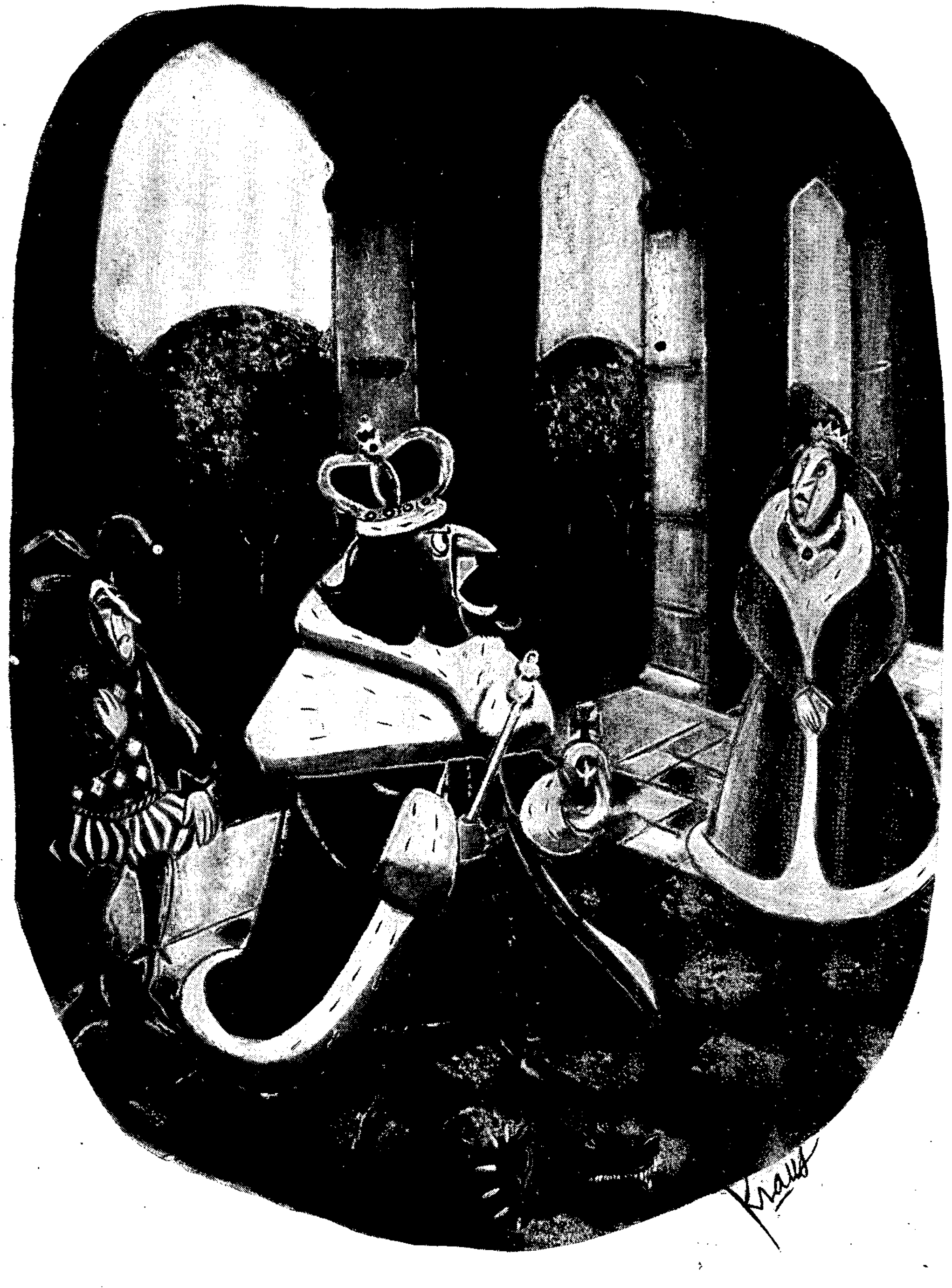
The interior of the Mini-Sub looked very small to us, and the claustrophobia we felt coming on as we examined it was not relieved when Mr. VanderKogel informed us that the thing has to be flooded to get it down into the briny. "How about breathing?" we asked. "Oh, that's taken care of by an Aqua-Lung or a Hydro-Pak, and the occupants wear masks," he said. "The stern, bow, and midship sections have been furnished with Styrofoam flotation blocks, which make the sub quite buoyant on the surface. She's mobile, and the vanes respond easily to the control stick, which is similar to that on an airplane."

Mr. VanderKogel went on to tell us that the Mini-Sub is a creation of the Aerojet General Corporation, a subsidiary of the General Tire & Rubber Co., and was conceived as an exploring craft for the Navy. Whether the Navy has ever employed the device, he did not know. "You can readily see the advantages of the Mini-Sub in such underwater activities as spearfishing, salvage work, examining coral formations, searching for tideland oil, and just plain rubbernecking," he said. "You attain speed, protection against sharks, and so on. Ah, there's nothing like the peace you find in the depths!"



We inquired about the price of the peace provided by the Mini-Sub, and Mr. VanderKogel replied that the foot-propelled model can be had for $4,850 F.O.B. California; the motorized version comes to $6,000. When we asked him if he'd ever made a trip in a Mini-Sub, he said, "This is the only one on the East Coast at the moment, and it's never been off our floor. But I'd be only too happy to try it. I've been an underwater enthusiast since 1938. I've got enough fat on me to keep me from getting cold. It's an odd thing—in the Army, I was with the ski troops, who work in mountains, and now here I am going to the other extreme. It would be pleasant to get into this Mini-Sub, take her down to a hundred and fifty feet, which is about her maximum depth, tie her up to a rock, and go strolling around the bottom of the ocean. Someday you'll find whole families making excursions underwater. Right now, down in Florida, they're running undersea tours." We wondered whether the Coast Guard has any regulations about Mini-Subs cruising along our shores, and asked Mr. VanderKogel about it. "They're hardly a menace to navigation," he said defensively.

We thanked Mr. VanderKogel for giving us the lowdown on the Mini-Sub, and wandered back to our office, where we got to brooding about the reactions of merchant mariners suddenly confronted by this spooky contraption rising from the deep. Presently, we felt compelled to find out the rules concerning privately owned submarines and called the Coast Guard. We were referred to the Operations Section, and talked briefly to a Mr. Goodenough, who told us to have a word with Mr. Giovanni, in the Merchant Marine Section. We explained our problem to Mr. Giovanni, who said, "I don't think there's a damned thing to do about privately owned subs. Only one I ever heard of before was a fairly good-sized vessel that was anchored off Albany. She never went anywhere—just stayed moored. The people who owned her charged admission to those who wanted to take a close look at her. Actually, though, this isn't the sort of thing we handle in the Merchant Marine Section. The man you want to get in touch with is the captain of the port, over on Pier 9." We thanked Mr. Giovanni and called the captain of the port, whose name is Johnson. He wanted to know the length of the Mini-Sub, and we told him. "A thing like that isn't any bigger than a porpoise," said Captain Johnson. "It would have to be a pretty nervous Nellie who'd be alarmed by it. But it doesn't come under this section anyhow. We handle nothing under sixteen feet. What you want to do is call the Motorboat Registration Section." We thanked the Captain, and went on to the Motorboat Registration Section. When we explained our mission to the man in this outfit, he answered us with some indignation. "What are you trying to do—pull my leg?" he said. "Who ever heard of a thirteen-foot sub?" We reasoned with him for a while, and finally he seemed to believe us. "I'll tell you, Jack," he said. "You better take this up with some admiral. The only thing we're interested in here is motorboats floating *on* the water." We thanked him, and stopped brooding.



"What do I do all day? I reign—that's what I do!"

•

Incidental Intelligence: The wheels of the Post Office Department's horse-drawn truck No. 24 in Philadelphia have Cadillac hubcaps.

Wholesome

IN a pink ballroom in the basement of the Park Sheraton Hotel one recent afternoon, we watched some janizaries of the television comedian Jackie Gleason pass judgment on the merits of a couple of hundred dancers and showgirls who were assembled to try out for the weekly program Mr. Gleason is to conduct during the coming season. As we descended the stairway leading to the basement, we came upon Mr. G. himself. He was draped over a newel post and surrounded by a quartet of beauties. Clad in a yellow jacket, a beige shirt, and fawn-colored slacks, he made an unlikely Paris but a gracious one, as he proffered chewing gum instead of the usual apple to a young lady who seemed to catch his fancy. "What I want, Jackie," said a photographer who was studying the tableau, "is for the girls to all be looking down at you and you looking up at them, smiling." Mr. G. grinned fleetingly at the girls in accordance with instructions, and then announced that he was going upstairs to his apartment. "But don't worry," he said. "I'll be back."

After Mr. G. had gone, we were buttonholed by a gentleman who told us that he'd been working with Jackie for years. "It's a funny kick," he said. "Here he is a Broadway character, and the girls he likes to have on his show all look like they ought to be wearing aprons around a cottage."

The gentleman was interrupted by a stout blonde in an almost imperceptible Bikini. "How long we got to stick around here before they give us the once-over?" she demanded.

"Everybody's going to get their turn," said our companion soothingly.

The blonde flounced off, and the gentleman pointed out to us that all kinds of people answered the Gleason call for talent. "We get women here would scare Minsky," he said, "and we get applicants who could have gone to grammar school with Grandma Moses. But, like I say, Jackie's all for fresh, wholesome types."

We drifted away from our informant and moved in among the assembled applicants, who were seated on folding chairs that had been set up on the ballroom floor. They faced a small table, around which four men and a lady in harlequin glasses were huddling. One of the men addressed the audience through a loudspeaker. "Anybody wants to talk should get out," he said. "We got to have quiet."

"Speak low," a young lady next to us, in a red halter and black shorts, whispered to a companion. "He's very excited."

"Nuts to him," replied her companion. "He's a schmo."

Ten girls lined up before the table, and numbered cards were placed before them on the floor to identify them. One of the girls, a rather tall brunette, working out of the No. 4 slot, attracted a lot of comment in our neighborhood. "She's horrible," one of the applicants remarked.

"My God, that figure!" said another.

"She ought to tone herself down all around," said yet another.

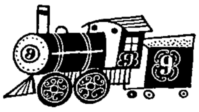
"Let's have a nice smile, girls," said the man at the microphone.

It took the judges about five minutes to examine each crop of ten that appeared before them and make their choices, and presently the man at the mike inquired, "Are there any girls that we haven't seen at all?" When he got no response, he chuckled, and inquired, "Are there any men we haven't seen?"

"A real joker," said a Mata Hari type lurking near us. "Maybe they ought to fire Gleason and hire *him*."

We asked the Mata Hari type how she had done in the tests.

"The only way to please this gang is to show up with a Guernsey," she said. "If Gleason wants somebody that looks like she can milk a cow, he ought to send out a call to the appleknockers. Anyhow, I've got another job, so I can keep myself in permanents with no help from this outfit."



After the girls had been informed that the séance was over, and that those selected—there were about forty of them—would be required to take further tests, before television cameras and before the big boss himself, who is the final arbiter, we went up to the judges' table to fill ourselves in on how beauty is charted. A passing Gleason representative introduced us to the lady in the harlequins, Miss June Taylor, who, it developed, is the choreographer for the television show. "We study these girls for looks, poise, and intelligence," Miss Taylor told us. "Mr. Gleason wants wholesome types. We try to bring people all over the country a sense of the sort of beautiful women that there are in New York."

We were led away from Miss Taylor by a flashy-looking fellow, who urged us on by muttering, "I want to talk to you a minute." He propelled us to a point in front of a troubled-looking moon-faced young lady. "Now get this," he said. "Here she is—Miss New York State, who was runner-up in the Miss Universe contest. And what do they do? They tell her no dice."

We sympathized with Miss New York State and her booster, and she smiled at us wistfully.

"The trouble," said the booster, "is that Miss New York State happened to come here wearing street clothes, and you can't knock their eye out in street clothes."

Snack

OUR seasonal collection of letters from small fry at camps will close with this one, from a nine-year-old who's been summering in the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia:

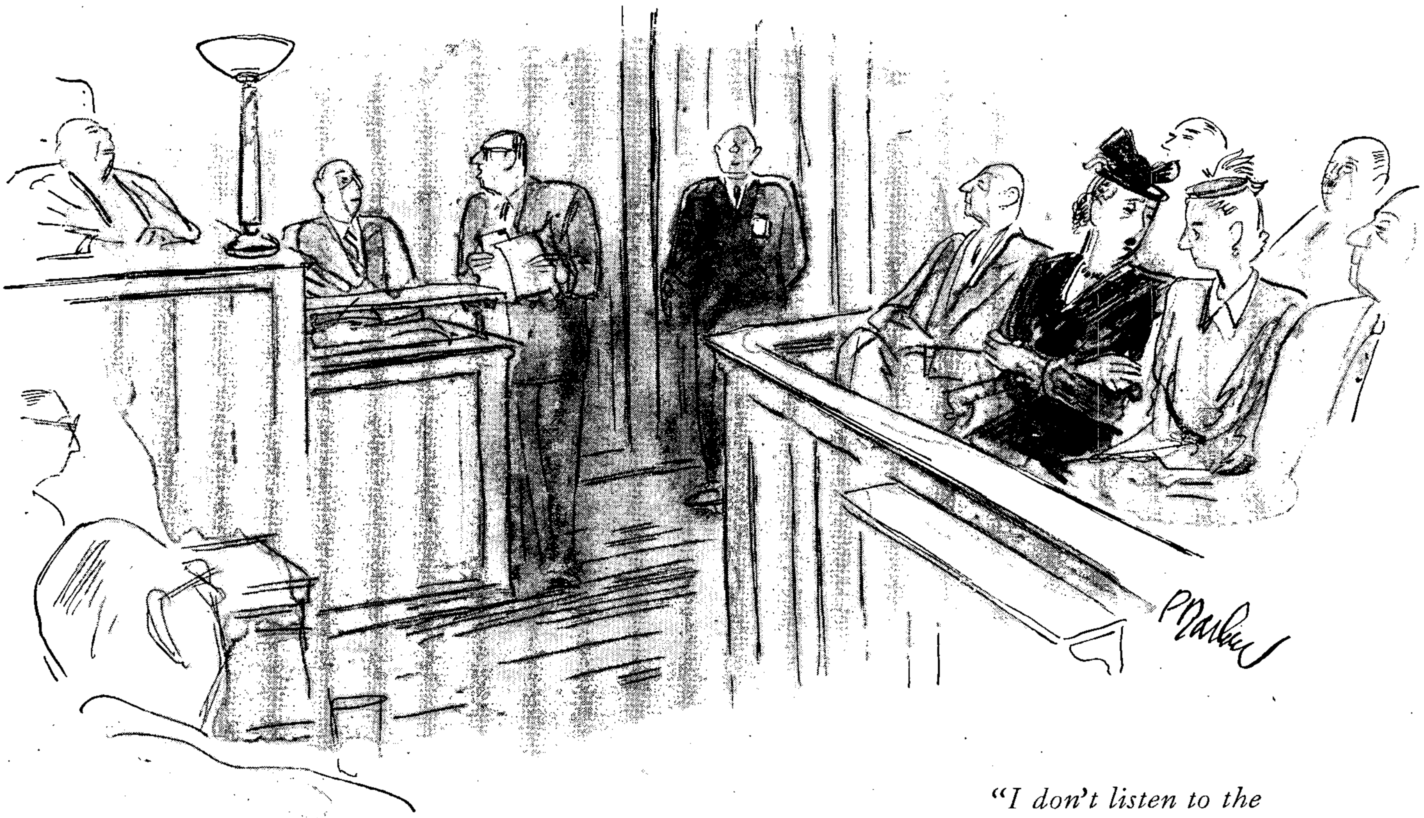
DEAR MOTHER:
Today I ate a snake. How are you?
Love,
ROBERT

New Faces

A PAWNSHOP known as Paul Kaskel & Sons, Inc., is settling down confidently at 41 West Fifty-seventh Street, as a neighbor of Henri Bendel, Revillon Frères, and Jay Thorpe. Curious to know why the Kaskels rushed in where previous loan brokers had apparently feared to tread, we went up to see them one day last week, and discovered them to be ensconced in an establishment almost as genteel as Tiffany's. The customary three balls were missing from the place, and the show windows contained a rather chaste display of furs and jewelry, instead of the usual raggle-taggle of battered trumpets, moth-eaten tuxedos, raddled radios, and scuffed luggage. Inside the shop, we found a spacious room in which flatware, dishes, and more furs and jewelry were tastefully exhibited, and a counter where loans could be discussed with a couple of kind-looking gentlemen. One of them directed us to the office of Clarence Kaskel, who, we learned, inherited the pawnshop from his father, Paul, and runs it now with the help of two sons. Mr. Kaskel, white-haired, bright-eyed, and well-tailored, told us that he came to Fifty-seventh Street because his old stand, at 9 Columbus Avenue, was condemned to make way for the Coliseum. "We were in that place—it started out as a tenement—for forty-eight years, and in 1941 I had it completely modernized, in hopes that it could be a monument to my sons. When we had to move, everybody said we were crazy to come into a neighborhood like this. But our trade is just as good as any you'll see in the fancy stores. Aside from the Provident Loan Society, which has seventeen shops to our one, we are the biggest brokers in the country; our business runs to between two and three million a year. I'll show you our vault."

At this point, Mr. Kaskel was interrupted by one of his sons, Richard Kaskel, who suggested that he look into some problem that had just come up. "I leave you in good hands," said Mr. Kaskel, and vanished.

"We've got a necklace in the vault I'd like you to see," said Richard, leading us into a room lined with steel draw-



"I don't listen to the evidence. I like to make up my own mind."

• •

ers. Opening one of them, he withdrew a large jewel case in which there was a string of emeralds trimmed with diamonds. "This is our pride," he said. "It was originally worth a hundred and fifty-five thousand dollars; now we're going to sell it for forty-seven thousand." He gazed at the necklace for a while and then put it back in the drawer. "Just before we left the old place, we had a thirty-five-carat diamond worth a hundred thousand dollars that we sold for fifty-eight thousand," he said. "A good many people think that when the boys with the heavy cash want jewelry, they necessarily go to Cartier's, Van Cleef & Arpel's, or Harry Winston. Don't believe it. We've had sales none of the big jewelry houses would sneeze at. There's another notion that hockers are derelicts or broken-down actors or musicians. Actually, the kind of people we deal with are first-class types, for the most part. In a year, we issue anywhere from forty-five thousand to fifty thousand pledges, and between ninety and ninety-five per cent of them are redeemed. We've loaned as much as a hundred and fifty thousand dollars on jewelry to one customer. Only the other day, a businessman, up to his neck in bank loans, stripped his wife of every jewel except her wedding ring and hocked the stuff with us to swing a sulphur deal. Damned if he didn't swing it, too, and get the lady glowing again. Another customer was in recently to hock some pearls. She was an Englishwoman, and asked us if it was necessary to use her title—Lady X. We said we'd keep it confidential. Then she came back to redeem the pearls, and admitted she wasn't Lady X. 'I'm really Lady Y,' she told us. When we decided to move over here, it wasn't with any better-trade ideas or civic-minded uplift notions. There are plenty of people in the hotels close by who are good customers of ours. Even though we're barely opened for business, we're already getting trade from European travellers who hit New York busted and have to hock a few things to get home. What do you say we get out of this vault and look around the shop?"

We followed Richard past the loan counter, where he stopped momentarily to speak to a large lady who had just come in. He then led us to a small chamber that had a door connecting it with the lobby of the building in which the Kaskels have set up shop. "A lot of customers don't like to be seen going into a pawnshop," he said. "This way, they can come see us without anybody knowing anything about it. You saw that lady I was talking to just now? She's in here to hock a bracelet for four hundred dollars. Now she wants to put down twenty-five dollars as a deposit on a three-hundred-dollar ring she saw in the window. I'll bet you the ring is in hock again one of these days. Some people make hocking a way of life—like horseplayers. They'll hock everything they've got. We used to take almost anything over on Columbus Avenue. My grandfather, who organized this business in 1882, once took a pledge on a horse, and when I was going through the old files the other day, I came across a 1927 pledge for two hundred dollars on an automobile. On the back of the ticket the car was described as a 1918 Locomobile limousine."

Richard smiled, and then suddenly frowned. "You know, the advice we got when we announced we were coming here still gives me a pain. Everybody said make it look like a hock shop. What I say is if you're sick you'll find a doctor." He proposed that we follow him down to the basement and look at some of the gadgets that have been installed to protect the Kaskel resources. When we got downstairs, he showed us a series of ultrasonic receivers, and explained that others were placed strategically about the establishment. "Whenever anything moves after we throw a main switch, indicating that we've gone home, these receivers send a message to one of the Holmes offices. You can yell or scream or make any other kind of noise and nothing will happen, but if you move, these babies immediately report you. They work on some air-current principle that I don't understand, but anyhow they're responsible for Lloyd's giving us a fine low insurance rate. Everything around here is protected to the eyeballs. It has to be, since we're going in for fairly small and valuable stuff nowadays, instead of taking everything that comes along. It was fun, though, over on Columbus, where we'd put a value on anything from an elephant to a grand piano."

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SIGN on a restaurant near Manhasset: "Cocktail hour: 1 P.M. to 7 P.M. daily."

Cat-Sitting

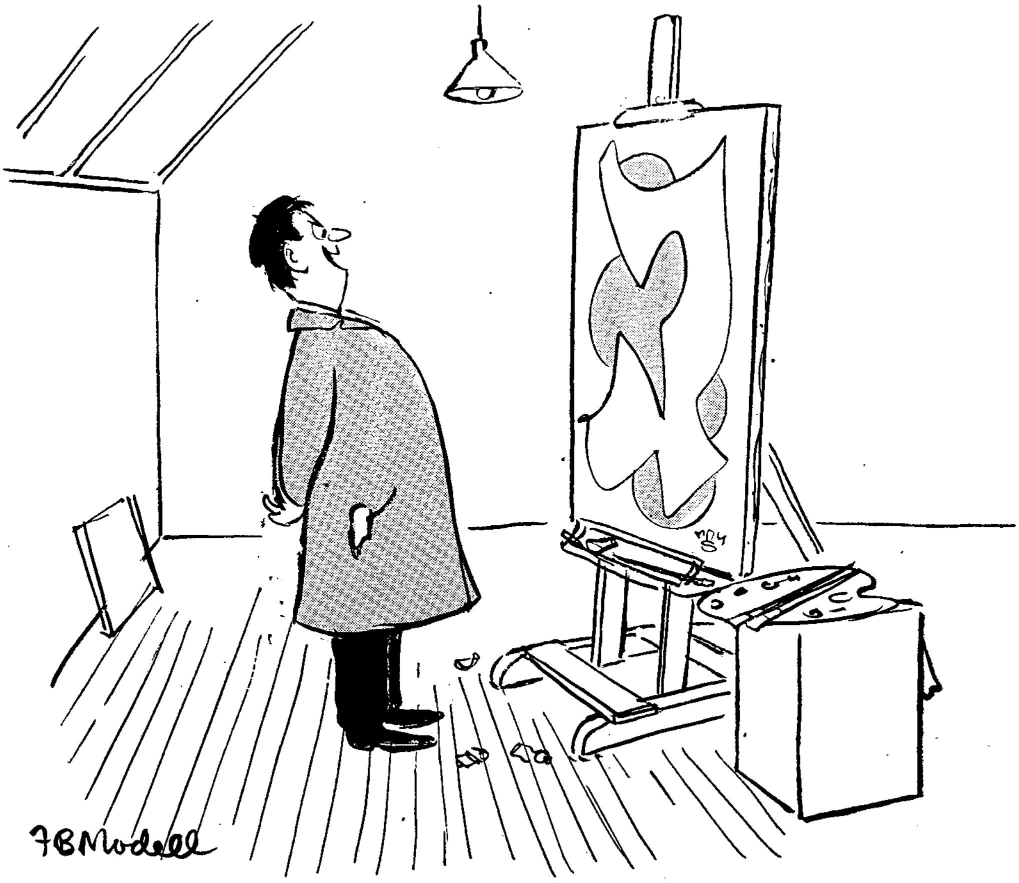
MRS. DOROTHY WILDE BROWNE, a lady who lives on West Eleventh Street, has set up a profitable business as a cat-sitter. As a matter of fact, Mrs. Browne has become something of a cat-sitting operator, since she has subsidiary sitters working out of Yonkers, Bronxville, Sutton Place, Thirty-third Street, Twenty-third Street, Maspeth, and other points too far from West Eleventh Street for her to handle personally. We stopped in to see Mrs. Browne recently and found her sparring with a fat Siamese cat, whom she addressed as Zebeard. Zebeard, she said, was a temporary boarder, and she went on to explain that she takes a few animals into her apartment while their owners are off on vacation, but most cats become unhappy when moved away from their familiar surroundings, and therefore have to be sat with at home. "Here's how I happened to get into the cat-sitting line," said Mrs. Browne. "I found myself with some rather heavy medical bills to pay, so I wanted some work, but at the same time I didn't want to go to an office. Three of my children still live at home. I didn't want to do baby-sitting, either, because I've brought up four children and that's enough of *that*. Nevertheless, the idea of baby-sitting led to the idea of cat-sitting. I've had pets all my life and I've often been faced with the problem of what to do with them when I went off on a vacation. I put an ad in the *Villager*, and the response was instantaneous and overwhelming, and practically overnight I had more business than I could handle."

Mrs. Browne dragged Zebeard off an upholstered seat that he was trying to eviscerate. "I believe the name Zebeard means absolutely nothing," she remarked. She then went on to explain her *modus operandi* as a cat-sitter. Clients, on leaving for vacation, give her their apartment keys; she makes the rounds of client cats twice a day—morning and evening—feeding, brushing, and conversing with each one. "Loneliness isn't much of a problem with most cats, but they do like their comforts," she said. As the project snowballed, she went on, she began to get requests for service from points farther and farther afield. She decreed that she would not sit south of Vandam Street or north of Seventeenth; she makes her rounds on foot, and lines had to be drawn somewhere. A little while later, she began recruiting helpers, partly through newspaper ads and partly through the Fifteenth Street Quaker Meeting, of which she is a member. "Altogether I have forty-two helpers listed," she told us. "I serve as a clearing house for jobs, but I don't take a cut. The worst sitting job I've had was with a Siamese near Gramercy Park, named Mitzi. That little hellion arched her back like a puffball, and I never dared approach her without a full watering can."

Mrs. Browne, who told us, in passing, that she is a first cousin twice removed of Oscar Wilde, began by charging a dollar a day per cat, but she found out that kennels charge ten a week, on the average, just for boarding a cat or dog in a small cage, and now she has doubled her price. She will not sit for any animals except cats, but for the living-in-her-apartment part of the operation she has accepted dogs, monkeys, and a myna bird, which kept asking her, "Going out with the boys?" An armadillo is coming to board with her late in September; she has never been asked to go and sit with an armadillo, and if she were, she wouldn't. Mrs. Browne told us that business booms in the late fall, when people begin going off to Bermuda, Nassau, and Florida. "One advantage cat-sitting has over baby-sitting is that the owners are generally so far away they can't call up and pester you," she said.

Tunnel Song

A MAN driving through the Brooklyn-Battery Tunnel the other day stopped his car, as scores of others did, when the red signal was flashed. After several minutes, the green light went on again, and the cars in his traffic lane slowly began to move. He had gone about twenty yards when he heard a shout from a policeman standing in front of the line of motionless cars in the other lane. He stopped his car on a dime, whereupon the officer walked over to him and asked why he'd done that. "You shouted at me," the driver said. "Shouted?" said the cop. "I was singing, man."



"Superb! I'll buy it."

THE JHULA

I HAD been given the Vermas' address and a letter of introduction to them by friends in New York, so when I arrived in New Delhi, I wrote them a note—they had no telephone—and the return post brought me an invitation to take tea at their apartment in Delhi, the old city, the following afternoon. The invitation was written in English and signed by Mrs. Verma, and it ended on a touchingly maternal note: "Do not take taxi, too much expensive. Take putt-putti and pay only eight annas, no more."

A "putt-putti," I learned, was a motor tonga, and so I hired one the next afternoon. It carried me at shattering speed through streets jammed with bicycles and bullock carts, and deposited me at the end of a dirty lane, lined on one side by open archways giving on dirtier courtyards and on the other by a massive wall, built, I had been told, by the Emperor Shah Jehan. I paid my eight annas, and, walking up the lane, I found my destination at last—an archway framing a flight of steps that appeared to lead upward into a dim and chilly void. I mounted three flights without finding a door, but on the fourth floor the stairs gave onto a tessellated balcony. I stepped out on it. On my left, there was a view of the next house and a similar balcony, where three shrouded figures crouched on a string bedstead, knitting, and on my right, opening off the balcony, there were two doors set a little distance from each other, both of them studded with iron spikes and inhospitably closed.

As I stood meditating on my next move, I became aware of three things: first, that the figures on the next balcony were watching me with concentrated interest; second, that some sort of altercation was going on behind the door nearer me; and, third, that this altercation was accompanied by a sort of continuous high-pitched whine, impossible to identify, which seemed to come from behind the farther door. Not quite sure which door would be the best bet for me to knock on, I hesitated. Suddenly a loud masculine voice from behind the nearer door made me jump. "Open that case!" it shouted, in English.

"I have sworn never to open it," a woman's voice replied.

"For one thing, you'll have to cut down on your drinking."

"It's stuffed with letters from your love—or maybe photographs? Open it."

"Never!"

"Open it, open it!"

"No, no, and *no!*"

Fearful of being caught eavesdropping on what had all the earmarks of a first-class marital row, I was about to sneak away when a third voice, young, crisp, and feminine, cut across the others, saying, "Prem, for heaven's sake! Do you call that *acting*? Now, let's go back a bit and I'll be Hugo. Listen, all of you." There was a pause, followed by the portentous announcement "I am not the son of my father."

At this moment, the door farther down the balcony opened and a small woman in a white sari appeared on the threshold. A laughing voice greeted me in English: "You have come! I am Mrs. Verma. Please to enter this way, please."

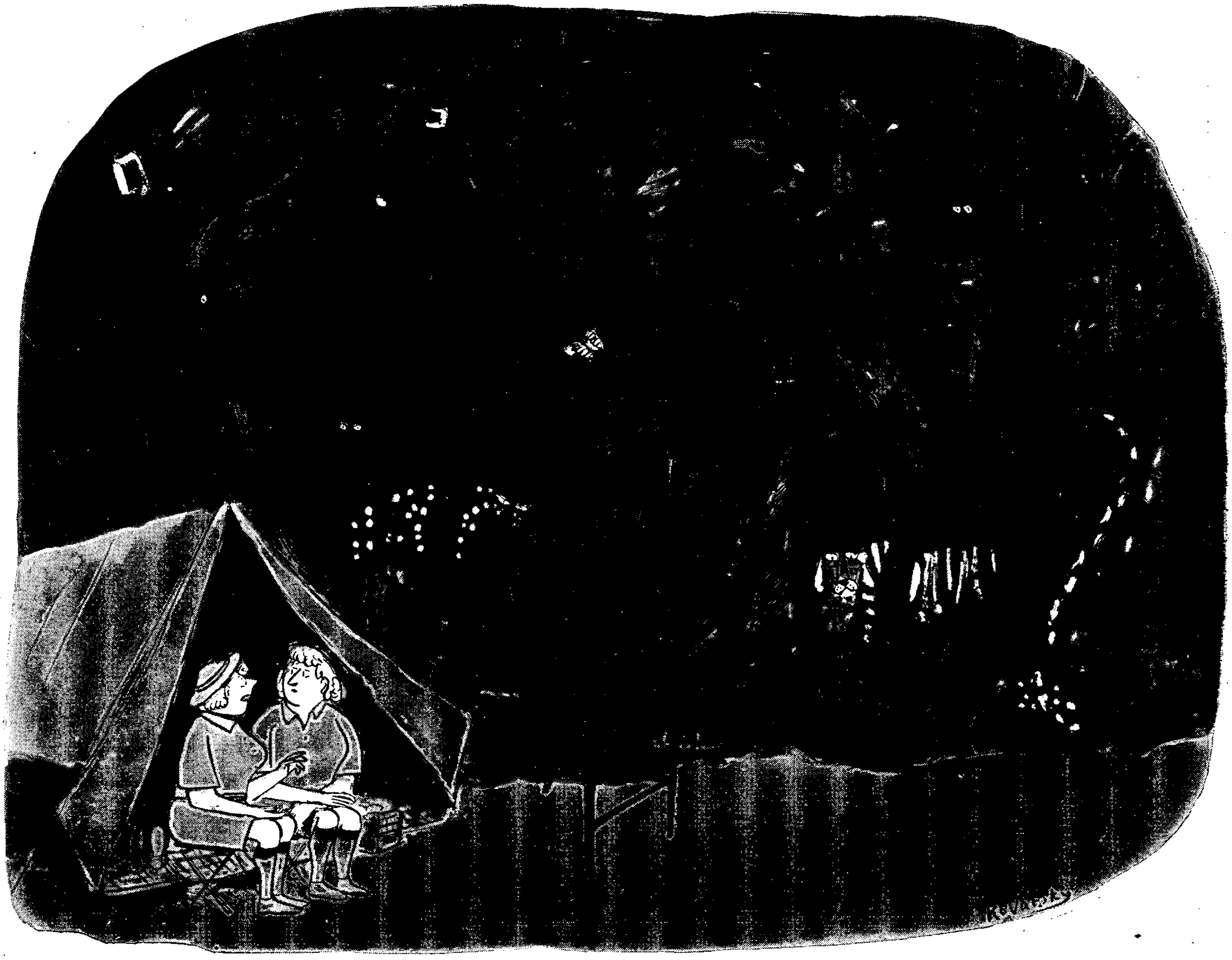
My hand was clasped in two soft brown ones, I was drawn into the room, and the door closed behind me. "My daughter Indu will come in little while," said Mrs. Verma. "She is at present rehearsing her dramatic group in next room. You can listen."

I listened. A man's voice proclaimed unconvincingly, "I'd adore you, I'd hide you. I'd rush through the soldiers and take you in my arms, crying madly, 'I love you!' "

"Oh, my God!" exclaimed the feminine, directorial voice I had heard outside. "Prem, honestly. Can't you put some guts into it?"

IN the semidarkness of the room in which I found myself—it was lighted by one small window, high up in the wall—I felt Mrs. Verma's gaze to be somehow as full of amusement as her voice was when she explained, "My daughter very interested in dramatics. They are going to play Sarter in March. My daughter will direct. You know Sarter? He is French playman."

She drew me into the center of the room, which was dominated by an enormous contrivance, something between a double bed and the old-fashioned canvas swing that one sees on front porches in Maine. This one was made mostly of wood, highly polished and suspended by chains from the massive crossbar of the swing's frame, and in one corner of it, swathed in shawls, sat a small figure, which I took to be that of a child until my hostess enlightened me. "It is my mother," she said. "A very old lady from the province of Sindh. She not speak English and always she sit in jhula—



"I'm all right till it gets dark. Then I start imagining things."

• •

you know jhula? It is in English what you call 'swing.' "

The occupant of the jhula neither looked up nor spoke, and I had no way of judging her appearance, because she kept her shawl pulled down over her face; all that was visible of her person was her hands, which were like a pair of small dry spiders resting on her lap.

"In my country of Sindh, ladies do not show face to strangers," Mrs. Verma said as she beckoned me to a chair. "Different now a little bit maybe—everything different—but my mother of very proud family, very old and rich once, from Sindh."

While she was speaking, I suddenly realized that the whining sound I'd heard on the balcony was caused by the slight swaying of the jhula as the old lady from Sindh rocked herself in it.

"You will have tea?" Mrs. Verma asked me, and without waiting for an answer she raised her voice piercingly: "Madho? Cha!"

The servant must have been lurking behind the curtains of a nearby door, for he appeared at once, carrying a tray set with cups and saucers, and dishes of Indian sweets and the three-cornered pastries known as *samosar*.

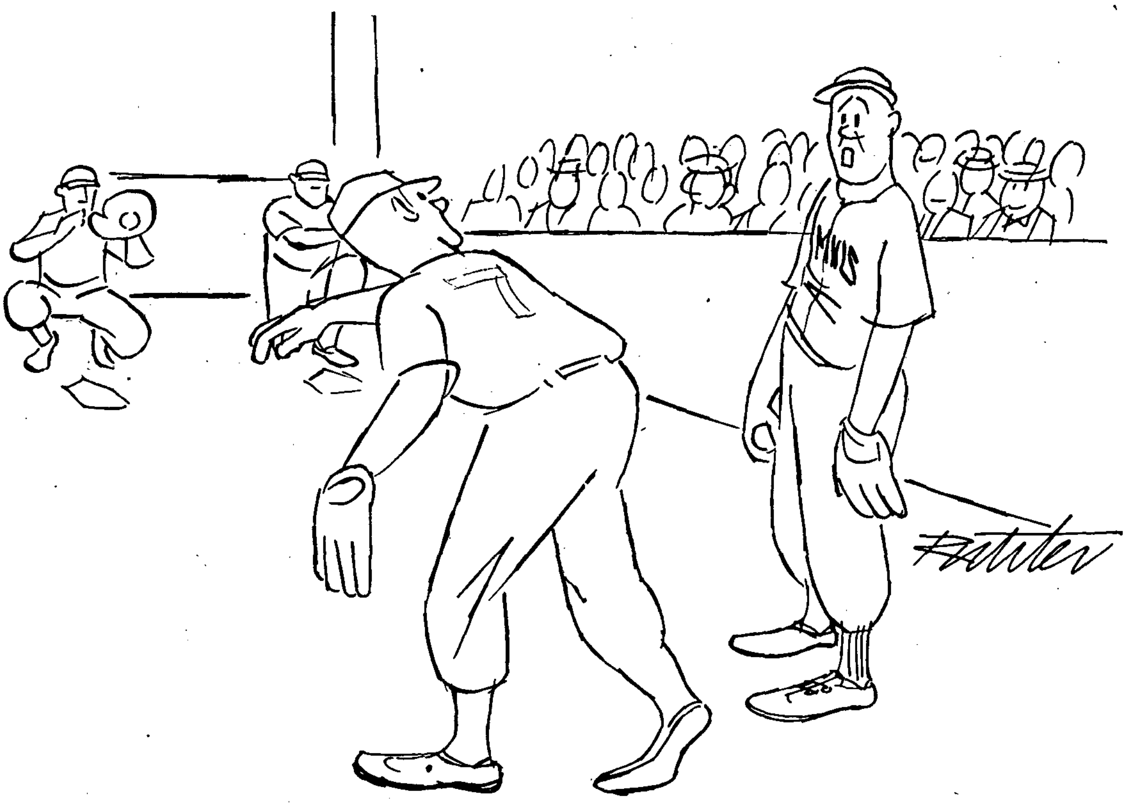
"Eat," commanded my hostess genially. "In India you must eat or you become too thin."

I glanced diffidently at the old lady in the jhula, but Mrs. Verma shook her head. "No, no, do not worry about her. She cannot eat. Only Horlick's. She very old—no teeth."

Throwing formality to the winds, Mrs. Verma then slipped off her sandals, hoisted her legs onto the seat of her chair, and, crossing them under her, sat there benignly, like some female incarnation of the Buddha.

Under her warm, maternal gaze and the mellowing effects of tea and *samosar*, I felt the slight constraint between us begin to dissolve, and we were soon chatting away like old friends while the Thespian controversy raged in the next room and the jhula sang its insect song in our ears.

"You must excuse my daughter a little while," Mrs. Verma begged me. "Soon she will join us, but first she must rehearse those damn fools." Her smile was ineffable. "Always my daughter love the drama—French, English, Greek, all countries. But our young friend Prem Nath say, 'We should give "Coriolanus." ' Another say, 'No, not "Coriolanus"—Eliot!' 'The'—what you call it? 'The Cock's Tail Party.' So last year my daughter direct 'Cock's Tail Party,' and I tell you I so bored I go to sleep. My daughter say no good at all, because the cast such damn fools. So this year it is Sarter. But I do not care for Sarter. Vulgar. I like best the



"My trouble is—by the time I get warmed up, I'm all pooped out."

flims. You have seen the flim 'Rebecca'?"

I said that I had seen the film once a long time ago.

"I have see it three time," Mrs. Verma informed me nostalgically. "Now it is gone. I like 'Rebecca,' but Sarter and 'Cock's Tail Party'—*no*."

"And your mother?" I inquired. "Is she interested in the theatre?"

Mrs. Verma helped herself to a *samosa*. "No, no, how she can go to theatre? She never move from jhula."

A man's voice from the next room announced abruptly that the speaker was fed up with Sartre. "We should have chosen a play by Kalidasa. After all, we are Indians. Why not produce an Indian play?"

A woman's voice inquired sarcastically, "You would like a play in Sanskrit perhaps? As an Indian, you do not even speak good Hindi!"

"We could use a translation."

"In what language, please—English?"

"Well, you're giving Sartre in English—why not the 'Shakuntala' of Kalidasa?"

"Why not Sartre in Hindi?"

"Why not 'Shakuntala' in French?"

Babel arose at once and Mrs. Verma shrugged resignedly. "Always quarrels," she murmured. "That Prem is troublemaker—superpatriotic. All these Indian boys educated in Oxford superpatriotic. Eat more *samosar*?"

I helped myself, and she continued, "My daughter Indu is clever girl. She read, read, read. First I wish she was a boy, but now I am glad, no, she is girl."

I waited. The voices next door subsided into a murmur; the jhula sang.

"EVERYTHING different now for us," said Mrs. Verma. "Long ago, we very high family in Sindh, near Jodhpur, but now not so high. In the old day, my father was doctor, very clever and rich. Educated in London and Vee-enna. He had big practice in Sindh, we live in big house—my father, mother, my brother, and I. Many servants, carriage, sometime motorcar. Now only one servant, lazy swine. I have to teach him everything. Now I have to count every piece, for we have become— What do you call? Middle-class?"

She twitched a fold of her sari over one knee and sat with folded hands, her smile touched with melancholy as she talked. "Many years we live in our village with high walls and red roof and beautiful garden, and have many friends and cousins, and my father give to all, for he was very generous man. A man of high family, and my mother also, but not so much high family and not so much rich as my father. My father was— How do you say in English? Distinguish? Every day he take his medicine box and go in motorcar to office, and my mother play with us in the garden and give orders to the cook and entertain our friends, and sometimes I ride on my pony named for English friend of my parents. Her name was Rhose."

I finished the last *samosa*, and Mrs. Verma went on, "We were very happy in Sindh and my father sent me to convent school and there I learned to pray like the white children"—she crossed herself—"and arithmetic, and when I am fifteen, I marry a vakil from Hyderabad State." She glanced at me. "You understand what I mean when I say 'vakil'? What in Am-merica you call 'liar.'"

"Lawyer," I corrected her gently.

"Yes, 'liar.' My father give my husband office, and we live with my parents, and then my father's motorcar catch fire coming home from work and he burned in it to death. Then my brother go away to Bombay to live, and we had all the debts." She raised her voice again: "Madho!"

The servant appeared, and she bade him take away the tray and fetch cigarettes. In the next room I heard the feminine director's voice: "But you cannot put art in a pigeonhole, Prem! Of course I have nothing against Kalidasa. I just happen to prefer Sartre."

Mrs. Verma looked at me with a smile. "My daughter very progressive. That young man whose voice you hear, he would like to marry her, but she say 'No, I want man with brain.' Someday I think she marry, but I do not know when."

The jhula moved to and fro, singing its mosquito song, and Mrs. Verma said, "My daughter have very good job as receptionist in travel bureau. Today her day off. She get good salary and we all live on it, but it is not like old days in Sindh when my father was a rich man and our women did not go out to work. But my husband was not clever man like my father and he make little money and there were my father's debts. He was very generous man—too generous. He give free to many people, and when he die, they did not give back. And after my father die, all we have is house. And I sold my jewels to pay Indu's school and she won great inam—what you call 'honors'—and always she was first in her study and her teachers tell me she most clever girl in the school and be one day famous. I would like for Indu to go to England and Am-merica for her study, but we could not afford."

In the pause that followed, I glanced round the room, with its shabby furniture and its pictures that hung crooked on the walls—one a chromo of the Lord Krishna playing his flute, flanked by a tinted photograph of the Taj Mahal and an English print titled "Bubbles."

Mrs. Verma followed my glance. "These not my own things," she explained, with a deprecating shrug. "This house, this nasty street—all hired. My things all left behind in Sindh. Only jhula we bring, because my mother would not part from it. You see, my father give my mother jhula when he marry her. She very fond of jhula and call it her home. After my father die, she get very ill and lie in jhula all day and all night, and when she get well, she not move. She old and very small lady, but in the beginning very difficult for us." Mrs. Verma smiled. "Old people sometime more difficult than young, yes?"

I agreed, and then further conversation between us was made impossible as the argument next door broke out with renewed vigor. "It is not that I am a snob," said the voice that I now knew to be Indu's. "I simply insist that art should be above faction—"

"And I merely say that we should be fair," said the young man, Prem. "We have our own literature and we should stick to it."

"I call that being a snob."

"Nothing of the sort!"

"Yes!"

"No!"

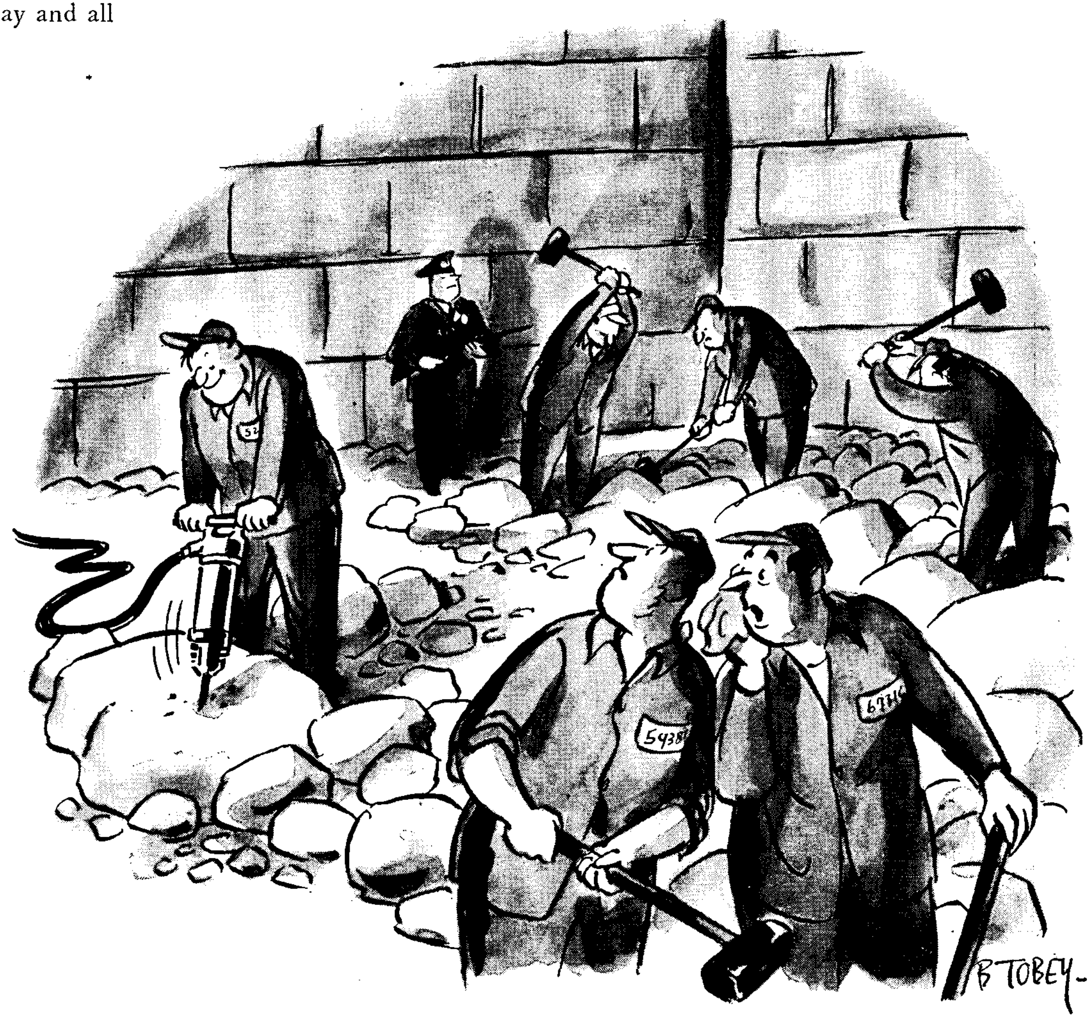
Mrs. Verma sighed. "Always, always row. I think it better that young people marry and have big family, as in old days. For me, I have only my daughter Indu, and sometimes I feel scare, for I think that when she marry, I shall be alone with only my mother. But Indu say no, never."

She leaned toward me, her face suddenly wistful. "You very kind person. You do not look bored when people talk about own affair. I do not have chance to talk much. My mother deaf. All day Indu busy, and at night too tire. Besides, she not like the past. Young people they want only future, yes?"

NEXT door, the rattle of teacups and a diminuendo in the conversation suggested that art had been temporarily abandoned in favor of tea. Mrs. Verma offered me a cigarette and settled back in her chair. "You are our friend," she informed me with intense deliberation. "You come to see me at once, you eat my simple food and do not ask is milk boiled and sugar clean." She laughed. "You do not look before leap, yes?"

I laughed, too, and for a few minutes there was silence between us. The jhula moved to and fro, and the voices in the next room beat softly against the thin wall, English giving way to Hindi and reverting again to English in a random sort of way, as though the speakers enjoyed this exercise of swimming in the divergent currents of two languages.

I asked Mrs. Verma when she had last seen her old home in Sindh and whether she ever thought of going back, for I had heard much of the Indians' attachment to the place of their birth. "No," she said. "We do not go back to Sindh. There nothing left. You see, when big trouble come to our country in 1947, we live in my father's house, and friends come and say, 'You must go. It is not safe to stay. We all are going.' And so we begin to pack. I do not know what to take and what to leave, and my husband say, 'Take only clothes and money, and let us go.' We have one cousin who own small lorry, and it is outside house while Indu and I go from room to room and pack our things. I see the pictures, the brass tables, the good carpets of my father, and I look at the walls of my house and the flowers in the garden and I see all my memories and hear them say good-



"You'll find that even in here the right connections make a lot of difference."

bye. Then I say to Indu, 'I cannot go.' But Indu take my arm and say, 'They will kill us if they find us here. Already you have heard what has happened to our relatives and friends.' And she say, 'Listen,' and I listen and I hear men shouting in distance, and then a sound I not hear before, a roaring sound, and Indu say, 'Look,' and from window of the room where I was born, I see the fire, and then my husband come running and he say, 'Take your mother and get in the lorry at once. We must not wait.' Indu and I run to my mother, but she not move from jhula. We coax and beg but she not move, and all the time we hear fire and shouting and sound of feet running past our house, and Indu try to lift my mother out of jhula but she cannot, because my mother had taken the gold chain from her neck and tie it round her leg and the railing of the jhula, and Indu break her nails trying to undo it, and my husband come again and shout did we want to die. Then he, too, come to jhula and try to lift my mother in his arms, but she is tie, and she tell him to leave her be and go. Then Indu say, 'We must take her in jhula. Get the servants.' But the servants have run away and the jhula too heavy for my husband and Indu and me, and he say, 'Must we all die because of one old woman? Let us leave her and go.' And Indu say, 'It is not question of age or youth. You and Mother go, I will stay.' Then my husband begin to weep and say, 'I will go and get help and we will carry the jhula out and put it in the lorry. Wait for me.' He went away and Indu and I try again to free my mother, but the gold chain too strong to break and the knot twisted, and we can do nothing without breaking her leg, and while we keep trying to undo knot, she keep telling us to stop, to go away and leave her be."

Mrs. Verma paused and glanced at her hands, soft and shapely in her lap. In the next room, the conversation flowed amicably and Prem's voice said "Cigarette, Indu?" and the second feminine voice said "No more tea, thank you, Indu."

"My husband did not return," Mrs. Verma said presently. "And Indu and I think what to do next when we hear people entering the house and calling to us by name, and we recognize the voices of three young men who grow up with Indu, but they belong to other side—to the side that is killing our friends and burning down the town—so we look at each other, and Indu call to them, 'Ahmed! Yunus! Hosain! We are here.' 'Are you mad?' I ask her. 'They are no longer our friends. They have come to kill us.' Then the young men come running into the room—three tall young men, sons of my old friends—and one of them catch me in his arms and say, 'Thank God we are in time. Quick, quick, you must go. We will help you.' And they lift the jhula with mother in it, and Indu help them, and somehow they get it out the door and through the gate and lift it into the lorry. Then I turn to Yunus and ask 'Where is my husband?' and Yunus shake his head. 'I don't know, Ummaji. But you must not wait. You must go at once.' And he lift me into the lorry with Indu, and our cousin start motor and we go away from that street and the house, and all day and all night we drive through the desert road of Sindh, and sometime we cross the border into the State of Jodhpur, and then we are safe."

"But your husband?" I asked, and for a moment she was silent, looking at her hands, while the jhula swung to and fro and its tiny voice seemed to fill the room.

Mrs. Verma spoke at last: "I do not know about my husband. I never know."

FROM the next room, there came sounds of departure, and Indu's voice on a laughing note: "All right, Prem. I'll make a bargain with you—Sartre this time and Kalidasa the next. O.K.?"

Mrs. Verma lowered her feet and pushed her toes into her sandals. "Come," she said briskly. "We can go in next room."

As I turned hesitatingly to say goodbye to the figure in the jhula, Mrs. Verma took my arm. "No, no. Do not worry. My mother not miss us. She quite happy to stay in jhula." And, raising her voice, she cried gaily, "Indu! You are free? We have a new guest!"

—CHRISTINE WESTON

WOODMONT REVISITED

We were inland in winter. Summers, we went to the shore,
To a sandy town with tarred paths soft in the sun
And marvels past counting, that aren't to be found any more
In the sandy town, though a boy run his heart out to find but one.

Twice a summer along the strand came a cinnamon bear,
Flea-ridden, with buttony eyes, on a leash of chain.
He waltzed with his master and let us stroke his hair,
And we bribed him with popcorn and all-day suckers to come again.

An organ-grinder's monkey would clamber up
Our honeysuckled porch, in cap and tunic he.
Bitter his gaze, in his exquisite hand a cup,
And for pennies the peg-legged organ sobbed of Napoli.

A widow named Green from her green house never stirred.
We watched in her parlor as her green parrot she fed.
She boasted that Polly had been her father's bird
And would be crying "Cracker!" when our children's children were dead.

* * *

No bears now, no monkeys, no parrots! How can I help but hold
That something dearer than time has been lost since my summers began?
Why are there no new marvels to take the place of the old?
The shore might as well be inland. A boy might as well be a man.

—BRENDAN GILL

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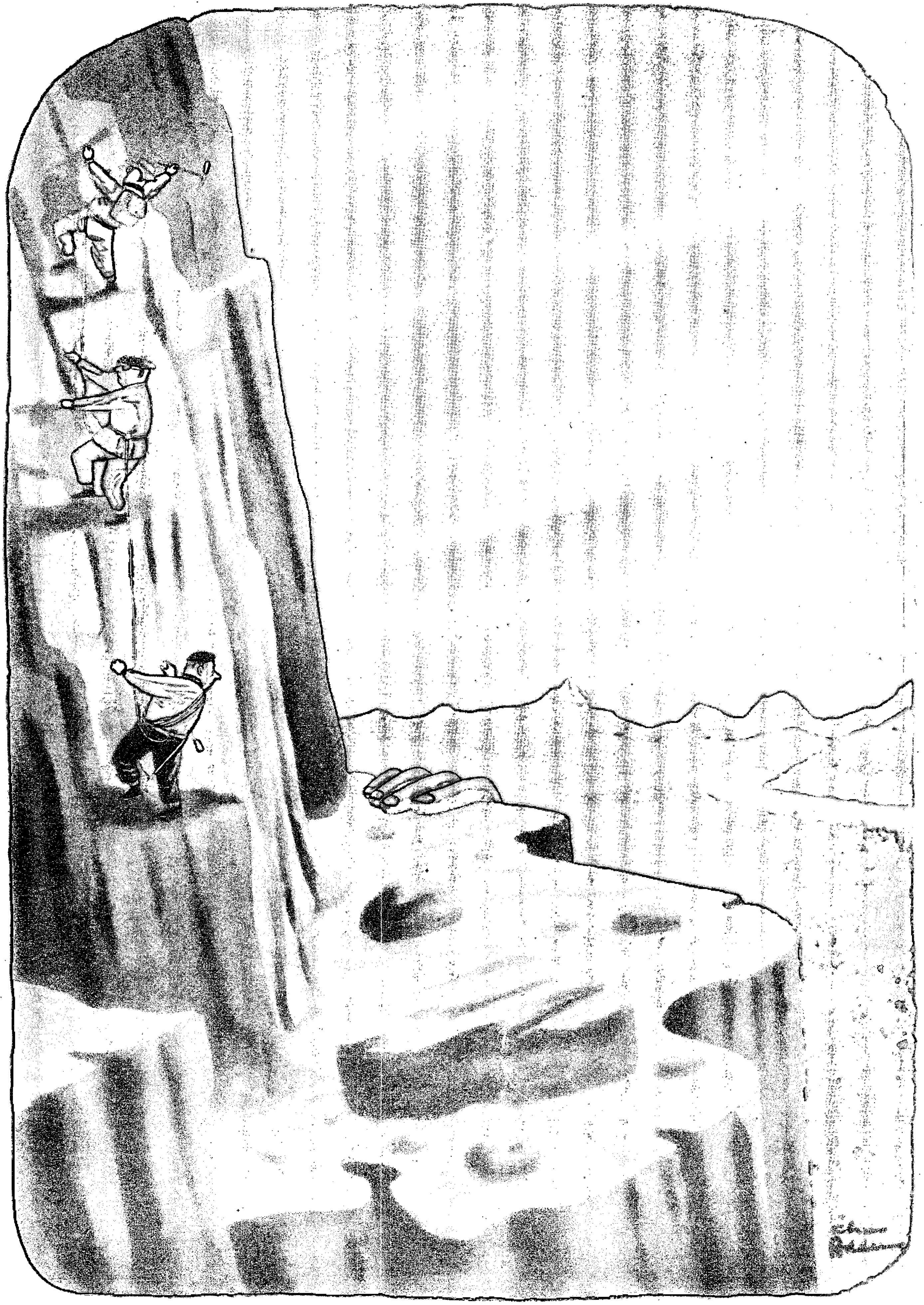


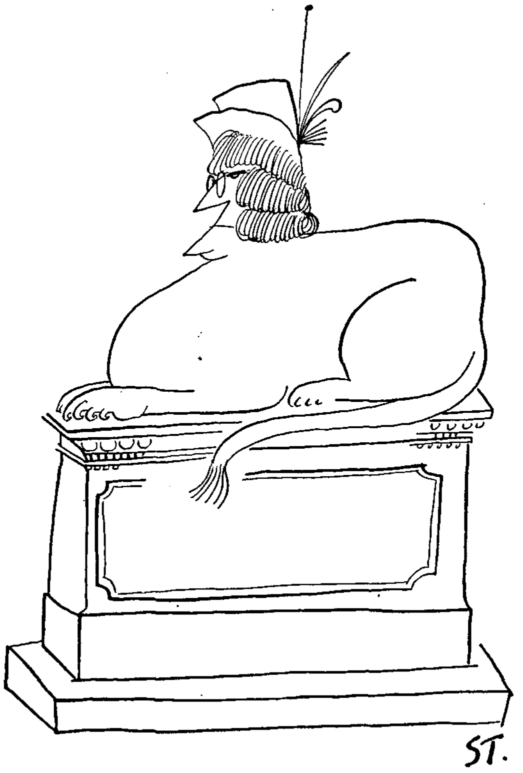
THE APPALACHIAN REVOLUTION

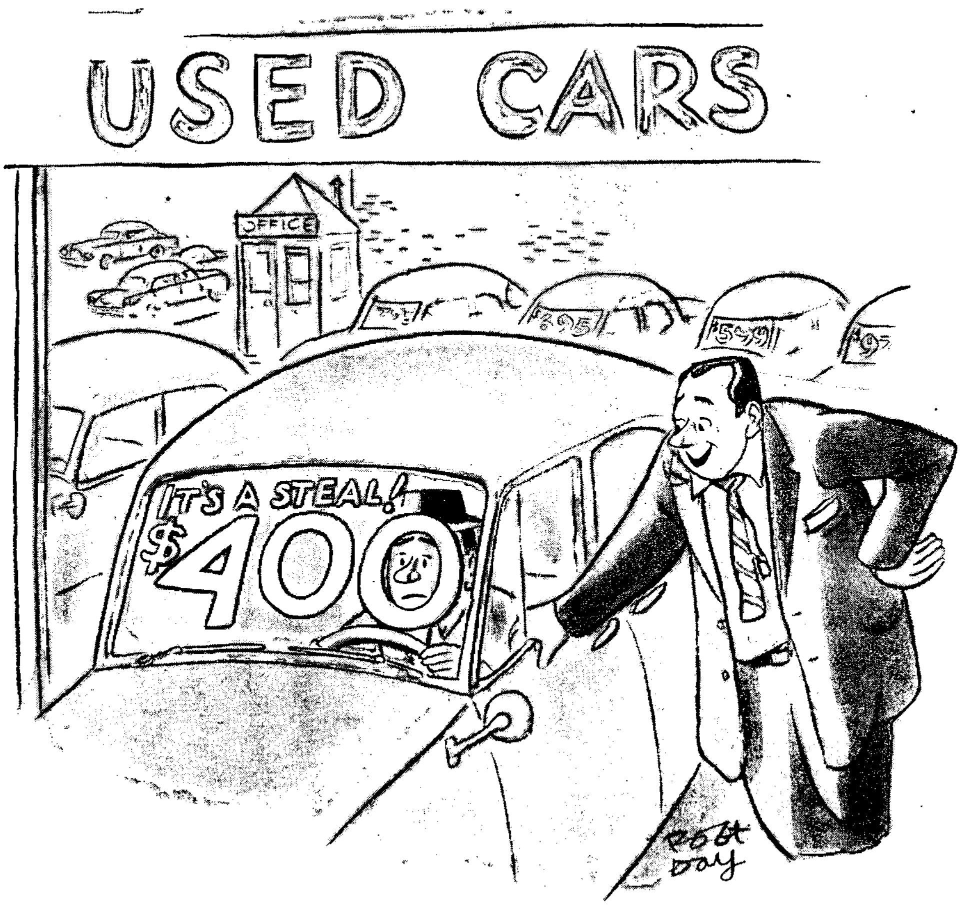
IN July, the first week, the psychiatrists came. A heavy black car with a black-and-orange license plate appeared on the dirt road to the lake, known as Mirror Lake on the road map but always spoken of by the natives and the "old" summer people as Poor Farm Pond. The car hesitated for a moment at the trampled clearing in the bushes where a number of dusty station wagons and shabby sedans and convertibles and a trailer were already parked. On the small strip of muddied beach at the road's left, a group of young matrons and their children sat, not moving a muscle; behind the bushes, in the meadow, a young couple, sunbathing, raised their heads and let them drop back in disgusted unison. A curtain twitched in the trailer. In the water, a rowboat manned by a small, curly-haired boy came to a halt as the rower stared darkly at the car, whose engine made the only sound in the bristling silence. It was as if Poor Farm Pond were holding its breath, beseeching the intruders to pass on. But the big car was deaf to entreaty; a mop of gray hair protruded from the window by the driver's seat and nodded with commanding emphasis to another car, behind. The horn tooted, "Doctor, here is the place."

On the beach, the young mothers sighed and reached for their cigarettes. The new cars always hesitated and always concluded this was the place. If (unlike these latest arrivals) the occupants were well mannered, they called out to ask whether the beach was private, as evidently it was; you could tell from the old green rowboats drawn up on the shore and the little fishing hut and the kayak that the place must belong to somebody. But you could not refuse them, even when they paid you the courtesy of asking. The young mothers were accustomed to reply, in their soft, anxious, scrupled voices, that the beach *was* private but that the owner would not mind, probably, if the new people swam there. Whereupon the new people, already dressed in bathing suits, would park their car at an awkward angle and, pantomiming thankfulness, heat, exhaustion, plunge into the water, stirring up the bottom, while the children looked on coldly and angrily, sometimes groaning aloud, until the mothers shushed them. "Why did you tell them they *could*, Mother, for heaven's sake?" the adolescent girls would wail when the newcomers had struck out for the middle, and the young mothers, noble Romans, would answer with simple dignity, "You must remember, it doesn't belong to *us* either, dear."

But this statuesque reminder did not express the felt truth, which was that the beach did belong to Us, for the group of young mothers had been coming here ever so long, with the owner's permission—since Mother's or Grandmother's day, in many cases, right back almost to the time when the tall, tumbling house up the road, with its old raspberry patch, had been the town poor farm. And it was they, the young mothers and their husbands and occasional house guests, who had made the place a beach. Before they came, the bottom had just been mud and slippery brown leaves, like the rest of the lake's margin; they had imported the sand. Every summer, they conscientiously laid down a new load of it, and every summer, on the first warm weekend, one of the husbands and some of the prep-school boy cousins would go and find the old raft, at the other end of the lake, where it had drifted to during the winter, and tow it back to the beach and moor it, so that the children could dive. So they did have the right to say no, as the children begged them to do, but they did not have the temerity or the cruelty to, especially since Lodestone Pond, where the natives and the French Canadians from the nearby granite town had been swimming from time immemorial, had been taken over by the beavers.

There were other places, admittedly, even now, for the public to patronize, but either they were marshy or stony or froggy or had bloodsuckers or you had to pay to park there or pay to be rowed out to the middle. This spot on Poor Farm Pond, thanks to the work that had gone into it, was something pretty enviable in a region where the swimming was nothing to boast about. There was really quite a problem. The young mothers and their husbands had discussed it until they were sickened by the subject. *Their* mothers, the grandmothers, crisply advised them to take action—buy the place and put up "No Trespassing" signs and a fence. But that, smiled the young mothers sadly, was a different generation talking. Few would criticize the grandmothers for putting up "No Trespassing" signs, or even a fence, because the grandmothers, like the children, did not know any better; they had not gone to Vassar or Bryn Mawr. And in any case the owner, who was elderly and deaf and peculiar, had no inclination to sell. A year ago, one of the husbands had approached him with a tentative offer, but the old man had misunderstood. "Use it, use it!" he had shouted benevolently in his flat, deaf voice. "You folks have always used it." And whenever he drove by, on a Sunday, in his new Buick, and saw a crowd of people in the water, he smiled and nodded like a Maecenas. If he had ever swum himself, he might have seen the hardships of having twenty or thirty strangers and their dripping dogs crowd onto two hundred and fifty square feet of specially imported sand, but, like so many of the old-timers, Mr. Bascomb was wary of the water. It was in winter he used the pond; the fishing hut on the shore belonged to him, and every winter he pulled it out to the pond's center, cut a hole through the ice, and, protected from the elements, fished through the hut's open bottom. This was his asserted reason for refusing to sell, even though the would-be buyer, a Washington lawyer, had assured him that he could retain, in the deed, the right to fish from the shore lot and the right to keep the hut there. The real reason, observed the grandmothers, was that the old man was land-proud; he liked to know that the "old" summer people and the man with the trailer, who kept a grocery store across the mountains, were





“Care to drive her around the block?”

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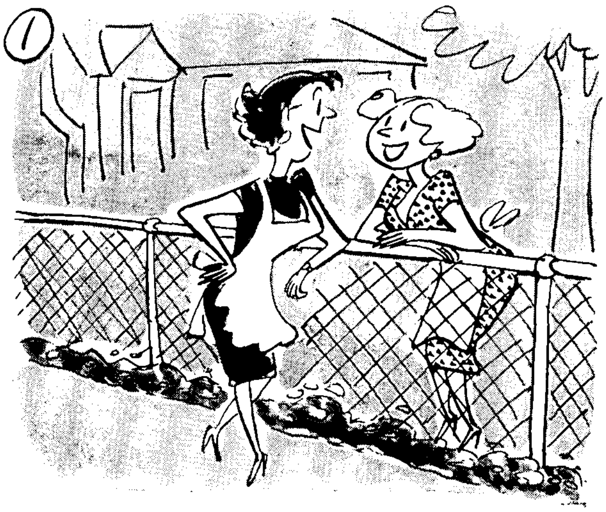
beholden to him every year for their swimming.

“Money talks,” opined the local real-estate man, counselling a higher offer. But the young mothers firmly shook their heads; if old Mr. Bascomb was really disinclined to sell, it would not be fair to tempt him with an appeal to his baser nature. It would surely hurt the old man to come by on his Sunday drive and see a place barred that had always been open; even the grandmothers conceded this, when pressed by their daughters. There was a tacit covenant in the region governing change, property rights, and the relations between the summer people and the natives, though the old ladies, who were supposed to be its custodians, were growing more and more wayward and forgetful of their duties. “*Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?*” angrily cried a Swarthmore classics professor when his mother-in-law “surprised” her grandchildren by damming up her brook to make a swimming pool for them. You did not make swimming pools in Minster; the spirit of the place frowned on it. Here in this secluded corner of a northern state, with its spruce forests and mountain panoramas and round red cow barns and abandoned quarries and bears and wildcats and beavers, there was a tradition of pioneer simplicity and frugality of which the summer people were supposed to be proud. There were no estates or country clubs; there was not, as yet, even a cocktail set, properly speaking. The summer ladies baked and put up jellies and preserves, sharing their recipes with the farm women; the children went blueberrying and raspberrying, and sold Kool-Aid on Sundays and holidays at roadside stands under the maple shade. There was a dairy coöperative and an electrical coöperative and a coöperative store; the gaunt little towns, with their cheese factories, had pallid fairs and barbecues and lawn fêtes and Fourth of July displays. The whole valley was different from the other side of the mountain range, where there were winter ski resorts and summer tourist hotels and gentlemen-farmers and Black Angus cattle. The summer people even dressed differently. The old ladies—widows of clergymen and college professors and lawyers—still wore white straw hats and printed lawn dresses; the husbands wore old clothes, and the young mothers, for the most part, blouses and skirts and moccasins. They came to the beach with liberal magazines and serious books borrowed from the library at the state capital and discussed world events and local oddities while keeping an eye on the children in the water. The “difference” of the place rested responsibly on their minds; they were anxious to preserve it, as an heirloom, for their children, like one of Grandma's quilts. They had a cupboard language of place names, unknown to the mapmakers, for the ponds, brooks, and mountain peaks: harsh names that had been passed on to them by the old-timers, quaint names that had been coined by the children—Bloodsucker Pond, Quag Pond, Hunger Brook, Sodom Marsh, Niggerhead, Dogface, the Dark Tarn, Sliding Pools. They knew the wildflowers and the birds and the snakes. Some of them had taken a geology course at college, and, sitting to dry on slabs of limestone, they talked eagerly of regional formations—Ordovician, pre-Devonian, metamorphic rock, the mica schist in the gorges.

AND the place *was* beautiful—“beyoutifull,” as the two psychiatrists, alighting from their big black cars, now informed their womenfolk. The mop-haired psychiatrist took a stand on the narrow strip of sand, surveyed the birch-fringed lake, and addressed his colleague. “I like the background,” he stated, in an authoritative foreign voice, while the young mothers, a few feet away, but disregarded, as if by a stage convention, faintly grimaced at each other. “It's like a picture.” Indeed it was. Like many northern lakes, with green waters reflecting the near birch and the long ridge of spruce trees rising sharply from the far shore, it resembled a picture on a calendar; one could imagine an Indian maiden and her lover in a birch canoe drifting across the canvas. But from the vantage point of the young mothers and their huddle of curious children, the psychiatrists themselves and their wives and female secretaries (“Right away, Doctor”) were now in the picture also.

From their cars they brought out rainbow-striped beach towels and two large tan blankets, a portable radio, the New York *Times*, sun-tan oil, Noxzema, and two inner tubes. The two older women, disrobed, displayed mountains of white flesh and bulging veins spilling out of very tight new bathing suits, one lavender, one black; they wore white cut-out fancy sandals on short, fat white feet. While the two younger women oiled themselves and lay down, shoulder straps dropped, to sun themselves on towels, the rest of the party spread the blankets, turned on the radio, opened the newspaper. Twirling the

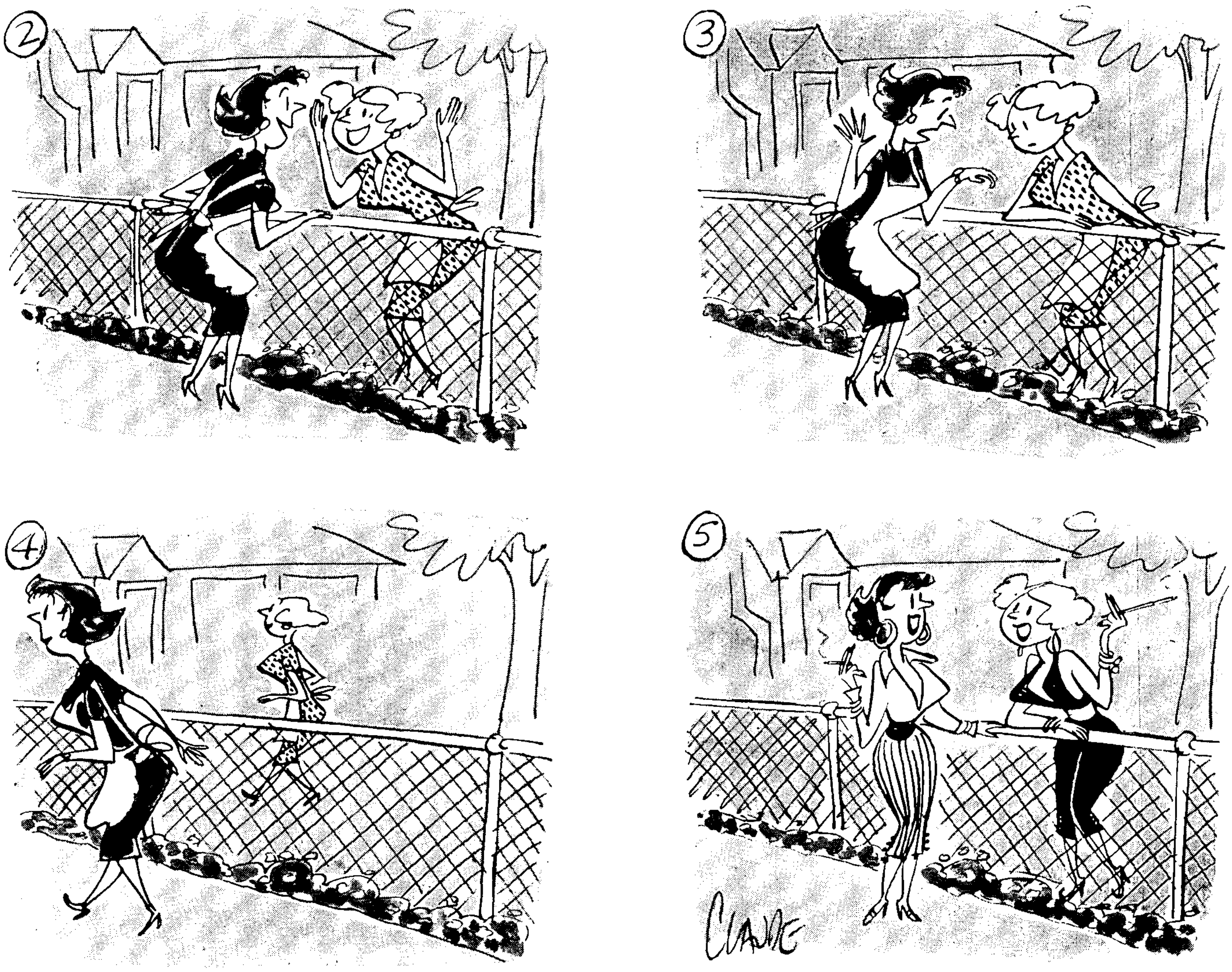


dial, the reclining fat women sought a news program, found dance music, household, hints, a French-language broadcast from Canada, a ball game; they propped their waved heads on their palms to appraise the frowning young mothers in their decorous bathing suits, who had reopened their books and magazines and were pointedly trying to read. The smaller psychiatrist, who had a bald head, thickly wrinkled brown skin, and bowed legs, impatiently switched off the radio ("Please! We are here to enjoy Nature") and began to tell his colleague about a flattering letter he had once received from Stekel. His colleague answered with an anecdote about Ferenczi. The men's voices were loud and heavily stressed; each repeated the other's final line, choruslike, on a rising note: "I had a letter from Stekel." "So? You had a letter from Stekel?" And then, to the lavender-suited woman, who wore a hearing aid: "Martha, he had a letter from Stekel." The lake magnified this dialogue, as it did every sound; ordinarily, you could hear a fish jump half a mile away or an old Victrola playing in a house on the ridge.

The young mothers rattled their magazines. In sheer self-defense, they declared afterward, they started a show conversation of their own, talking in high, strained voices of impersonal, mannerly things, till the children took it as a game and began to shout commonplaces at each other. "*Nice day!*" they bellowed. "*Looks to me like rain!*" "Sh-h-h!" duteously murmured the mothers, coloring. "These people will think you're copying them." "Mother, who *are* they?" whispered a pig-tailed girl, under cover of the radio, which had been turned on again. In this region, every stranger was supposed to be known, or at any rate identifiable. "They're psychiatrists, I think, dear," whispered back her mother, unplaiting the child's wet braids. "That's a sort of doctor that fixes your soul when it's sick." This explanation was uttered in a sweet, pensive, "understanding" tone that made the other mothers squirm. "How ridiculous," said a boy, with a scornful glance at the soul doctors. "It's not ridiculous; it's a science," reproved his mother. "It's not a science, it's a pseudo science—isn't it, Mother? That's what you and Daddy think," said another boy, eagerly. "Hush," said his mother, equably. "Manners! We will talk about it when we get home." "But, Mother, where do they *come* from?" persisted the first child, irritably pulling her long hair away from her parent's hands. "New York, silly—you can see it on their license plates," said the second boy. "I can see *that*," said the girl. "I mean up here, in Minster." And the mothers' widened eyes appealed to each other. "I know that, too," said the same sturdy boy calmly as the mothers turned to stare at him. "They're staying at Meade Farm." "Ah-h-h," cried the mothers softly. Meade Farm was a boarding farm fifteen miles away, in the next township, that advertised "Cultured Surroundings" in the *Saturday Review*. "Are you sure?" "How did you find out?" "I listened," answered the boy simply. "You only have to listen to find out everything about them." The mothers smiled fondly among themselves; this eight-year-old was the brightest of all their progeny, and every mother loved him as if he were a communal holding. "But why do they come *here*?" demanded a hoarse twelve-year-old. "Nobody from Meade Farm has ever come here before." The mothers smiled wanly. "Somebody must have told them about it."

There it was: what could you do? It was foolish to imagine you could keep Poor Farm Pond and this special beach a community secret forever and yet, alackaday, these psychiatrists were the first rank outsiders to find their way along the dusty network of back roads and "discover" it, as they were now proclaiming to each other in blaring, self-commendatory tones. ("I am a water witch, eh, Doctor?" the mop-haired man chuckled.) Everybody else who had come here either was local, like the granite workers and the townspeople from the state capital, or had some thread of connection with one of the original summer families. If you did not know them, they knew a friend or a friend of a friend. The young mothers could not but feel, forlornly, that they were witnessing the end of an epoch as they watched the frizzle-headed psychiatrist, who had sloping shoulders and breasts like a woman, don a black bathing cap and stride into the water with one of the inner tubes. Soon he was shouting, through the megaphone of his hands, that the water was wonderful and splashing himself to demonstrate it, like a man in a shower. The small brown psychiatrist fitted on a nose clip and followed him, and finally the whole party was in the water, with the inner tubes and a ball; the two immense older women floated in the inner tubes; the men tossed the ball back and forth to each other; the secretaries lay sunning on the raft.

It did not occur to them, probably, that they were monopolizing the water—this was the kindest explanation and the one that had to be given the children, who were looking on with poison-steeped eyes, like little savages seeing the white man preëmpt the happy hunting ground. One atavistic little girl, in fact, picked up her homemade bow and arrow and, pointing it at the bathing party, glanced around, grinning boldly, for approval; her mother seized her wrist, slapped it, and confiscated the toy. But the children could not be quelled. One and all, they were refusing to swim while these *awful* people were in the water. They were unmoved by the force of example—"Come, Mummy will swim with you," announced one resolute matron—and coldly indifferent to the argument, usually decisive for them, that they would hurt the people's feelings. On the other hand, despite whispered cajolery, they declined to leave and go and take a dip in Granny's pool or be driven to a pothole, ten miles off, made by a waterfall on Dogface—a mossy, cold, green, balsamy, hidden spot that was saved for special treats. The older children simply sat, wrapped in dirty towels, and stared adamantly at the strangers, while the younger ones, not comprehending, began to whimper. The mothers gazed at each other pregnantly. The children's attitude seemed a judgment handed down from on high; it absolved them of responsibility. They did not wish to be snobbish or overfastidious, God knew, but there was a limit. They consulted their wristwatches; they shrugged. Grasping towels, children, sneakers, reading matter,



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they rose in panoplied purpose and picked their way to their cars, past the psychiatrists' outspread gear. It was only three-thirty, and the sun still lay warm on the violated pond.

"THERE is a limit, Pick," said Margaret Callaway to her husband, striding into her house with a retinue of weeping children behind her. Tall and olive-skinned, with a long, aristocratic nose and a shock of black short hair, she confronted her husband with the air of an avenging queen. "The children mutinied," she announced. "All of them. Ours and everybody else's." And she recited what had happened, crisply, while the children bated their sobs to listen to the account of their grievance.

"The children simply copied your attitude," said Pickman ("Pickles") Callaway, an industrial consultant, when he had heard. "I *knew* you would say that," answered his wife, between her teeth. "I *knew* it, I knew it. But, Pick, I promise you I didn't say a word—not a word." Her manner had become hysterical; the children looked up at her curiously. "You didn't have to say a word," said Pickles, in a more sympathetic tone. "You obviously *looked* volumes. Kids are animals," he added, stroking a small, crew-cut head. "They felt you stiffen up the way a dog feels it when a human being is afraid."

Margaret slumped into a chair. "You are right," she said desolately. "I was wrong." She vented an exhausted sigh. To be *in the right* was Margaret's consuming ambition, to which all meaner aims had been sacrificed. She was a sincerely moral person, as Pickles Callaway, who had no morals, was always discovering to his surprise. Poor Margaret (as he privately styled her) had been renowned as a big brain at college; she had inherited a tidy wad from a Massachusetts mill-owning family; she had a successful husband, three beautiful children, a knack for household management, troops of friends; two winters before, she had had a tremendous nervous breakdown, which was all that was needed, Pickles once remarked (in a jest oft repeated in Minster), to complete the picture of the all-round woman of the year. Yet her accomplishments and sensibilities galled her, like handicaps imposed in the race for perfection. Margaret was a thoroughbred, the grandmothers averred, and with her distant, alarmed gaze and flaring nostrils and restive gait, she had the strained look of a blood mare carrying extra weight. Like all the Minster matrons, she worried a great deal about her privileges, which obliged her, she knew, to make allowances for those who had not had them. At the same time, the shortcomings of others seemed to her a sort of *unfairness*, a drain on her resources of understanding that was bleeding her white. Her mind, Pickles complained, was like a civics textbook, and Minster had served her for a model of what she believed possible.

It was Margaret, preëminently, who had been the conscience of Poor Farm Pond, the watchdog of the *genius loci*. She had been outraged by the plan to buy the shore lot from old Mr. Bascomb; she had grown heated in defense of the granite workers who came to the pond on Sundays in trucks and cars that blocked the parking space. It was not much of a sacrifice, she pointed out, in her high-pitched Bostonian voice, for the summer people to give up Poor Farm Pond one day in the week to men who worked six days at heavy labor. The fact that she had voted Republican in the last two Presidential elections (in the interests of the national welfare and public harmony, relinquishing her own preference for the Democratic candidates) gave this pro-labor statement of hers an air of disinterested equity that silenced all opposition. Wives whose husbands flew up just for the weekend—unlike fortunate Pick, who took the summers off—were free, she cheerily suggested, to drive the extra miles to the waterfall, where they would be rewarded by a wonderful view. And to demonstrate the feasibility of this she had started a series of prodigious Sunday-lunch mountain picnics, to which everybody brought a covered dish.

SCRABBL

Wistful Thoughts of a Defeated Husband

When we, my darling, deign to dabble
In that distraction known as Scrabble,
Like other sweet, loquacious women,
Your choice of words is indiscrimin:
You pour them out—ten, twenty, thirty—
The horizontal and the verti,
But all is verbal fiddle-faddle
From the dull lexicon of adol.

I seek not quantity but quali,
Not monosyllables but poly.
I calmly lie in wait to stab you
With brilliant coups from my vocabu.
My words would baffle Dr. Johnson—
If I could find the missing conson.
The trouble is that you, you nincom,
Complete your words, while mine are incom.

How mercilessly I would lick you
If all my thoughts became articu!

—W. W. Watt

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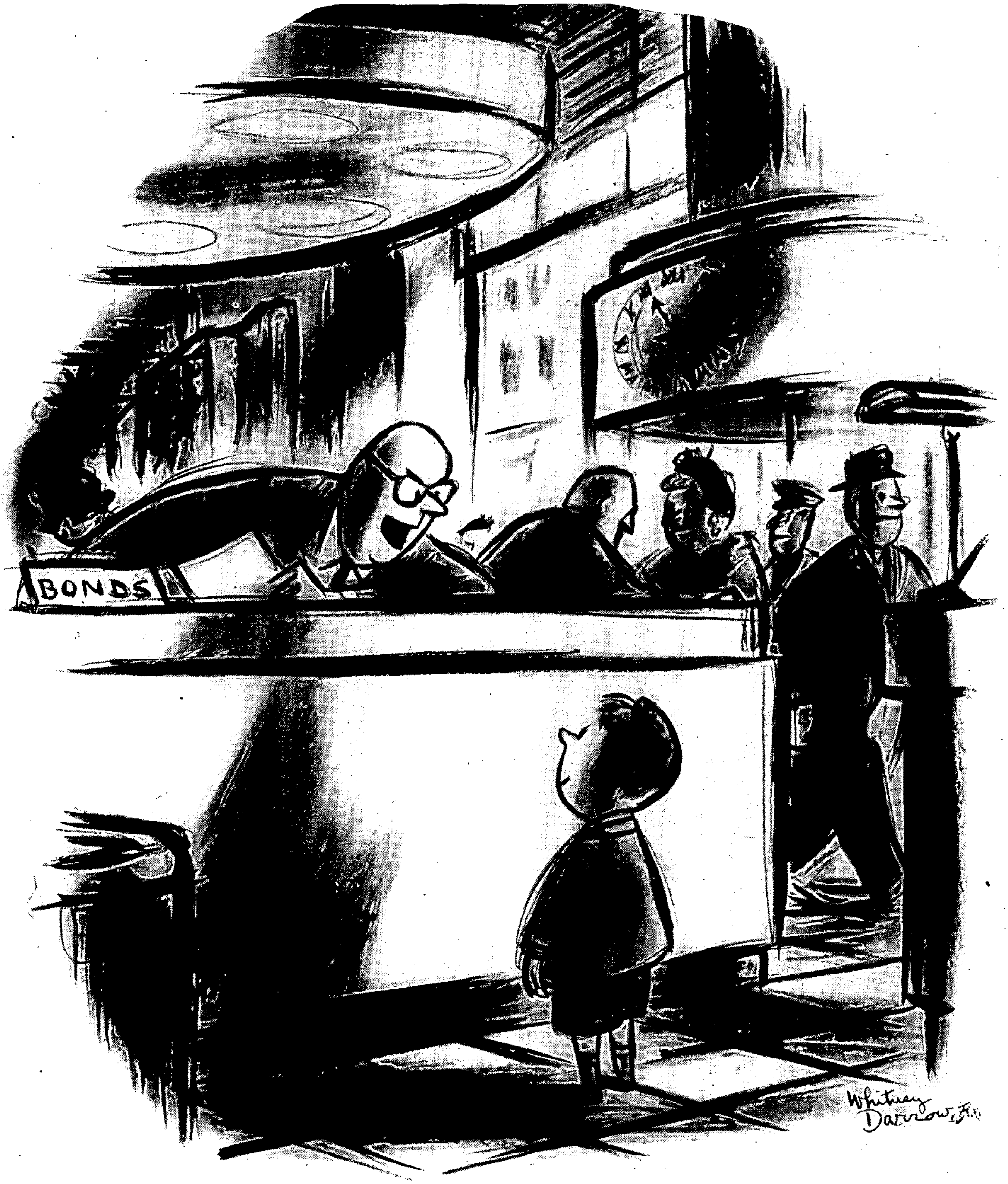
And last year, when parties of high-school students from the state capital, twenty miles away, began to come to the pond on Saturday afternoons, late, and sometimes Sundays, too, and leave beer cans and paper plates and candy wrappers behind them, Margaret had remained staunch and organized a work detail with her children to clean up the beach on Monday mornings. The other mothers were grateful to Margaret's superior energy; the fact that Margaret outdistanced them in her zeal for local democracy, as in everything else, allowed them to praise her without emulation. "She enjoys it; let her do it," decreed the husbands when the other mothers voiced a qualm. But this, alas, was false. Margaret believed in the force of example and was always perplexed when other people did not follow her lead; she did not understand how anybody could see the *right thing* and not desire, urgently, to imitate or surpass it. She did not really enjoy the cleanup; picking up dirty papers with a pointed stick, she felt lonely and a little absurd, as if her friends' absence were a subtle criticism. And the children, usually so compliant, hated this early-morning chore. Sometimes, too, they found things in the bushes that led them to ask premature questions. This, in turn, showed Margaret that she was making a grave mistake. The children were learning to hate the public-high students who left this jetsam behind them; she had perhaps found the surest way of turning her children into snobs and disgusting them with sex as well. Therefore, this year, every Monday, Margaret rose quietly, before the children were awake, and drove in her jeep down to the pond to clean the beach herself. Pickles Callaway, who once accompanied her, promptly declared that the whole idea was masochistic. "Delegate power, my dear," he commanded. "Make the other gals help you. They swim here, too."

But this was cavalier husband talk. Pick in his heart knew better: the other girls were not Margaret. Even her best friends, Ginny and Adelaide, after two Mondays of it, would be shirking and sending their husbands to try and overcome Mr. Bascomb with an offer of more money. If Margaret wished to preserve the tradition, she would have to clean the beach herself. There was no other solution, Pickles had to admit as he felt Margaret stir every Monday morning in the bed beside him. You could not get the town to clean the beach, because the town did not own it; you could not get old Mr. Bascomb to do it; and you could not leave it littered. You *could* set up a trash can with a sign, "Please dump here," but this would invite the inference that the beach was public—an inference nobody, not even Margaret, wanted the community to draw, for despite everything, despite the weekend incursions and the trailer and old Mr. Bascomb's attitude, the township itself still understood that this peninsula jutting into Poor Farm Pond "belonged" to the summer people who had brought the sand and the raft. The Minster youngsters used the swimming holes in the brooks and another part of Poor Farm Pond, a reedy shallow cove round the bend where a man had rowboats to rent. And when the granite workers came on Sunday—whole enormous families of them, with a long picnic table on their truck—they, too, understood that the place had a prior claim on it and treated it with respect. They were shy, nice, traditional people who sent to ask permission for their children to use the rowboats and always left them in good order, pulled up on the beach. Even the high-school students were well aware that this was the summer people's preserve and never came when the young mothers were there but waited till the last station wagon had driven off before starting their parties. Sometimes, on a weekday, a pair of young lovers would come walking, hand in hand, up the road, carrying their bathing suits to change in the meadow, but lovers had special rights everywhere—the whole natural world "belonged" to them.

This was democracy, the summer colonists consoled themselves whenever they were tempted to look back with longing to a time when they had had the pond all to themselves. It was not ideal



"Look, young man. The cash value of your $18.75 bond, as we compute it, has not increased, as of now, beyond the figure of $18.87 that I gave you this morning."

• •

but it worked; given tact and mutual forbearance, you could always find a modus vivendi. And in dreamy moods, some of the mothers looked upon Poor Farm Pond as a sort of parable for today, the kind of thing you saw with pictures in the Sunday-magazine section: everybody pulling together—America. They had a lump in their throats when they thought of their own and everybody else's goodness. That is, until now.

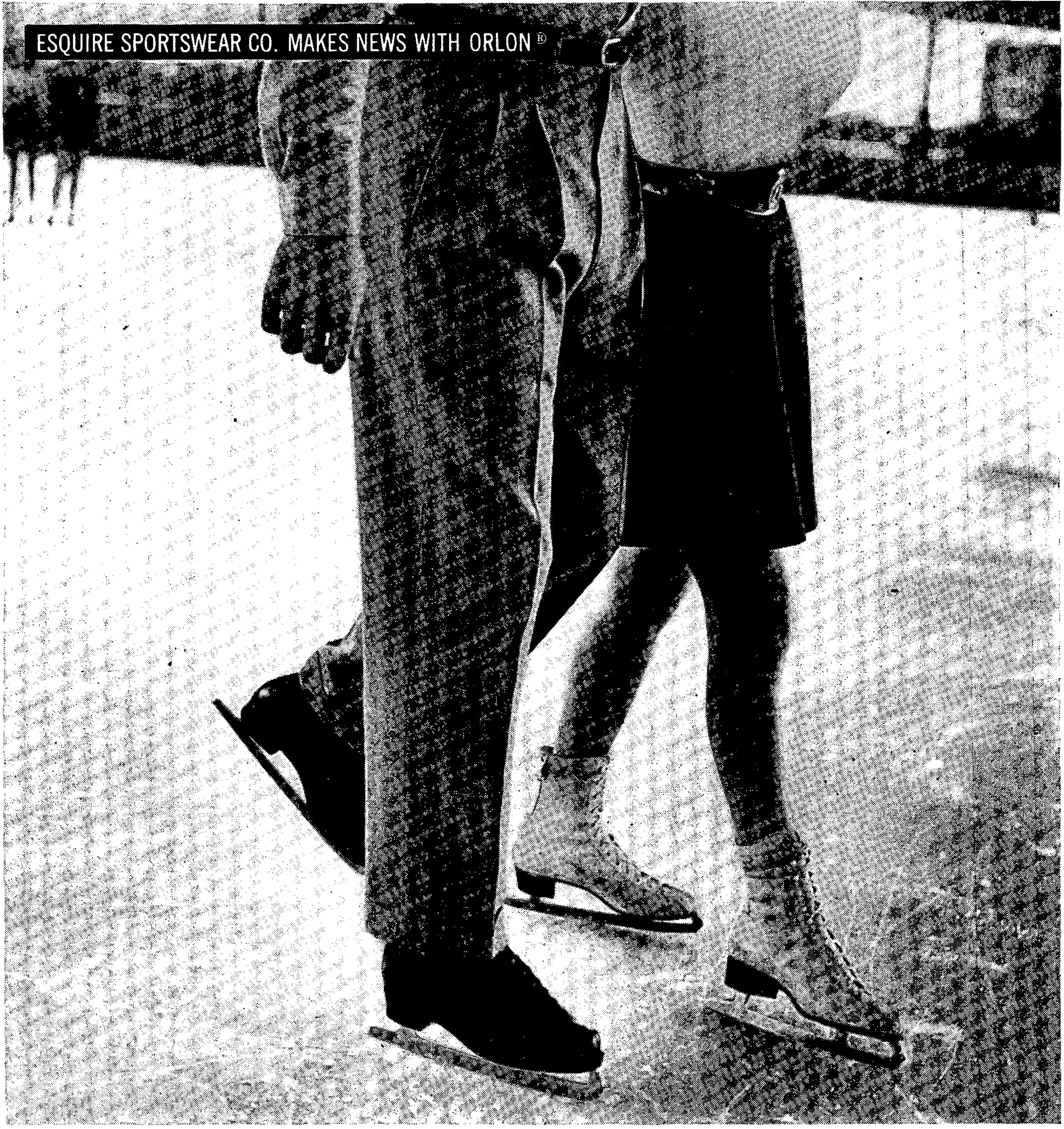
THE republic had fallen. This, in effect, was the news the desolated young mothers carried home to their husbands that evening—carried, however, with a certain triumphant ceremony, as if on a flashing salver. Margaret and Ginny, Adelaide and Charlotte—they all marched into their dwellings and set down the news with a thud. The gentlest, softest, creamiest mother recounted the details of the invasion with a glittering intensity quite unlike her normal self. And each young woman had an air of speaking as a corporate body, attesting incontrovertible truths. When the puzzled husbands remarked, reasonably, that the psychiatrists were not likely to put in an appearance *every* day, the wives tossed their heads. Psychiatrists, they declared, were clock men; they would be there every afternoon, punctually, at two. Furthermore, they would summon their colleagues to share their discovery, this summer or the next. Psychiatrists vacationed in swarms, often surrounded by their patients; this was a well-known fact, and Ginny Marx could instance, from her own experience, a lonely beach in Massachusetts that had been *completely* taken over by them. Their profession had made them overbearing (of course, there were exceptions); they methodically pulped every experience like an orange-juice extractor. And they might as well be armadillos for all the feeling they had for the feelings of other people.

The husbands scratched their heads, astounded by the knowledge their wives appeared to have of the characteristics of psychiatrists in general and by the wealth of simile and metaphor these particular psychiatrists had tapped. "They're against Nature, Pick," said Margaret Callaway, with a breathless seriousness, when the children had been tucked into bed, and the two sat, with the Silex between them, in the small, sparsely furnished sitting room. "The children felt it, I tell you. Jonathan stared at them as if they were some of the space people he sees in his comic books. That's exactly how they looked in the water, with the black bathing cap and the inner tubes; they're contrary to Nature. Everything about them is synthetic and sleazy, like some horrible new fabric. One of them has skin that looks like imitation crocodile leather."

"They're probably no more unsightly than some of the locals," observed Pickles calmly. Margaret leaned forward and spoke almost in a whisper. "Pick, they're different, I tell you. I've been thinking about it; I'm sure I'm right. They've *chosen* to look the way they do. I shouldn't blame them for an accident or a deformity—you know that—but they've *chosen* to be ugly and dissonant."

Pick blinked his light-green eyes. As a scientist of sorts, he was irked by positive assertions. He was a homely man himself—small, slight, lantern-jawed, with thick, rather sensual red lips and heavy black-rimmed glasses. Partly for business reasons, he had stylized himself as an impersonal, scientific observer and dressed the part, as he conceived it; in the country, he wore Bermuda shorts cut down from old flannels, ribbed, heavy knee socks, and a soft white shirt, sleeves rolled up to the elbow, baring tan, wiry arms, on one of which flashed a very expensive French wristwatch that told the day of the week, and the month and year, and the moon phases, as well as the time of day. Out-of-doors, he carried a German camera and binoculars in leather cases on shoulder straps. To human life and technology, his subject, he had fashioned an attitude of strict, gloomy accuracy; his own bias was conservative, but he did not shirk the facts. To him, as he sometimes told his clients, man was chiefly an animal, obedient to certain biological and technological laws. At the same time, Pickles was a humorist, and the moral consciousness of Minster was a source of wry entertainment to him as he sat in his loge seat, watching, with a critical, erudite eye. Behind the mask of imperturbability, he was peppery and eccentric, like a boyish little old man—exactly the same now, said the grand-

"*By this time the audience is with her.*"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mothers, as when Ginny's brother had brought him home from prep school, a wizened State of Maine boy on a scholarship, bright as paint in his studies, full of the devil, and a convinced, logical tory even then.

For two summers now, detachedly, he had watched his wife fighting her anxious shadow-battle with the problem of Poor Farm Pond. It did not surprise him that she had finally reached the breaking point. He was not a heartless man, but he regarded Minster as a pocket of old-fashioned individualism that could not long resist the encroachments of mass society. Margaret's "solutions," he perceived, were typically anachronistic: she relinquished the pond on Sundays at a time when the forty-eight-hour week was already a thing of the past. She reckoned, as he could have told her, without the expansion of leisure, and supposed she could contain the problem within the limits of the region, though it was not a regional question, as he would presently seek to show her: mechanized man was leisured man, wherever you found him—the industrial revolution had unleashed the crowd. But it was interesting that she was now reacting, like all old cultures, with a violent xenophobia. The psychiatrists, as *he* saw them, advancing on Margaret's pond, were the prophets of universal leisure, teaching the glad gospel of play, bidding nerves relax—their trademark, of course, was the couch. And nothing, he agreed, was more horrible to *homo faber*, that vanishing American, than the sight of other men sprawling, relaxed and unbuttoned, in a state of nature.

"Pick," said Margaret, urgently, interrupting his thoughts. Pickles quirked an eyebrow. She laced her long fingers; two jagged lines of worry appeared between her dark, somewhat protruding eyes. "I'm afraid of myself," she announced. "I didn't know until this *afternoon* that I had so much hatred in me. Pick, such a power of hatred!" She raised her eyes and looked straight at him. "Pickman, I have to tell you. I wanted to kill those six people." Pickles was shocked and irritated; it seemed to him she presumed on their marriage to make him such a grotesque and unseemly confidence. "And not because they gate-crashed our beach. That was just an excuse. I wanted to kill them because they *were the way they were.* Can you understand that? To make them see themselves, for one second, reflected from my eyes?" The dilation of her mare eyes unnerved Pickles; he did not

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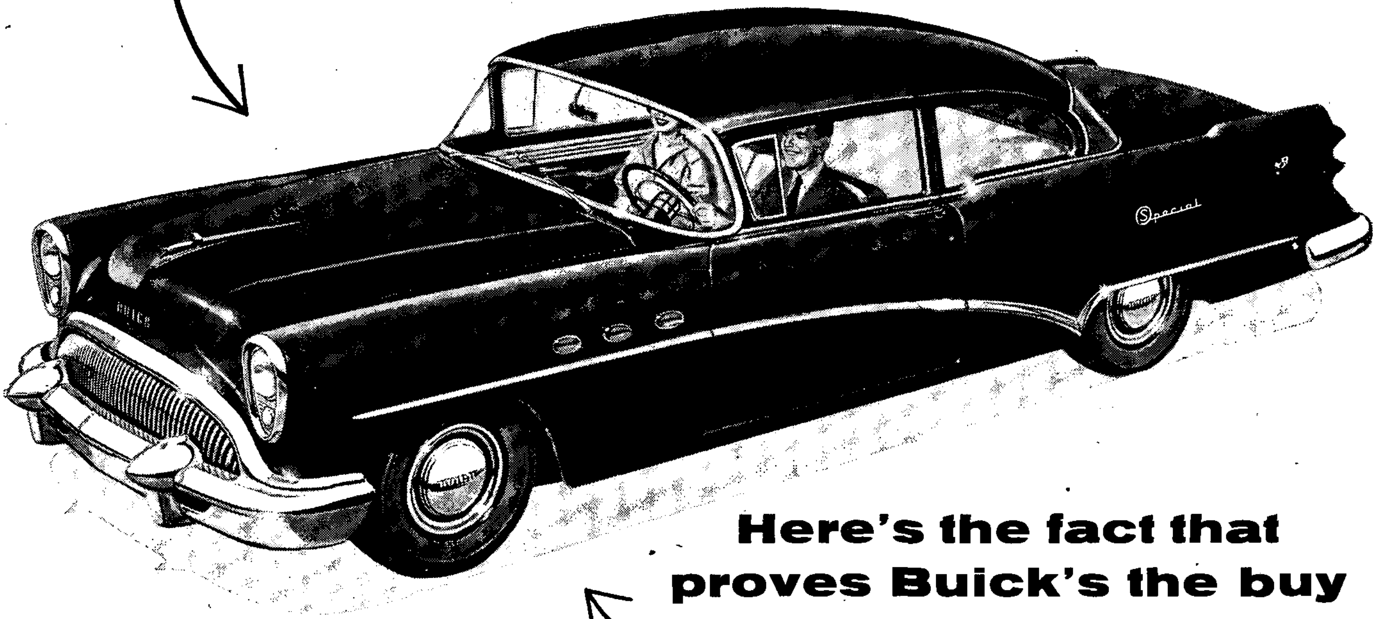

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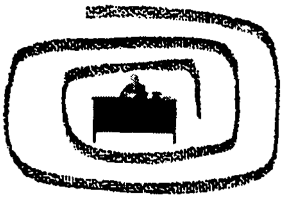
Mr. and Mrs. Spratt

Perhaps the very first thing an editor has to learn is that he cannot please everybody. For every un-average person who reads everything he can dish out, cover to cover, there are thousands upon thousands who like this, don't like that. They look, they taste, they eat . . . or they push the plate away and try something else on the menu. Take as an example three of the most popular articles Nation's Business has published recently. Give heed, please, to the titles. The first: "Six Bargain Steps to Smoother Traffic." The second: "Needed: $15,000,000,000 Rewiring Job." And the third: "You're Underpaying Your Pastor." How could any editor possibly get wider apart on a selection of subjects? The readers kept our postman running. On the "Rewiring" piece, the National Electrical Contractors Association ordered 10,000 reprints, for instance. General Electric, Florida Power, Southern Canada Power, the National Radio Institute and others asked permission to reproduce it in full. Same with the "Traffic" story. "Can we reprint?" came from a number of folks — newspapers, magazines, the National Parking Association. And, "You're Underpaying Your Pastor" will be read by millions more of the public after Reader's Digest, Coronet, the Journal of Living, The Free Methodist, and the Minneapolis Star get through reprinting it. So it goes. But even a good editor doesn't know what causes things to bubble over like this. He just sort of follows his nose, and hopes for the best. The only sure thing he'll tell you is that the three most popular pieces in the next issues of this magazine will probably be about something else. Nation's Business, *a magazine for businessmen,* Washington 6, D. C.



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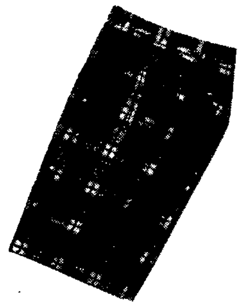
like the slightly rolling look of complicity with which she was now regarding him, as though she expected him to share her murderous fantasies. As a proclaimed conservative, he had been, before this, the recipient of a number of confessions from liberals to the effect that they too loathed their fellow-man; Pickles, who was a stranger to all strong emotion, found the implication insulting.

"Nonsense," he said sharply. "You've been playing good little girl too long. You and your friends are acting a silly charade you pleasantly call democracy—a dangerous charade, let me tell you. The common man is no fool—face it, my dear. He doesn't like to be patronized. He can spy out a moral aristocracy in its simple last year's bathing suit." He lit a cigarette. "A moral aristocracy," he repeated. "Bred in the convents of Vassar and Bryn Mawr and Radcliffe. Holding its summer court at Minster, waving its sceptre over Poor Farm Pond. A very pretty pastoral—Arcadian. But this is the twentieth century. What right have you to try to be better than the common herd and to teach your children to be better? No right, in a universal democracy; the people won't stand for it. Why should they? I agree with them. This moral superiority is an insufferable ostentation—an exercise of privilege that derogates the common man."

Pickles glared mettlesomely at his wife, who was now sitting, downcast and submissive, her arms clasping her knees, in her flowing chambray skirt. "Why, Pick, you sound like a radical," she murmured, doubtfully smiling. But Pickles shook his head. He believed, as she ought to know, in private property and individual rights. He considered the idea of equality the most pestilential idea ever to have entered human thought—an idea that could only culminate in murder, as she herself had just demonstrated. There were only two kinds of equality that a rational man could accept: equality before the law and the career open to the talents. Social equality was an absurdity; there could never be equal shares of the things men valued. "Face facts, my dear. You can't share Poor Farm Pond or anything else you care about. Either you have it or they do. I've got nothing against these psychos, personally, but there's not enough water to go around. You gals have been a long time seeing that."

"But that's just *it*," cried Margaret. "We *have* seen it." She leaned forward with a pleading smile. "Pick, how *can* we say no to a car full of hot people



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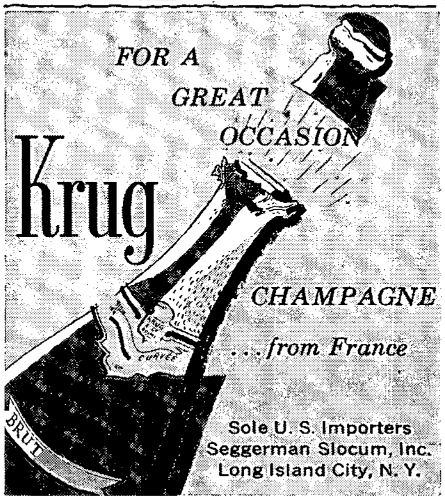

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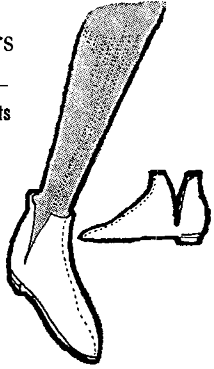

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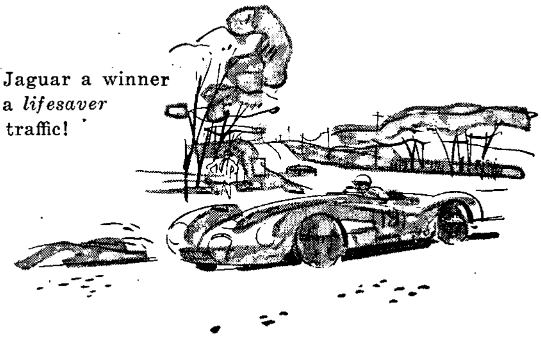

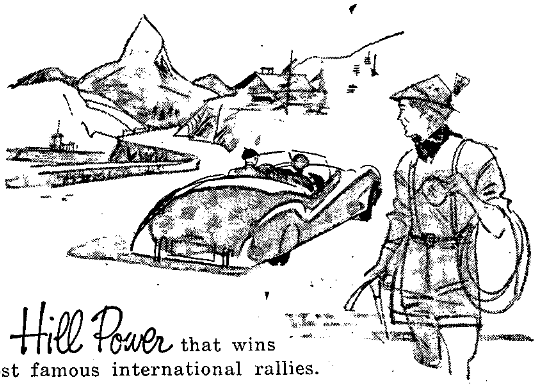

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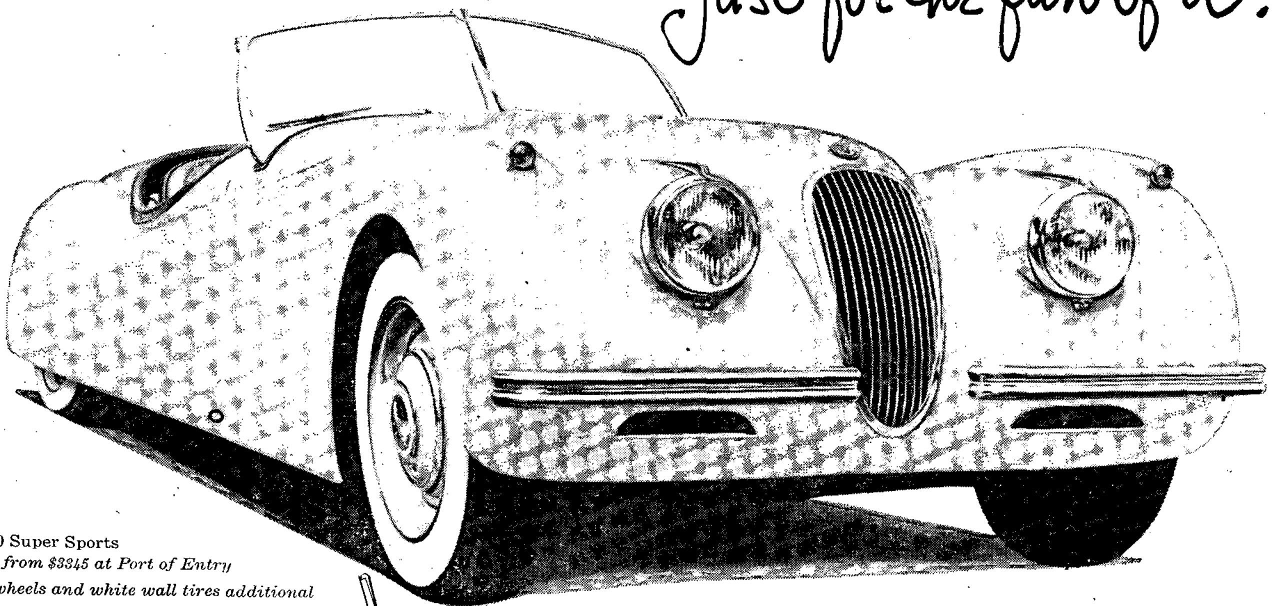

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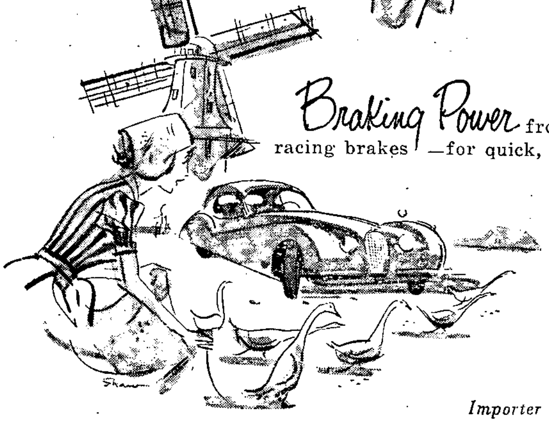

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when there isn't another place in miles?" "You have your own kids to think about," retorted Pickles. "What are you going to do—pack them off to camp so as to leave the pond free for the hoi polloi?" "Oh, Pick, you're exaggerating." Margaret gave a nervous laugh, as if he had paid her a compliment. "I'm facing facts," said Pickles. "That's what's in the cards. You've waited too long as it is. John Q. Public has got his foot in your pond." Margaret nodded glumly, seeming to give up all at once. "It's my fault, I see it," she sighed. "I assumed the leadership." Pickles said nothing. "If only," she murmured, "there were some other solution, some place that was just as nice for *them* to go." "That," said Pickles brusquely, "is their worry." "Oh dear, oh dear," said Margaret. "We always come back to that. *Think*, Pickles, *think*," she adjured him. "If you think of something, I promise we'll do anything you say."

ALL over Minster, that night, thinking caps were on. Something would have to be done, nearly everybody conceded; today's episode was the last straw. Aside from anything else, it was bad for the children to have all this buzz about psychiatry. "It's nothing, Mother," "*Please*, Mother!" exclaimed the young matrons with acerbity when the grandmothers telephoned, abrim with curiosity and counsel. One typical old lady wished to know whether the two men were Freudians or whether they belonged to the new interpersonal school—it made all the difference, a friend in Brookline had told her. "How should *I* know, Mother? Go to bed, Mother," wearily replied her daughter. "We will talk about it tomorrow." "I hope to goodness you're going to do something finally," and "You've brought this all on yourselves," affirmed the old voices. "*Yes*, Mother, yes," sighed the young voices. They had heard this same judgment from the children ("*We* think you try to be much too good, Mummy"), and though the mothers smiled, it alarmed them to see the youngsters deducing, critically, that goodness did not pay.

Next day, the dire effect on the children sprang to every mother's thoughts. Thanks to the party line, the whole township was astir. All afternoon, the road to Poor Farm Pond was dusty with unwonted traffic as the community turned out to take a peek at the psychiatrists, who, sure enough, were spread out on the tiny strip of beach with their blankets and their radio, just as the

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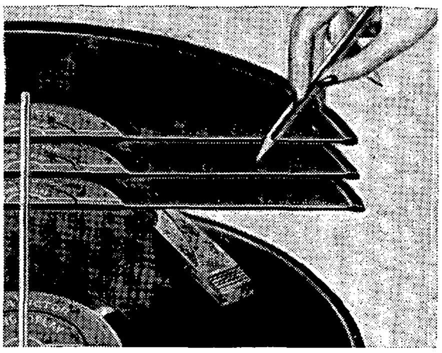

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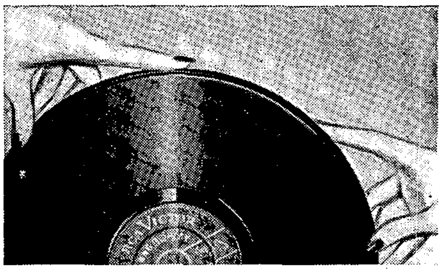

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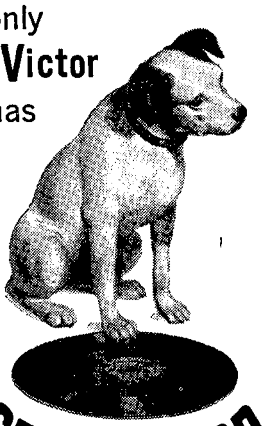

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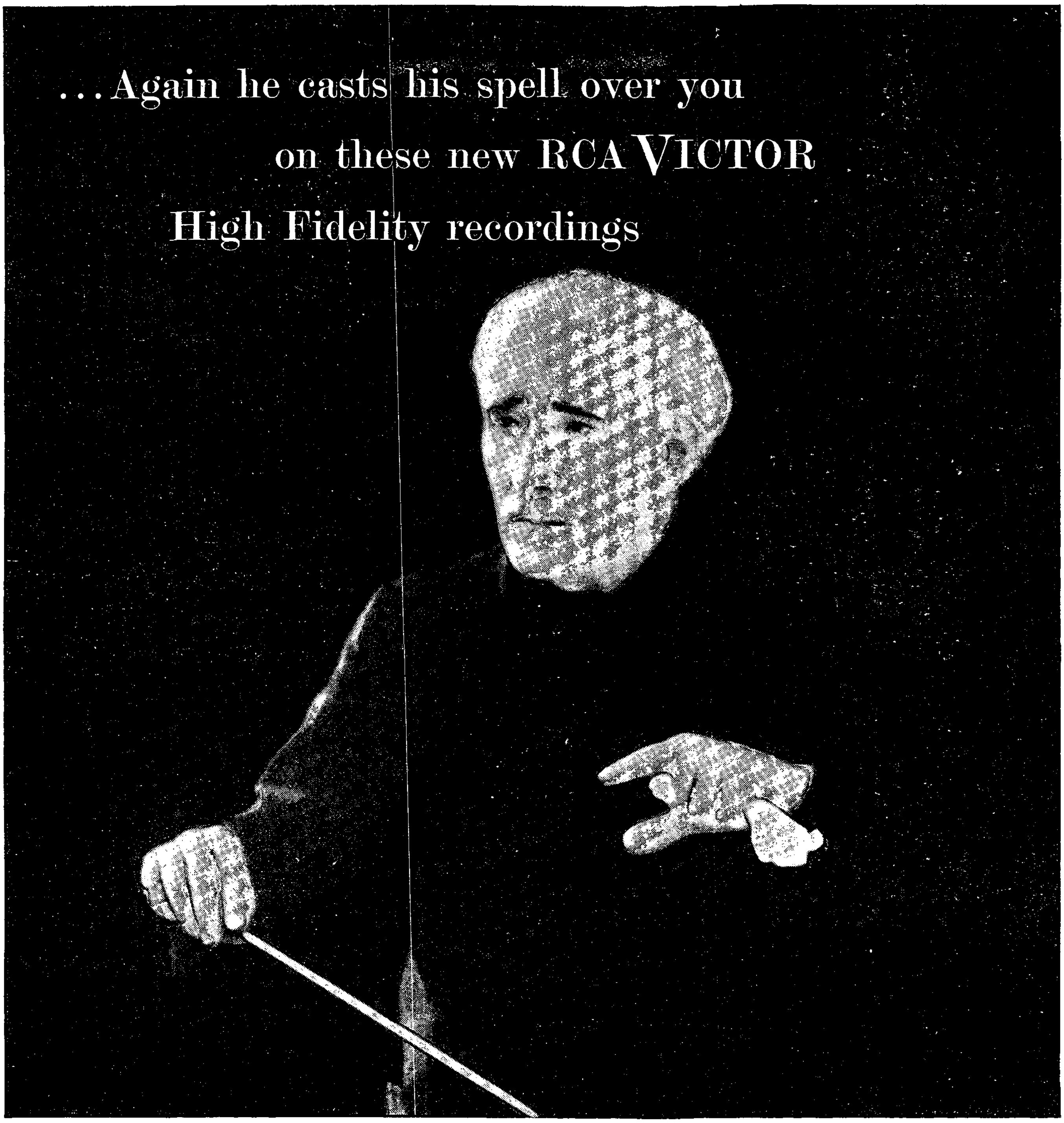
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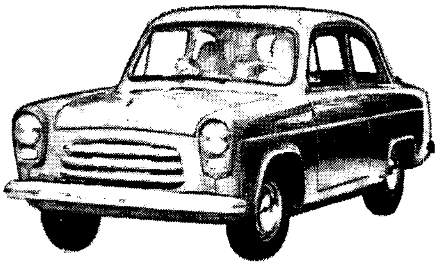
young mothers had described them. It was awful, declared the young mothers, alighting resolutely from their vehicles and proceeding to the waterside as if nothing had happened; the psychiatrists themselves were bad enough, but the way people came to stare at them, as if they were animals in a zoo, made you ashamed for Minster. And the children were lapping it all up, sitting in a long line on their haunches and giggling and declining to go in the water, till one of the mothers, strapping Charlotte Husted, bodily dumped her two in, while the psychiatric party clucked and frowned. What were you going to do? Adelaide Currier, a warm-spoken, lively brunette, announced that *she* was going to take *her* children to swim on Dogface every day until the excitement blew over, but everybody knew Adelaide would not hold to it; you could not run a household—even a slapdash one like Adelaide's—and drive more than twenty miles for a swim every day. And then there was the idea Ginny Marx had, of talking it over with the psychiatrists in a friendly way and asking them to leave the beach to the children after nap-time every afternoon, but everybody knew Ginny would never have the nerve. How could you explain to them delicately a thing they did not feel for themselves?

And they were here for the whole month. Mrs. Currier, Adelaide's mother-in-law, briefly settled this question by calling up the landlady at Meade Farm, who was on the Valley Fair Committee with her. So it was not just a temporary annoyance, which was what everybody had been half hoping; it was the heart cut out of the summer—and the next summer and the next, in all probability. A long-range solution would have to be found, said Margaret Callaway, briskly, in the post office, quoting Pickles. Minster was now facing a problem that had been gripping most of northern New England; a farming area was being converted into the site of a vacation industry that was overturning all the old values. The problem was really worldwide, she explained to a group of mothers as the tobacco-stained old codgers who hung around the post office edged up to listen: it would be the fate of all obsolete civilizations to become the tourist meccas of the civilizations that replaced them. Minster was feeling the effects of a technological revolution that was just as unsettling as a geological upheaval like the Appalachian Revolution, which had metamorphosed the mountain ranges.

A long sigh rose from around the



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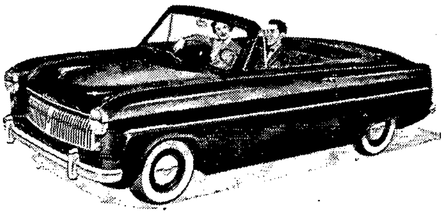

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postboxes. According to Pickles, then, there was no escape, the young mothers queried, absently opening their mail; the postmistress's rubber stamp stayed poised in the air as she listened. But Margaret shook her head. A strange, new exaltation had appeared in her. Her nostrils quivered; her faraway gaze had taken on a focus of conviction. Pickles was thinking, she said proudly. He was looking at the problem scientifically, in terms of the new situation, and was very near an answer. The mothers exchanged looks. Any "solution" of Pickles' would have in it something caustic; he would want to rub salt in the community's wounds as he applied iodine to his boys' feet when they had cut them. The grandmothers doted on Pickles, but the young mothers had never approved of him since he went into business; they thought him selfish and a snob.

And yet their own ideas were terribly shaken, they had to confess. They were distressed by the froth of ill will that rose in their breasts whenever they so much as thought about Poor Farm Pond. Instead of hating the intruders, they ought to pity them, they supposed, for being noisy, ugly, and self-satisfied, which was probably the result of conditioning. "Imagine looking like that!" murmured Ginny to Adelaide with a shudder. "Imagine *being* like that!" retorted Adelaide. "I *won't* pretend to be sorry for them; they have free will just like the rest of us." And absurd arguments began to break out, at parties, about free will, and whether people could help their appearance. One or two of the husbands, plain men, were so irritated by these conversations that they were actually threatening to sell their houses and move away from Minster if the swimming problem was not settled, once and for all, this summer.

NOTHING was the same. Starting with the psychiatrists, many new species of summer people began to be seen in Minster. A bright-red British car with a New York license plate was sighted flashing by on the back roads; slim, tanned, painted, smart women were glimpsed driving about with the real-estate agent, poking into old farmhouses. And all through July—for the first time in history—cars with streamers saying "Ausable Chasm," "Howe Caverns," "Desert of Maine" drew up at the parking place at Poor Farm Pond and parties of tourists settled down for an outing, with dogs, potato chips, Cracker Jack, shampoo

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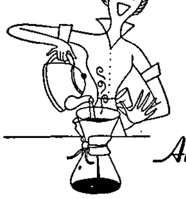

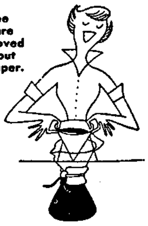

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Photographer of Women
54 East 52nd St., New York, Pl 5-6233

soap, insect repellent, beer, and all the rest of it. It was unaccountable. Minster had not been written up, so far as anybody could find, in the newspapers or travel magazines. It was as though the news had got about telepathically, as messages fly between birds. One afternoon—an ominous touch—a tall lean coveralled native with pale shifty eyes came with his lean pale-eyed son and a fishing rod and "borrowed" the Curriers' rowboat; and the psychiatrists had the gall to complain to their landlady (Mrs. Currier had it direct) that "Mirror Lake" was getting spoiled: "We are writing a few friends to join us for a rest—here is so nice and quiet. And now comes a crowd. What can you do? It is America."

Even the animals, apparently, had tuned in on the news. The eeriest thing—one afternoon, late, at sunset, when the pond was finally deserted, Adelaide Currier came down with a towel for a swim, and as she sat drying her legs, she heard an unusual sound in the water, not a fish jumping but a beaver swimming. She saw his black tail slapping the surface near the farther shore. And, looking more closely, along the far edge, green and still, under the shadow of the ridge, she noticed for the first time a little paling of dry branches. Her heart nearly stopped beating. Everybody in Minster knew what the beavers meant.

"Lodestone!" she cried five minutes later, panting across the Callaways' lawn in her white towelling robe and beach slippers. "The beavers have come over from Lodestone!" She fell into a deck chair. "They're building, along the far shore. I saw it." The Callaway children came running out of the house. Pickles set down his highball leisurely, and got up to make her one at the trestle table. "That is very interesting, Adelaide," he observed with a smile, glancing at his wife and children. "You actually saw the beaver?" Adelaide nodded. Then and there, as she said later, she should have guessed something queer was up. "*Very* interesting," repeated Pickles, in his most mystifying young-fogy manner. Adelaide was irritated. She stared from Pickles to Margaret. "You're taking it so calmly," she protested. "You'd think you'd never seen Lodestone." The three children looked at their parents and burst into giggles. "We saw it yesterday!" cried the youngest, gleeful, and dove under the table. "Then you *know* what it means," said Adelaide, sternly. "It's nothing to laugh about." "No," agreed the children, but their lips were twitch-

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ing. "What *is* this?" she demanded. "Pickles, what are you up to? What were you doing at Lodestone?" All the Callaways smiled enigmatically. "A good question," said Pickles.

And, in fact, Adelaide's puzzlement was well founded. With the coming of the beavers, Lodestone Pond had reverted to wilderness, and the remote little village of Lodestone, five miles up the valley, had dried up and died of neglect. Nobody from Minster ever went there any more, except to show it to visitors as a curiosity. Today, there was nothing left of the village but a paintless church and a post office that sold a few dust-coated packaged provisions to the half-savage natives who lived in the hills on derelict farms, with fierce mongrel dogs and wild, inbred children. Civilization had crept away from Lodestone and left it—rumor declared—to incest and bestiality. The faded old homemade signs, indicating "Lodestone" with a pointer, in frail, spidery lettering, could still be seen nailed to trees along rutted back roads that had once borne a Sunday traffic of picnickers from the granite town and the cheese town and the state capital. But when they fell down, nobody replaced them; the stony mountain roads were nearly impassable to modern, low-slung automobiles, and dogs rushed out of unkempt farmyards, barking amazedly at the rare car that came through, usually with an out-of-state plate and a shaken, scarified driver, who emerged full of sociological questions—questions that won only the briefest retorts from the Minster natives, for Lodestone Pond and the whole infertile scrubby valley round it had the name of a place accursed.

It had not always been so; the grandmothers could remember a time when Lodestone was the dearest spot in the region, with strawberry festivals and church suppers and a music school and a little local band playing in the picnic grove. And, actually, there was nothing supernatural about what had happened. The beavers had done it. The tree-shaded pond had vanished, like a sunken ship; there was only a noisome still swamp, with dead birch and poplar trunks, stripped of bark, rising like masts or spars from the scummy surface. At one end of the swamp, amid the reeds and yellow water lilies, a remainder of the old diving raft still floated, with its tower. And you could see where the picnic grove had been, by the rope swing still hanging from the big arm of a dying giant maple that stood in a foot of slimy water. Whenever weekend visitors were

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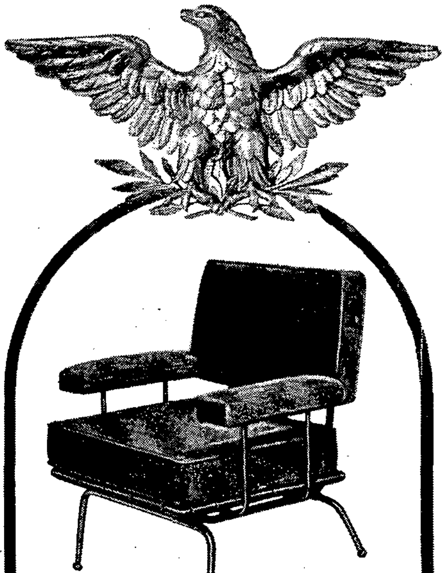

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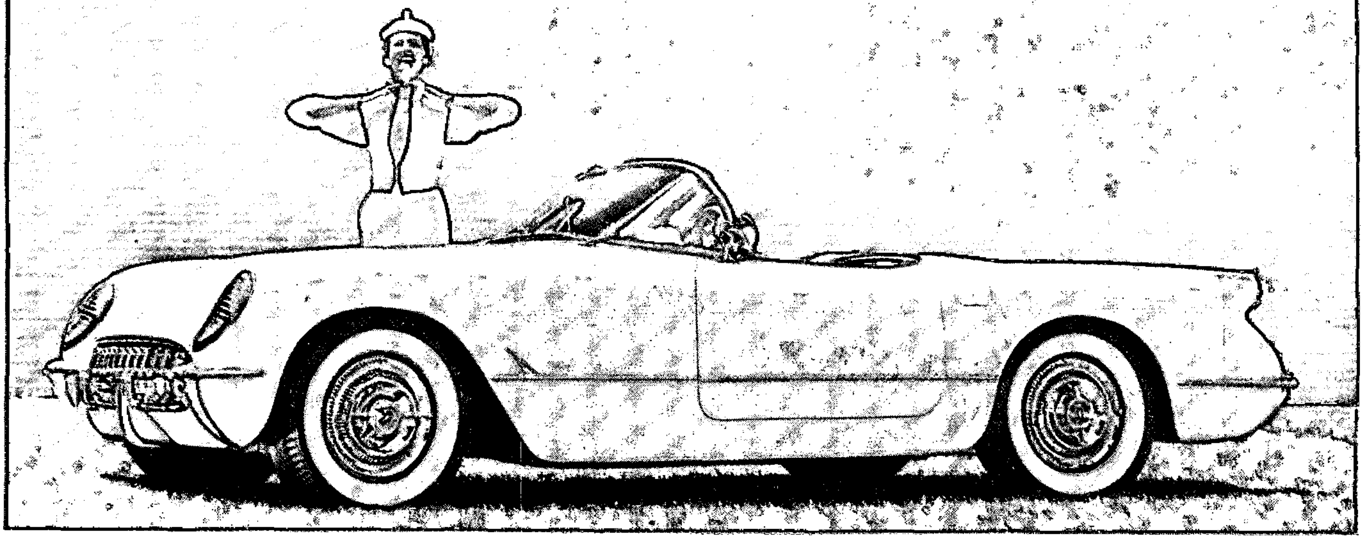

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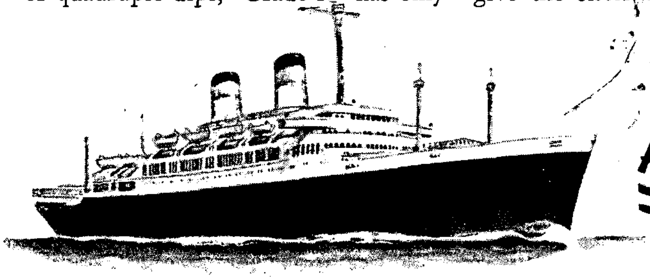

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Outsiders found it hard to understand how the beavers could have done it. They had read in their school natural-science courses that beavers lived in streams and built dams there. They had never heard, they said, awe-struck, of beavers taking over a whole lake. Somebody (most often Pickles Callaway, for whom the place had a fascination) would then have to show them, with a geodetic map and binoculars, precisely what the beavers had done. Offering the binoculars, Pickles would point out the brook that had originally been dammed by the beavers, and explain how, to make their dams and underwater lodges, they had cut down small birch and poplar and dragged them to the lake's outlet. This obstruction had had the effect of flooding the pond, which had overflowed its borders and killed the surrounding vegetation. The tall dead trees they saw had once been on dry land—they could find it on Pickles' map. Dammed up, the pond had become a spreading marsh; reeds and water lilies had sprung up in the stagnant water, and scum had slowly covered it. With knitted brows, the visitors would pass the binoculars back and forth, note the interlacing of twigs, branches, and sapling trunks, sawed by the rodent teeth. And in the end they never saw how Pickles could take it so coolly. Facing the ruined pond, fending off the mosquitoes and gnats, sniffing the unwholesome air, they all claimed to feel something vast and unjustifiable in the magnitude of the destruction, as if Nature, in her ordinary business, could never have encompassed such a thing. "The industrious beaver," they would murmur, the implication making them solemn for the rest of the afternoon. They could not help sensing that the quality of this devastation was human; the decapitated tree trunks made them think of mutilated cities. There was something at once purposive and purposeless in the display of technology before them. "The means," Margaret always remarked, in her sharp, high, querulous bird voice, "have literally swamped the end."

And she told a story that had been told her by the old music teacher in Lodestone—that it was a summer person who was responsible for what had happened to the pond. The beaver had disappeared from the region until a man from New York had come and bought property and imported a pair of beavers

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to dam up his brook and make him a natural swimming pool. The beavers had escaped and settled in the outlet of Lodestone. Nobody but Margaret put credence in this tale. The beavers, said the grandmothers, had first come to Lodestone *years* ago, before there were any summer people, except themselves, in the neighborhood. The story was a native fabrication, scoffed Pickles; no summer person could ever have been that thrifty.

Except Pickles, emended Adelaide, now, on the terrace, turning her bright hazel eyes from one grinning Callaway face to another. Pickles, she said to herself, had always had a mean, frugal streak, just like the man in the story. Adelaide was angry; she hated having mysteries made. "Shall we tell her?" wondered Pickles aloud, tilting his narrow head sidewise. Margaret and the children eagerly nodded.

"We drove over to inspect the property," he said, with a sharp look at Adelaide over his glasses. "Margaret bought Lodestone yesterday."

ADELAIDE'S gasp resounded throughout the community. This, at last, was the fruit of Pickles' thought, and truly it was a stroke of genius, Minster acknowledged—tactful, diplomatic, and remarkably public-spirited. "I believe it will last our time," Pickles said with modest pride, at a lap supper Margaret gave to explain the idea to their friends. And Pickles had arrived at the idea, emphasized Margaret excitedly, via the social sciences. Using the historical method, he had asked himself (Pickles nodded confirmation) what was the proximate cause of the problem of Poor Farm Pond. The basic cause was, of course, as they all recognized, the social and technological revolution, whose trend, in the long run, was irreversible. But the immediate tendency could be checked or diverted elsewhere, depending on secondary factors. In this case, the secondary factor, or proximate cause, had stared Pickles in the face, the minute he sat down to think: the problem of Poor Farm Pond had come to a head two years ago, when the last, forlorn camp on the shore of Lodestone had been given up and the pond had finally been abandoned to the beavers. The tradition or unwritten law regarding swimming rights had rested on the assumption that there were two ponds to swim in: one for the natives and transients and one for the "old" summer people—separate but equal. The beavers had destroyed this assumption. Ergo, concluded Pickles, to restore

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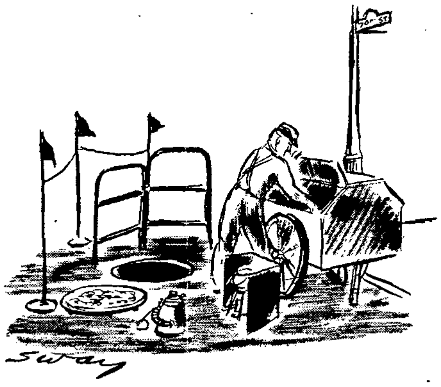
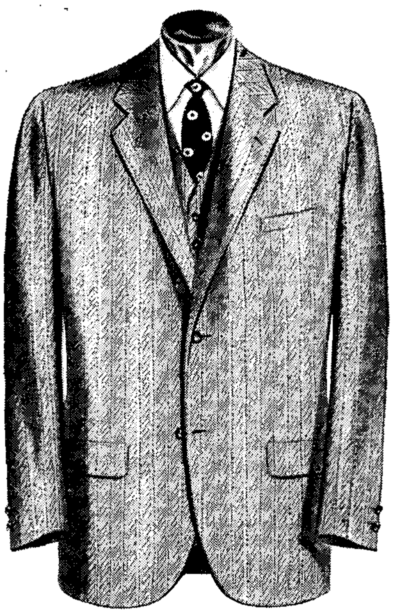
the status quo ante you had only to eliminate the beavers.

The main point, which everybody saw at once, murmuring assent to Margaret, was that there was no human component to reckon with. That was the beauty of Pickles' scheme. Nobody swam at Lodestone now. There could be nobody, therefore, to complain that the summer people had displaced them, as there would have been, inevitably, at Poor Farm Pond, even if Mr. Bascomb had been brought to terms. In this light, all the manifest objections to Lodestone—the sinister and forsaken character of the lake, the stagnant smell, the evil repute the place bore with the natives—became positive assets. Nobody wanted Lodestone, which meant that the land could be bought up dirt-cheap, for the taxes. Much of it, Pickles had discovered, had already been taken over by the bank in Graniteville, through mortgage foreclosures. The bank was delighted to arrange for Margaret to get the whole thing for a song. The bank president, in fact, had nearly wrung her hand off when the deeds were signed, congratulating her on a public service. He seemed to think, actually, that the reclamation of the pond would put the whole village of Lodestone back on its feet.

Clearing out the beavers, continued Margaret, should not present too much difficulty. Not nearly as much as some people were saying who had not gone into the matter. They were protected for most of the year, of course, but you could trap them during the open season; Pickles and some of the other men might come up for a weekend beaver hunt during the winter. The main thing, however, would be to knock out their dams and lodges with a bulldozer and a dredger—in this state, no conservationist statute could stop you from doing that on your own property. The beavers could shift for themselves, since they were supposed to be very adaptive. The worry would be to not let them get reëstablished in Lodestone after you had





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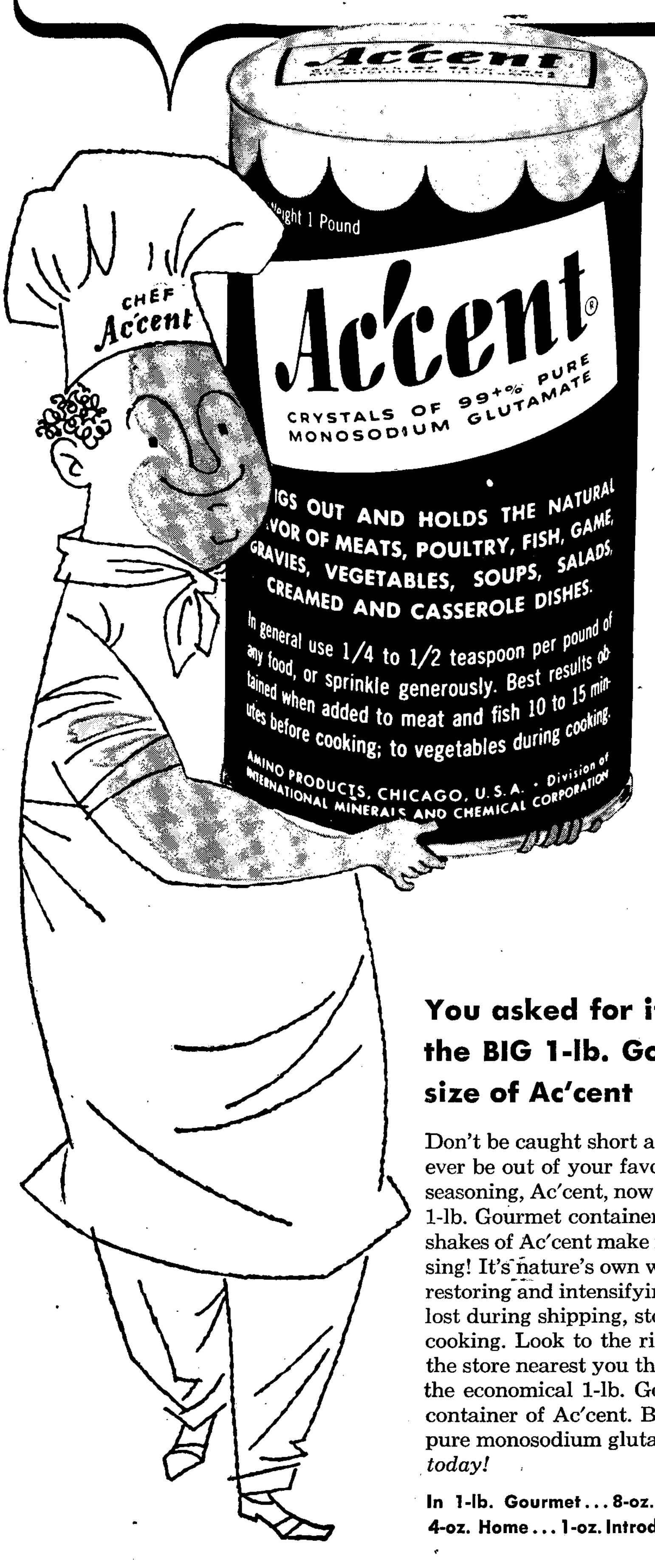
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Gimbel's	New York City
Hammacher-Schlemmer Co.	New York City
Hearn's Dept. Store	New York City
H. Hicks & Son, Inc.	New York City
Lewis & Conger	New York City
Popper's Delicacy Shoppe, Inc.	New York City
Riverdale Market	New York City
Primo Tabussi	New York City
Trinacria Importing Co.	New York City
Vendome Table Delicacies	New York City
Jos. Victori & Co.	New York City
Ed Wendt Market	New York City
Kianoff's Food Markets	Niagara Falls
Leo's Delicatessen	North Pelham
Economy Frozen Foods	No. White Plains
Service Store	Olean
Offenbacher's Market	Peekskill
Atlantic Supply House, Inc.	Rochester
Sibley, Lindsay & Curr Co.	Rochester
Heathcote Delicatessen	Scarsdale
Heise's Delicatessen	Scarsdale
Krueger's Food Market	Schenectady
Von's Super Market	Snyder
Birdseye Valley Super Market	Syracuse
Dey Brothers	Syracuse
Johnson's Super Markets of Syracuse	Syracuse
Salt Springs Super Market	Syracuse
E. O. Cesari's Market	Valhalla
White Plains Produce Market	White Plains

NORTH CAROLINA

Fowler's Food Store	Chapel Hill
Fowler's Food Store #2	Durham
Wayco Frozen Food Center	Goldsboro
Paul Yount's Grocery	High Point
Table Supply	Raleigh
Howell's Food Store	Wake Forest
Bocock-Stroud Co.	Winston-Salem

NORTH DAKOTA

Big Red Grocery	Fargo

OHIO

Herbert Brittain	Akron
Polsky's Dept. Store	Akron
West Point Market	Akron
Perskey Market	Alliance
Nicola's Carriout	Canton
Big Tree Market	Cincinnati
Keller's Food Market	Cincinnati
King Duffy, Inc.	Cincinnati
Kramer's Grocery	Cincinnati
The H. & S. Pogue Co.	Cincinnati
Temple Delicatessen	Cincinnati
Chandler & Rudd Co.	Cleveland
Hein's	Cleveland
May Company	Cleveland
Tom Tarpy—Foodtown	Columbus
Arrow Wine Store	Dayton
Drummond & Sloan	Dayton
King's Market	Dayton
Dorothy Lane Market	Dayton
Meyer's Meat Shop	Dayton
Owen's Food Market	Dayton
Ravenwood Market	Dayton
Rike-Kumler Co.	Dayton
Landphair Market	Painesville
Kazmaier Market	Perrysburg
Bellevue Food Town Market	Toledo
Churchill's Frozen Food Locker	Toledo
Felker's	Toledo
Glendale Super Market	Toledo

OKLAHOMA

Galyon's Food Store	Lawton
Stockton's Foodliner	Midwest City
Kimberling IGA	Oklahoma City
Fikes Food Store	Tulsa
Rowan-Petty Fine Foods	Tulsa

PENNSYLVANIA

G. Parkhouse & Son	Abington
Morici's Market	Bristol
Gleeson's Market	Croyden
Histand's Market	Doylestown
Givler's Super Market	Ephrata
Bungalow Park Grocery	Erie
Meiser's Fine Foods	Erie
Pronio's Store	Hershey
Penn Traffic Co.	Johnstown
Samuel Harrison's Sons	Kingston
Leaman's Food Market	Lancaster
Clemen's Super Market	Lansdale
Foodland Shopping Center	Lebanon
C. M. Bieber	Lewisburg
Foose Market	Morresville
Dickler's Market	Mt. Lebanon
Ray's Self Service	Philadelphia
Reale's Market	Philadelphia
Stanley's Market	Philadelphia
Washington Lane Market	Philadelphia
Donahoe's, Inc.	Pittsburgh
Joseph Horne Co.	Pittsburgh
Kaufmann's Dept. Store	Pittsburgh
Perl-Reichbaum	Pittsburgh
Stevenson-Chislett, Inc.	Pittsburgh
B. & J. Saylor, Inc.	Reading
Luff & Traub	Richboro
M. Genovese	Scranton
Ralph's Market	Scranton
Select Food Markets	Sewickley
Pinky's Market	Shamokin
Davis Food Market	Sharon
Washington Meat Market	Washington
Percy A. Brown & Co.	Wilkes-Barre
Newton's Grocery	Williamsport
L. L. Sterns & Sons	Williamsport

RHODE ISLAND

The Outlet Co.	Providence
William B. Chase, Inc.	Providence

SOUTH CAROLINA

Five Points Delicatessen	Columbia
Simpson's Grocery	Columbia

TENNESSEE

Miller Brothers Co.	Chattanooga
Shapiro's Delicatessen	Chattanooga
Turner's Food Mart	Chattanooga
Barzizza Brothers	Memphis
McCool's Foods	Memphis
Fred Montesi Super Market	Memphis
John P. Robillio Grocery	Memphis
Seessel's	Memphis

TEXAS

Casis Super Market	Austin
Hyden's Super Market	Austin
Bonham's Food Stores	Corpus Christi
Hunt's	Dallas
European Import Co.	Houston
Ahr's Food Market	San Antonio
Joske's of Texas	San Antonio

VIRGINIA

Co-op Foods	Fairlington
D. & S. Delicatessen	Mt. Vernon
Codd Delicatessen	Norfolk
Reisner's Delicatessen	Norfolk
Max Schlain's Delicatessen	Norfolk
W. G. Shwartz Co.	Norfolk
Miller & Rhoads	Richmond
Thalhimers, Inc.	Richmond
Shirlington Delicatessen	Shirlington
Mayflower Market	Virginia Beach

WEST VIRGINIA

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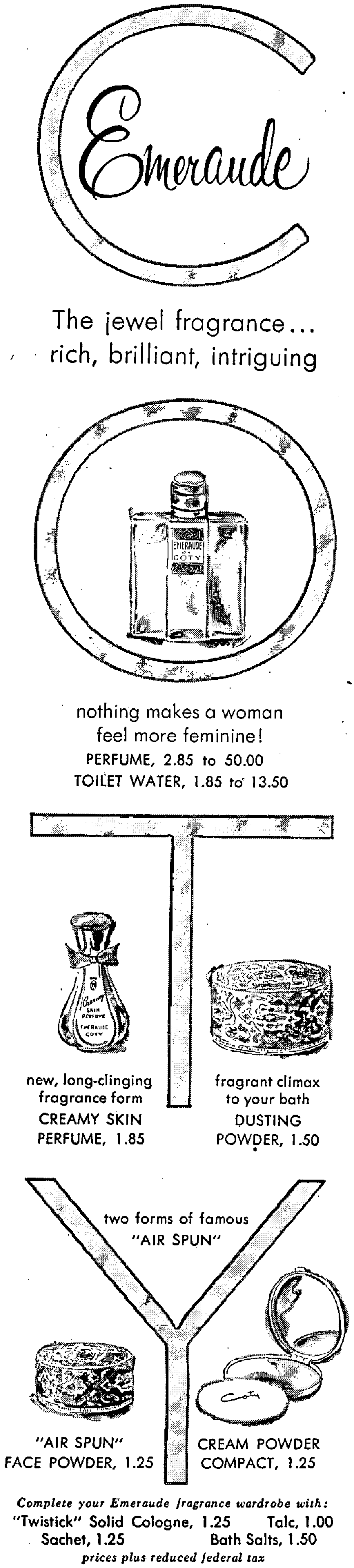

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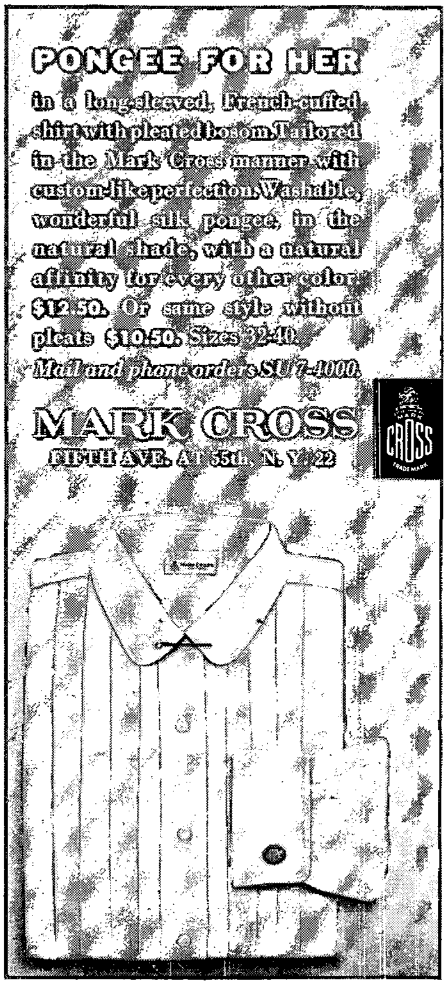
driven them out; it might be fun for the children to set up a beaver patrol. Besides the bulldozer and dredger, there would be a few other expenses, for removing the dead trees and landscaping and replanting the shore. It would be nice if the people who were going to be using Lodestone, the "old" summer people and their friends, would get together and share the costs and the labor, just as they had always done with the sand at Poor Farm Pond.

And the people who put up the money (*or* the labor, either one) could form a little club—nothing pretentious, just a diving raft and a few bathhouses, since Lodestone was pretty far from home for some of the colonists, and maybe later on a tennis court and a hall for barn dances. You would not have to call it a club, said Margaret, quickly, cutting into the murmur that rose from all sides of her long dining room. If the word "club" struck a false note in Minster, you could call it "Lodestone Associates," or something of that kind. And it would not have to be snobbish; anybody could buy shares and join—more like a subscription library, really, than a club.

"*Any*body?" said Ginny, sharply. Everybody knew what she was thinking, but there had never been a trace of anti-Semitism in Minster. "Anybody we *knew*, I suppose," said Charlotte, with a hesitant look around. "Does that go for the natives?" demanded Bill Husted, in a rather truculent tone. Margaret's hand, alarmedly, went to her olive brow; she turned to Pickles for help. "Let's be realistic," urged Sam Marx in his soft, sweet, husky voice. "The natives won't come into such a project. It's a question of economics." Pickles nodded. "Right. Let's put it this way. They can join if they want to but they won't." "Oh," said Janet Wheeler, a Girl Scout leader, in a booming voice, "I think it's disgusting to put it on a basis of economics. I thought we were going to *share*." "Don't be absurd, Janet," said Adelaide. "The natives are *farmers;* they work twelve hours a day." "And they don't swim, anyway," said Ginny. "I predicted this," said Pickles glumly to Margaret as the whole room began to talk at once.

Margaret shook her head. The whole thing, she declared, rapping for order, was eminently *fair*. The public, including the natives, would get Poor Farm Pond—why should they want Lodestone? Everybody stood to profit. And the old summer people had the right to protect themselves against today's migratory population by joining together



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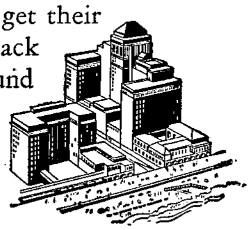

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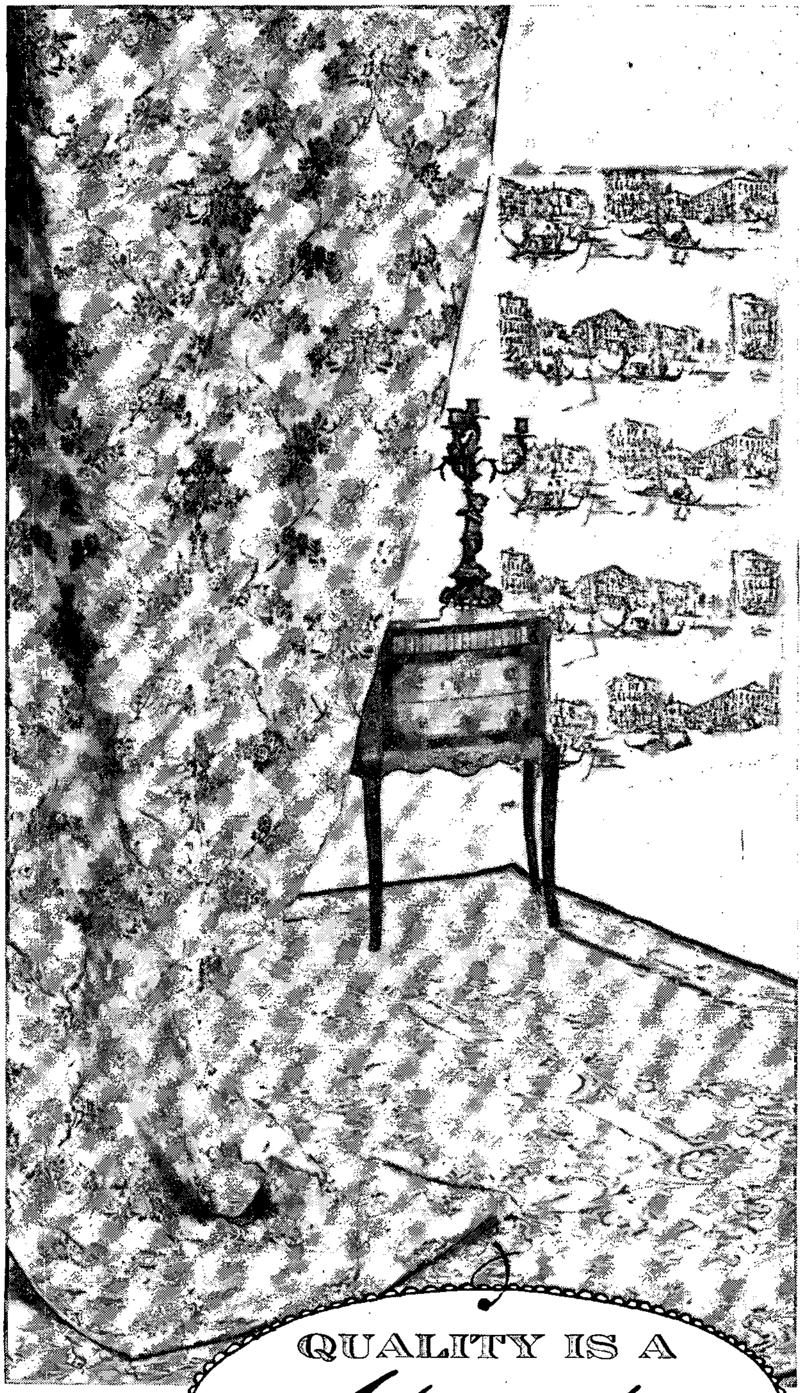
and pooling their resources. Naturally, if the consensus of opinion should be against a club, she and Pickles stood ready to bear the expense themselves and invite their friends to swim with them. But it seemed to her that it was more democratic if everybody did it together; nobody would feel, then, that they were presuming on the Callaways' hospitality.

THE assembly, uneasily dispersing, had to agree that Pickles' proposition was logical. To form a club, as they pointed out to each other during the ensuing days, was only to vest in legal form that membership, one of another, that had always been the essence of Minster. The belongingness they all felt, among themselves, the young mothers admitted, had always had its focus on the peninsula at Poor Farm Pond. It was there plans were made, world affairs argued, magazines and newspapers shared; a *de-facto* club already existed, which Lodestone Associates would merely incorporate formally. There would be no real difference, except in the name. Or would there?

"You're ungrateful fools in my opinion," said old Mrs. Hathaway, Ginny Marx's mother, "if you don't take Pickles' offer while the taking's good." She sat on her side porch, serving dandelion wine (with just a tincture of raspberries) to a conclave of dubious young mothers. Across the road, the children were diving in the pool she had dammed up. "You've lost nearly the whole month of July already," she said sharply. "If I were Pickles, I'd withdraw the offer and teach you all a lesson." "We *can't* be taught a lesson, apparently," said Adelaide Currier, from the steps, with a humorous sigh. "Then you're not going to do it!" cried Mrs. Hathaway. The young mothers sighed together, swaying like willows on the porch: "*We don't know.*" "Look, Mrs. Hathaway," said Charlotte. "You've been here longer than anybody else. Don't you think this club will make a line between the summer people and the natives? That's what Bill and I keep coming back to." "There's a line right now," said the old lady. "There always has been. And there've always been some that cross it." "Mother!" cautioned Ginny. Adelaide mixed a good deal with the natives, came up early in the spring and stayed late in the fall; she was also rumored to be very friendly with a tall telephone lineman, who came sometimes in his high boots to the pond, late in the afternoons. Still, cross it or not, the line was there. The



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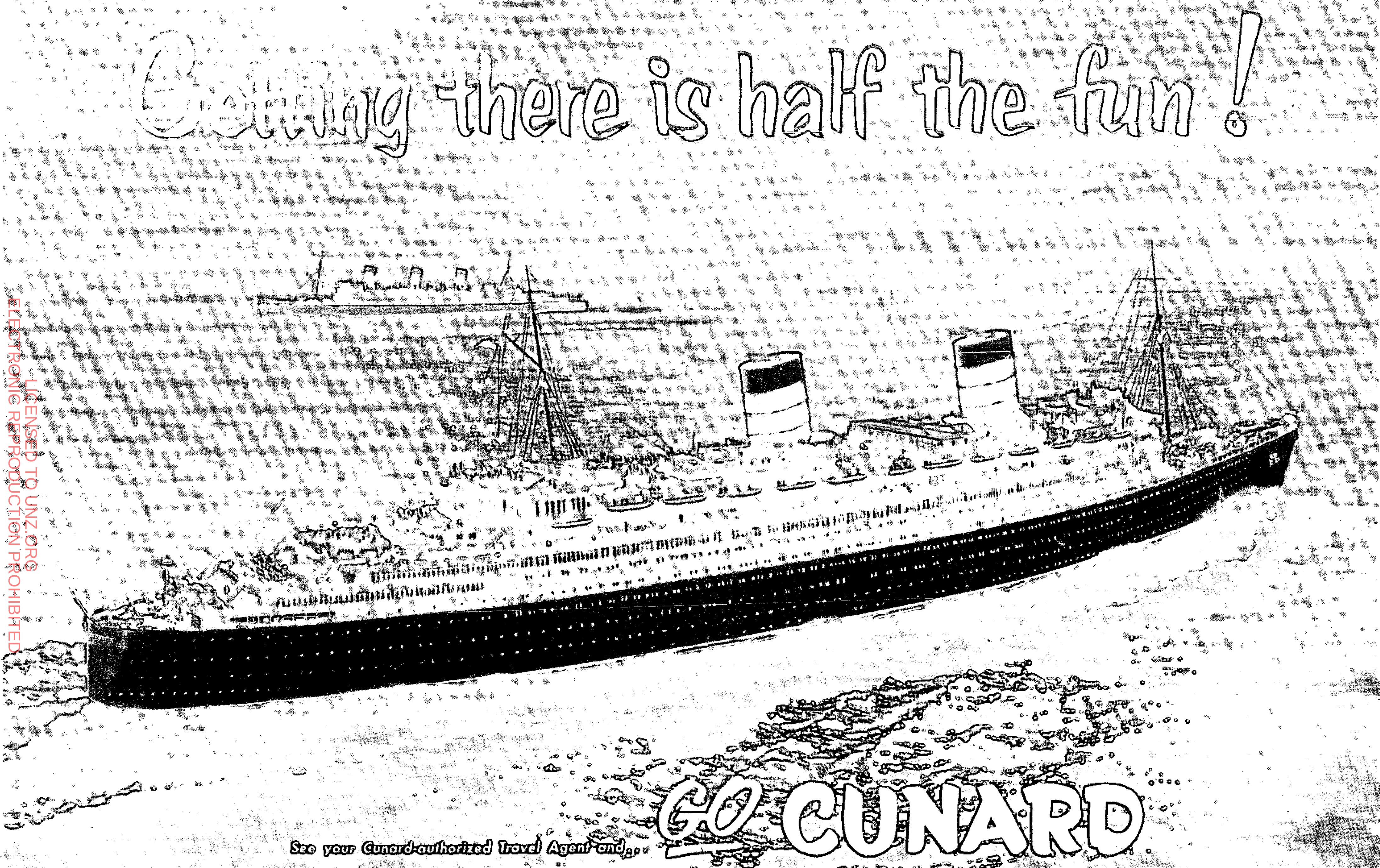
summer women did not drink with the natives, but the summer men did, getting out a bottle and glasses with punctilio when the plumber or the carpenter came. The summer women did not wear shorts in public, because the farm women disapproved. The summer children did not speak of their winter boarding schools, except in terms of sorrow, to the native children they played with, or of money or city entertainment. Even Adelaide's flirtation came within the rules, for the rumored meetings were out-of-doors and casual; she did not invite the man to her house. And, of course, she could not take him to a club.

"Our equality's really based on pretense," said Ginny. "We pretend we don't have a winter life or any life that's different from theirs. Come September, we die down like the vegetation." "Like Persephone, we go back to Hades," said Adelaide, who hated the city. "That's the point, I think, Mother," cried Ginny. "If we have the club, we'll be flaunting the other side of our lives, the winter side. I can't help it; it seems tasteless to plump a clubhouse down in plain sight of people we see every day, in the store and the post office, who won't be able to come to it." "Perhaps they won't want to," said Mrs. Hathaway. Ginny shook her head. "That isn't the point," she insisted. "Even if they wanted to, they couldn't." Mrs. Hathaway shrugged; she had seen it before. Girls who married Jewish husbands were always touchy on these questions, even when there was no reason.

"There's another thing," said Charlotte. "What if we don't like somebody and he has the money for the shares?" "*Exactly!*" cried Adelaide. "You know how it will all end? *We'll be letting in those damned psychiatrists.* After having spent thousands of dollars. The last state of the man will be worse than the first." Rueful laughter shook the porch swing. "You don't have to let them in," said Mrs. Hathaway placidly. Ginny's big round china-blue eyes glared at her mother. "You tell us, Mother, please, how we're going to keep them out," she said sarcastically. "On what basis, do you suggest?" "Why, simply because you don't care for them socially," replied Mrs. Hathaway. "That's the basis of every club's membership policy. A club is like your home; you're not required to give a reason for not inviting people to it. Not yet, at any rate." The young women exchanged looks. "I'm sorry, Mrs. Hathaway," said Charlotte, acting as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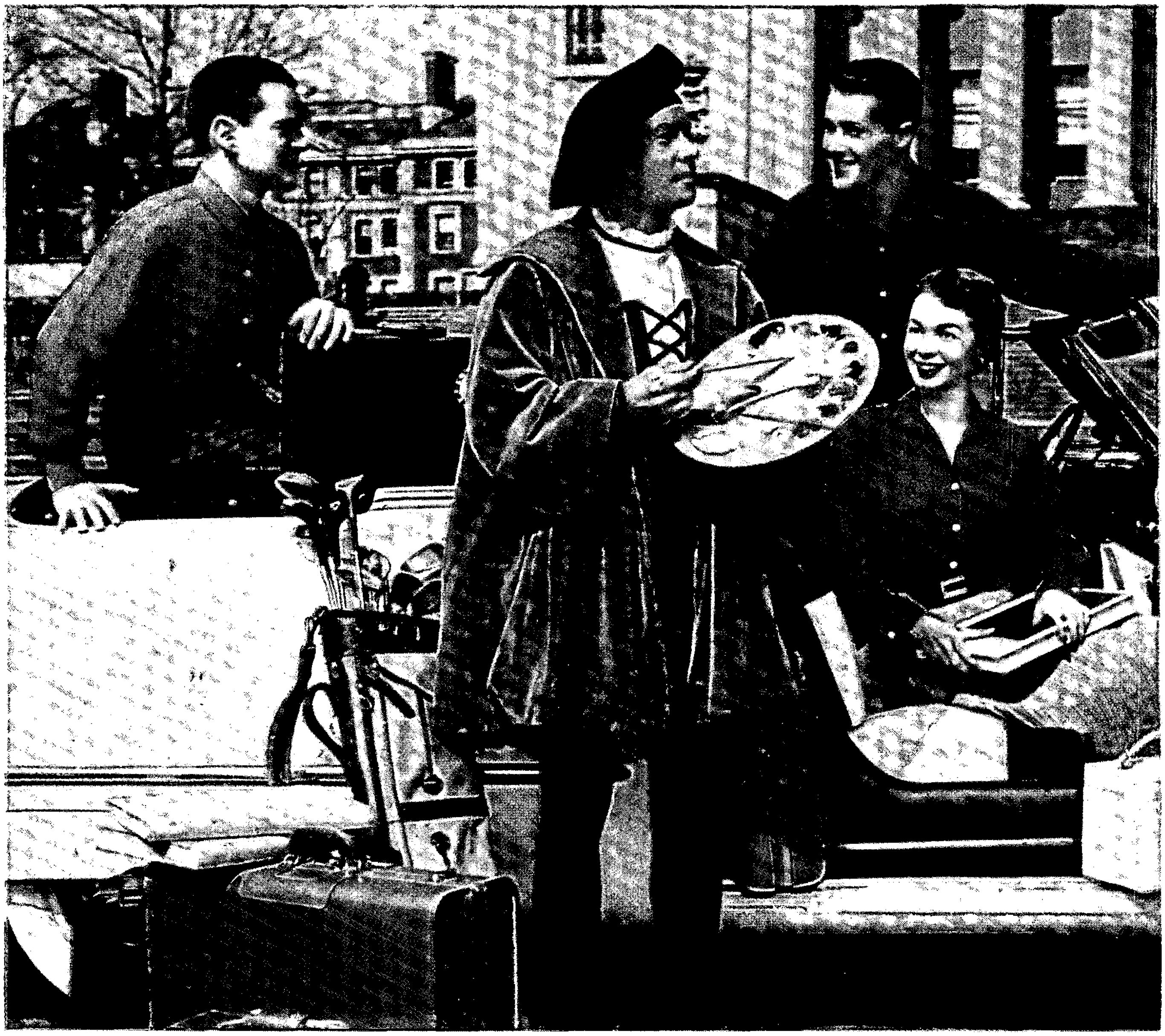

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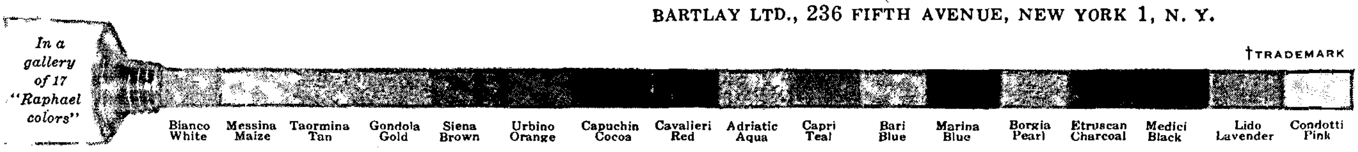
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spokesman. "That may be all right for the Chilton Club, but it just won't do for the country, where you see people every day. You can't practically say in so many words, 'We don't like you.' "

Three young bosoms, gingham, linen, chambray, exhaled a common sigh. Mrs. Hathaway's voile print underwent a convulsion. "Then what is the point of a club, girls?" "Exactly," said Adelaide mournfully. "For people like us, maybe there isn't any point. We couldn't say no to anybody. You see, we *are* incorrigible." She flashed her most winning smile, demure and repentant, on the old lady, and held out her glass. "But you're willing and able to say no to Pickles?" rapped out Mrs. Hathaway, setting down the pitcher. The three heads, fair, dark, and chestnut, denied the charge. "We feel Pickles is trying to rush us," said Ginny. "We aren't sure yet in our own minds. We do see the advantages. A club would keep out transients." "But there's another thing, Mrs. Hathaway," said Adelaide. "What's going to happen to the beavers when Pickles drives them out of Lodestone?" Mrs. Hathaway's eyes closed for an instant, as if in silent prayer. "My dear," she remonstrated, in a kindly, concerned voice that seemed to belong to a gentler old lady, "you can't worry your head about the fate of the beavers. You must leave that much to Providence." "It's not the beavers themselves, Mrs. Hathaway," proffered Charlotte. "It's where they'll go. They'll be all over the countryside, like a plague. Pickles can't trap them all, in one open season. He admits that himself." "Adelaide saw one in Poor Farm Pond, Mother," put in Ginny. "Stuff!" said Mrs. Hathaway. "Adelaide doesn't know a beaver from an otter." "No, truly," protested Adelaide. "I could tell by the tail. It's going to be a terrible thing if they pour into Poor Farm. Everybody in Minster will be furious with us."

"I shouldn't be at all surprised," observed Charlotte, "if the town raised our taxes." The old lady's brows shot up, but she recovered herself. "*Girls!*" she said firmly. "You sound like children. Why, it would take the beavers years to come all the way over from Lodestone. They'll settle down in some stream over there and mind their own business." "It seems to me," said Adelaide, "that Pickles will never be shut of them if they *don't* come over to Poor Farm. They must be an enormous colony by now. You'd think Pickles, since he's so clever, would have given that some thought." The old lady con-

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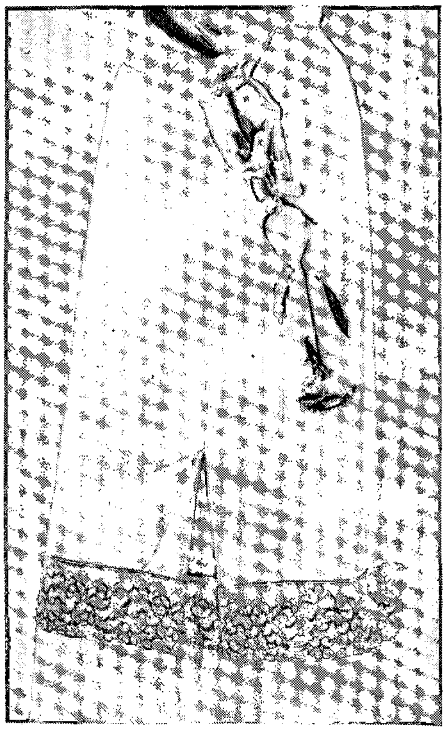

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sidered. "Have you spoken to him about it?" she demanded. "Yes, of course," said Adelaide. "And what did he say?" Adelaide looked rueful. "He just laughed. He says everybody has a private obsession that's working against the club, and mine is the beavers. He and Margaret are getting pretty annoyed with us. Every day, somebody meets him in the post office with a new objection. Some of them, I admit, are pretty farfetched." "Including yours, my dear," said Mrs. Hathaway, rising. "If I see Pickles, I shall tell him what I think of the lot of you. You deserve to have a stick of dynamite put under you." She made her way into the house. "Mother is dying to have the club so she can start blackballing people," confided Ginny, with a giggle. "The Historical Society has never given her any scope."

ON the last day of July, Pickles looked steadily at Margaret. "They're not going to do it," he announced. They were sitting alone on the terrace, at twilight. Their friends had been avoiding them for the last few days; the older children had gone with the Husteds to the state beach over the mountains, where there were lifeguards and twenty-foot diving towers; the youngest was in bed, tearful, because he was too little to stay up so late and drive home after dark. Every child, practically, in Minster had been in the dumps for weeks; the Husteds had packed theirs off to camp, where they could have all the swimming they wanted, right outside their tent. "And yet, damn it," cried Pickles now, "their fool parents won't raise a finger." "Perhaps they'll still do it," said Margaret. Pickles shook his head. "I know them," he said. "Once the psychiatrists go and Minster gets its beach back, they'll forget there was ever an emergency." "Well," said Margaret bravely, "we can still fix up Lodestone. We can afford it, Pick." "It's not the money," said Pickles. "It's the principle. This whole damned community has lost the will to survive."

And, of course, on the first of August, the psychiatrists were gone. It was like a miracle, almost. The other invaders were gone, too, as if obedient to a signal. The young mothers, in their skirted bathing suits, were back on their slabs of limestone; the children were in the water; the rowboats plied back and forth; the old raft buckled as divers hurtled off it. The pond was still, save for the plash of oars and the swash of the raft and the shrieks and gurgles of

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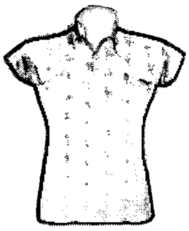

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the children. Pages turned in the liberal weeklies; a clear voice quietly read aloud a dispatch from Yugoslavia in the New York *Times*. Knitting and four back numbers of the *New Statesman* came out of a wicker basket. Everything seemed precisely as it had been a month before, as it always had been. At four o'clock, a truck drove up, and it was the telephone linesman; handsome as a bronze and very tall, he nodded tersely to Adelaide and did a perfect jackknife from the raft. Dragonflies dipped; a fish jumped; firs rustled. As the sun descended toward the ridge, a murmurous rippling arose, like a sigh, from the shaded far shore. It can never change, really, the young mothers reflected, because *we* are the same.

But it was on the very next afternoon—the second of August, two days after the psychiatrists had gone—that Ginny Marx, walking up to the raspberry patch with her two small children, saw the creature cross the road. There could be no mistake; it was a beaver. The children saw it, too, and it looked just the way a beaver was supposed to look—reddish brown and low-slung, something like a large rat, but with webbed hind feet. It hurried across the road in the direction of Poor Farm Pond, and Ginny let out a little cry. A moment later, coming from the other direction, Pickles Callaway drove up in his new station wagon—on his way, he said, to the post office. Ginny and the children excitedly climbed in. They had just seen a beaver, they all attested, heading for Poor Farm Pond. Pickles raised a skeptical eyebrow. They had beavers on the brain, he said, scoffing; it was probably just a woodchuck. But Ginny and the children all shook their fair heads. It was a beaver; they had just seen one in the Natural Science Museum at the state capital.

And a minute later, while they were still arguing, the children made a curious discovery. Under one of the back seats was a canvas case with holes for ventilation. "What is it?" they asked, edging it out with their sandalled, dusty feet. Ginny, turning to rebuke them, caught a funny, boyish flicker of Pickles' light-green eye, magnified by the big lens. The thing under the seat was a cat carrier, empty.

NATURALLY, Ginny acknowledged, breathless, when Pickles, bold as brass, had let her off at the beach, you could not *prove* what had been in it. "But of course we *know*," said Charlotte, tucking her chestnut hair into her bathing cap. "How long

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do you suppose he's been doing it?" "From the very first, I imagine," said Adelaide. "The one I saw must have been his maiden effort." Ginny shook her head. "Perhaps it was the other way round. Perhaps that one came there naturally and gave him the idea." Adelaide dimpled. "So like Pickles," she murmured. "He saw the historical trend and lent it a helping hand." "Dreadful," pronounced Charlotte. "Do you think Margaret knows?" Adelaide slowly shook her head. "Impossible," she said. "Inconceivable." "But *why*, Mummy, *why*?" whispered Adelaide's eight-year-old beauty, who had been sitting in the water, eavesdropping. "*Why* is Mr. Callaway putting beavers in our pond?" The mothers looked helplessly at each other. "Hush," said Adelaide. "You're not to speak of it." "Is it because he's mad at us?" "In a way, I suppose, dear," said her mother. "It's a sort of joke on us. Run away now and swim." The child obeyed. "Joke?" cried Charlotte. "Why, *I* think he's doing it to pressure us into joining his club." Adelaide and Ginny shook their heads. "No," said Adelaide. "Pickles doesn't care any more where we swim; he's washed his hands of us. I don't blame him. In fact, you know, I rather admire him. He had to dispose of the beavers, and this was simple, ingenious, and anti-social. He made us a present of them. Pickles is an actionist; none of *us* would have had the nerve. And for that matter," she added, "I don't suppose he's even doing anything illegal. Is it illegal to transport a beaver in a station wagon across a town line?" There was a ripple of reluctant laughter. "*I* think it's criminal," said Charlotte, rather feebly, immersing herself in the lake.

Ginny and Adelaide sat staring into the clear green water—deep, much deeper than Lodestone, and fated, it almost seemed, like something beautiful in a fairy tale, to create trouble and perplexity. All at once, the Currier rowboat came to a stop. The oarsman, nine-year-old Henry Currier, had heard a peculiar sound. "Hey!" he called. "Hush," said Ginny. Everybody stiffened, as if playing a game of statues.

Across the pond, near the far shore, two lustrous beavers were swimming. Their flat tails made a distinctive noise as they slapped the water. "*Beavers*, children!" softly cried Charlotte, her face suddenly aglow. She stood like a classic water nymph, pink and plump, in her ample bathing dress, up to her waist in the water. The rowboat veered about; the little girls on the raft stood

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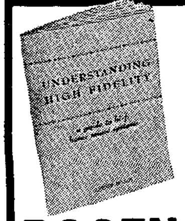

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up and shaded their eyes. "I see them, I see them," proud voices called in shrill succession. "Mother, they're *darling*." "Look at their little heads!" The young mothers caught their breaths; the gleaming round heads moving along the green surface *were* charming, and behind each beaver was a shining silver-white wake. At the same time, in the late-afternoon light, the line of newly cut gray branches was quite plainly visible, etched against the dark bank.

The rowboat drew up, with businesslike strokes. "Can we row over and investigate them? *Please*?" Henry Currier had a crew of three aboard. The young mothers' eyes consulted; each face had a look of consternation. "Very well," said the mothers. The rowboat made off swiftly, with its four tense explorers. Ginny ran her tongue over her lips. "Henry," she called, "if you see their house, don't disturb it. Just investigate and report back." Her fair neck flushed. "We can trap them later on," she explained to the other young mothers. "After the children are gone." "We won't be here in the winter," whispered Charlotte. "Perhaps the town could do it," murmured Adelaide. "They could get a permit or something. Or maybe old Mr. Bascomb could trap them."

The eyes met again, and dispersed to the moving boat. "*Much* the best," said Charlotte, settling down to a backstroke and thereby closing the subject.

—MARY McCARTHY

•

They work in a tiny little studio on the Paramount lot, with Jay doing the lyrics, and Ray writing the words.—*Frances Melrose in the Denver (Colo.) Rocky Mountain News.*

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•

No problem confronted Columbus when he visited South America in 1498: first, because he didn't know the continent existed until he landed; and second, he didn't have to choose which type of transportation to use to get there.—*Westways.*

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

The Children's Hour

EARLY in the English picture called "The Little Kidnappers," a pair of small boys take command, and before it ends, they have the situation completely in hand. In the list of screen credits, a lady named Margaret Thomson is given recognition as "Children's Coacher." It's an uncommon designation, but Miss Thomson evidently has an uncommon way with her, since her pupils, aged five and eight, have none of the irritating gloss that so often makes child actors give rise to dreams of infanticide. The children in "The Little Kidnappers" are determinedly anarchistic, and while their goal is to love and be loved, their methods of achieving it are always surprising, sometimes alarming, and endlessly diverting. They are supposed to be orphans, and they have come to Nova Scotia in 1904 to take up residence with their grandfather, a tough old Scotsman whose son has been killed in the Boer War and who bitterly resents the Dutchmen who live in the province with him. The grim Calvinism of this ancient makes it impossible for him to see life as anything but a rough and gloomy ride to the Promised Land, and he drives his wife, his daughter, and his grandsons with a tight, uncompromising bridle. This might seem to indicate that "The Little Kidnappers" is one of those desperate dramas of the backwoods in which all hands bewail their rocky fate with a maximum of bitterness and a minimum of syntax. Actually, it's no such thing. Instead, it's a rather peculiar fairy tale, in which the innocence of the young triumphs over the unbalanced morality of the old.

The tale has its beginning in the younger grandson's yearning for a dog. When he mentions his yearning to his grandfather, he is advised that dogs are useless—not even fit to eat. While he is thinking that one over, his brother suddenly turns up with a baby that he has found in the course of a stroll through the Nova Scotia hills. As it happens, the baby is the handsomest child you've ever seen outside of a soap advertisement, and both grandsons, after a bit of bickering as to what to call it—Rover, after the unobtainable dog, or Edward, after

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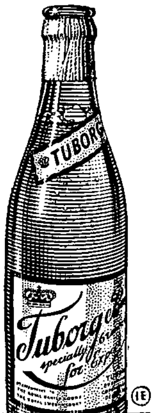

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the reigning king—decide that they'll keep it around until it can make up its mind whether to live with them or make off into the bush. Eventually, the presence of the infant makes Grandpa lower his Calvinist colors to such an extent that he sells his best boots to buy his grandsons a dog and isn't too miffed when his daughter resolves to marry a Dutch doctor.

"The Little Kidnappers," written by Neil Paterson, contains a wealth of droll dialogue, and the director, Philip Leacock, has moved skillfully among his glum adults and antic children. The acting in the piece is all first-rate, and the grown-up members of the cast—Duncan Macrae, as the grandfather; Jean Anderson, as his wife; Adrienne Corri, as his daughter; and Theodore Bikel, as the daughter's suitor—are all to be commended for making their presence felt behind the talented youngsters who play the grandsons. They are Jon Whiteley and Vincent Winter, and I wish they could stay as they are forever.

ANOTHER boy—this one about thirteen—takes a hand in an English movie called "High and Dry," but he doesn't dominate his elders as Masters Whiteley and Winter do. As a matter of fact, *his* elders would take an awful lot of dominating, for they are all hard-bitten comedians, having a fine time in a jolly bit of foolishness. This picture, which was written by William Rose and directed by Alexander Mackendrick, has to do with the efforts of the master of an ancient Scottish craft known as a puffer to hang on to a cargo of household effects mistakenly consigned to him for shipment from Glasgow to a remote point on the Scottish coast. The owner of the cargo is an American shipping magnate, who feels that it is most inappropriate for his gear to be travelling on a ramshackle puffer. He keeps trying to get his stuff off the boat, and the Scotsmen aboard keep frustrating him. As the Scottish skipper, Alex Mackenzie is hugely entertaining, and so are James Copeland, Abe Barker, and Tommy Kearins, as his mate, engineer, and boy-of-all-work, respectively. Paul Douglas does a nice job as the defeated American.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

•

For her garden weeding tomorrow Miss Joyce Nelson . . . will have three attendants.—*Phoenix (Ariz.) Gazette*.

One to hold the basket, one to mix the drinks, and a cheerleader.

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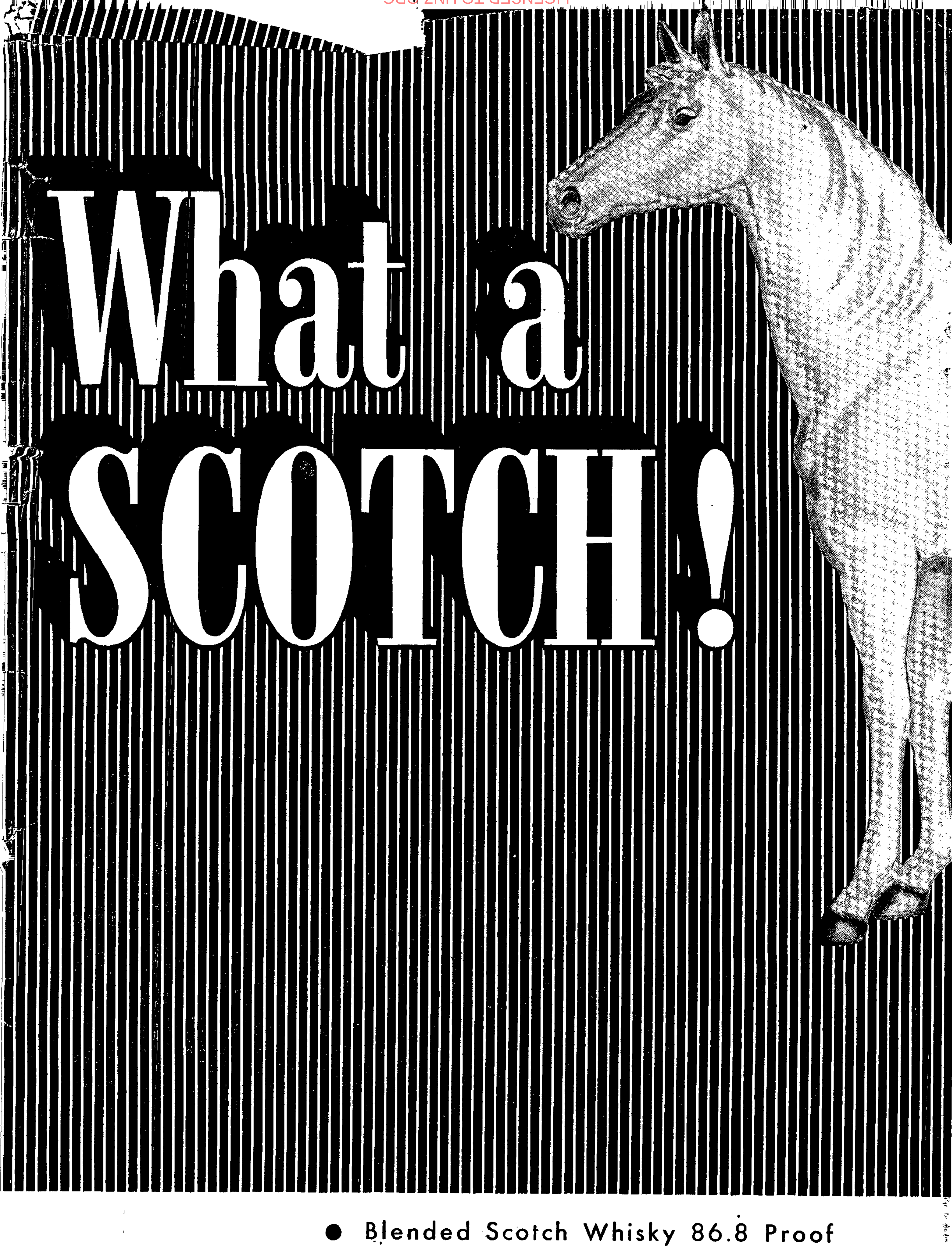
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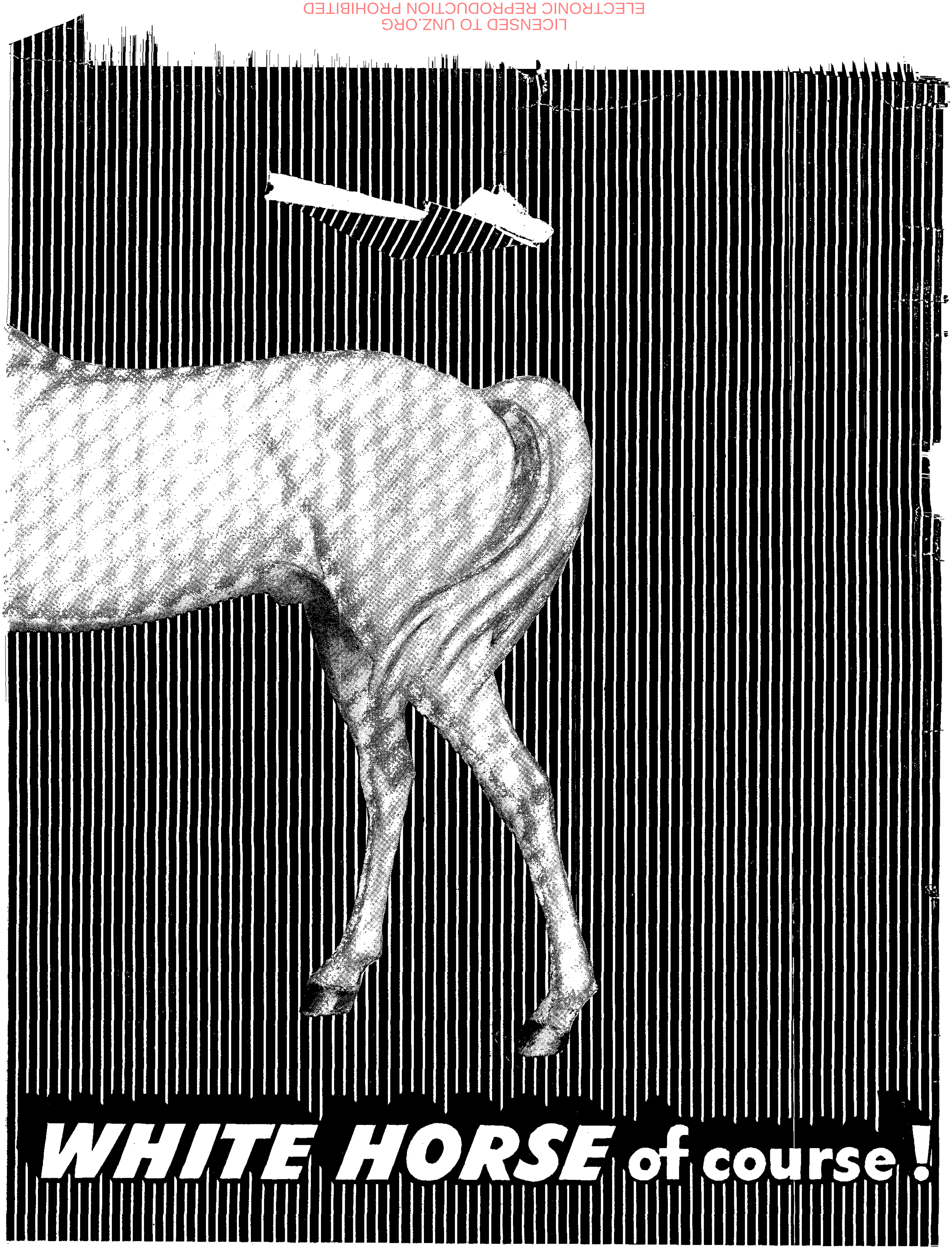
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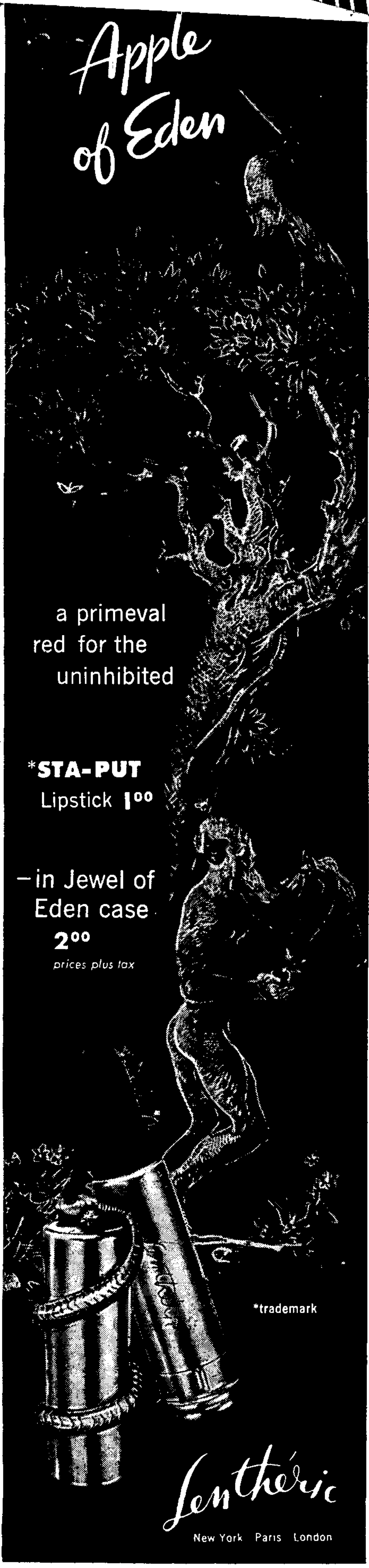

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LETTER FROM PARIS

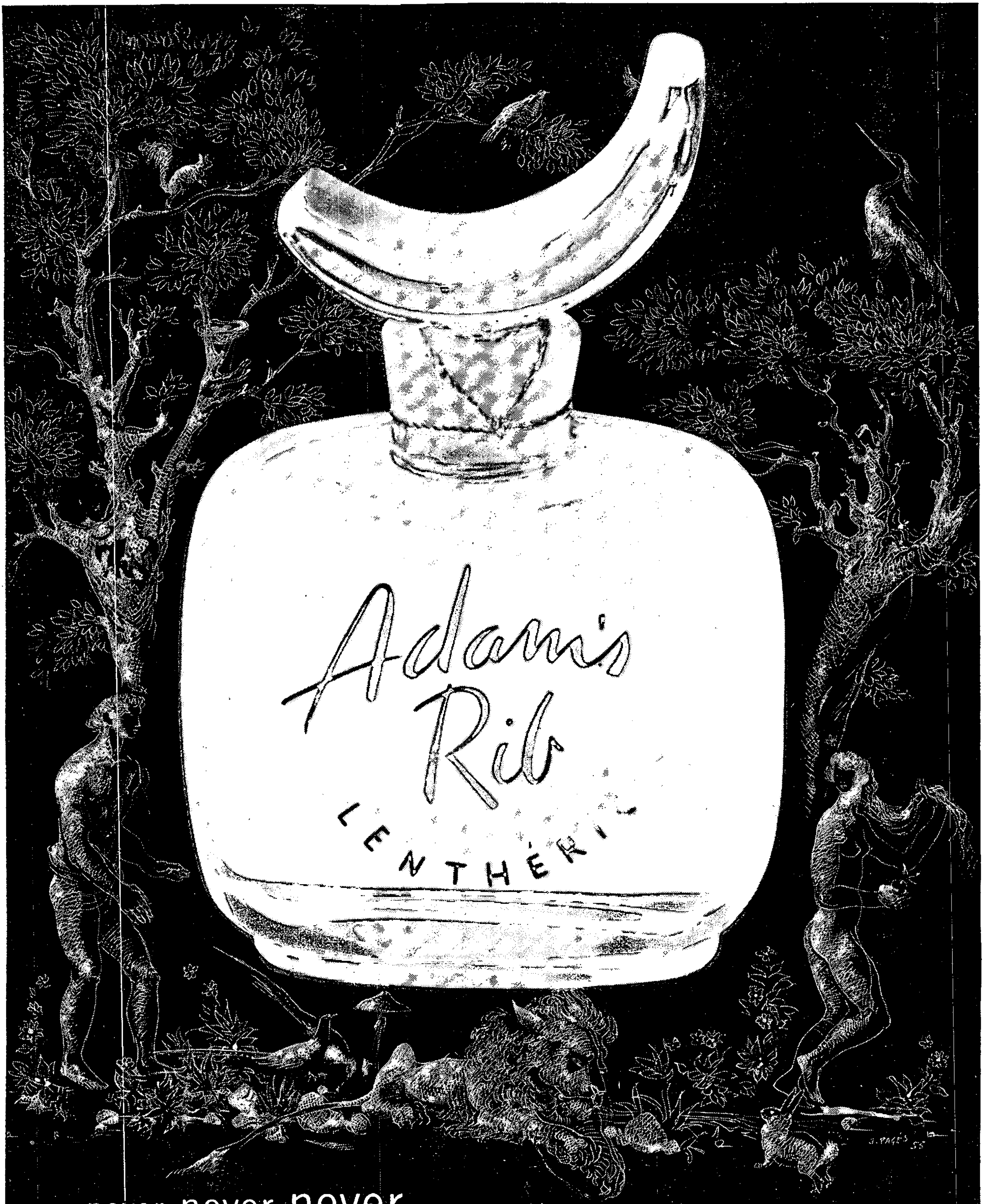
SEPTEMBER 1

THE greatest tribute to the magnitude of the European Defense Community question is that the partisanship it aroused cut France in two—the people, as well as the Parliament. The three-day weekend discussion of it in the Assembly before it was symbolically voted down raised individual convictions and hopes, divergent patriotisms, angers, and passions, and divisions between men and men, rather than between parties only, to an altitude of tension reached by no other issue since the war. Reams of journalistic reporting appeared on the factual results of these feelings, but only *Le Monde* mentioned *la mystique* of E.D.C. as rational news. It said that this emotion for and against E.D.C. sliced across all accustomed separations, so that a pro-E.D.C. Frenchman felt closer to a German who was for the treaty than to a Frenchman who was against it; so that a Communist who was against it (as all the Communists were) felt closer to his boss or to an Army general, if his boss or the general was hostile to it, than to a fellow-workman who wanted E.D.C. ratified. What the French people *en masse* felt about E.D.C., history will unfortunately never know, since no plebiscite was ever taken. On general principles, Frenchmen have all along been against any rearming of Germany, because of their recent experiences in the war and the Occupation and because of the German wars that fell on their fathers and grandfathers. But it would seem that before the debate opened, slightly more than half the French citizens were in favor of German rearmament under E.D.C. if rearmament was inevitable, maybe because they could not comprehend the reputedly dangerous pitfalls for France in the complex treaty—pitfalls that gave the expert anti-E.D.C. parliamentarians their influential talking points before the other deputies and the public galleries. It is unfortunate, too, that history must record that, in a parliament lately so notorious for endless debates, everyone was not allowed to have his say on this dominantly affecting matter; that the vote was not a direct and dignified one on the specific question "Are you for E.D.C. or against it?," which, after two years of tergiversation, would have steadied France's reputation for clarifying a final decision, but was a tangential and procedural one, pushed through by the anti-E.D.C. forces as if in a quick panic. The Defense Community had the air of being hastily strangled, instead of being allowed, in accordance with proper democratic processes, to perish slowly—duly done to death by words from those who did not approve.

Cluny
Mahood

The procedure on which the final vote was taken was so little known to the French public that it had to be explained to them by the French newspapers. It centers on a device called *la question préalable*, a "preliminary matter," which can be introduced by a deputy, usually a party hack, to seal off debate on a project. In this case, the *question préalable* was a motion to adjourn, *sine die*, the big E.D.C. debate, in which seventy-three orators were scheduled to take part. It was introduced by a deputy who had theretofore been without celebrity—General Adolphe Aumeran, a former supporter of the royalist Action Française who is now affiliated with the Independent Republicans and stands from Algiers. He is nearly seventy, is a white-haired general who looks just like a general, was in active service as commander of a division in this last war, is considered politically eccentric, and is known principally for his suggestion last October that the strategic way to prevent further Communist guerrilla infiltration into anti-Communist territory in Indo-China would be to lay down a radioactive curtain. The *question préalable* he raised before this profoundly important debate, led by Premier Pierre Mendès-France himself, whom those suffocating in the packed visitors' galleries had come to hear speak, featured the General's anti-E.D.C. conviction that "atomic arms have changed the old strategies, making them ineffective and also making it seriously inconvenient to rearm Germany." He went on, "France is free to oppose any German rearmament—it is even her duty—and no catastrophe will come of it. Yes, reject the treaty without delay."

Another French parliamentary procedure, odd and little used, that can be invoked against a project is *la motion*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préjudicielle. One of these procedural checks was brought up as a pro-E.D.C. counterattack by a young Breton deputy, Alfred Chupin, of whom no one knew anything but that he was a protégé of René Pleven—one of the pillars of E.D.C. and a collaborator on it with its signer, Robert Schuman. Chupin made a motion to adjourn the debate for three weeks, so that the Premier could again talk over his new protocols with the European powers in Brussels—the notion being that, with final, desperate good will on both sides, E.D.C. could be altered enough to save it in France. Premier Mendès-France, as was his right, begged the two gentlemen to bring up their two interferences later. As a consequence, the two proposals were left hanging in the air while the Assembly heard the reports of the six special committees assigned to study the treaty. All six delivered majority reports against the treaty, but there was also an impressive, penetrating minority speech by former Premier René Mayer—the only full-dress pro-treaty speech that was heard, as things turned out. For with the increasingly heated hemicycle arguments and interruptions, which verged on bedlam, and with the corridor conferences, the rumors, and the constant multiplication of the plans and counterplans of the Cédistes and the Anticédistes (in French, the initials of E.D.C. are transposed to C.E.D.—the Communauté Européenne de Défense), tension rose so high that by midnight of the third session on Sunday the Chamber was vibrating with the fury of passionately convinced men.

On Monday morning, by which time the Premier had already accepted the idea of returning to Brussels, the Cédistes, in an ill-advised maneuver against the Anticédistes, brought up their *motion préjudicielle* again, even though it was legally bound to be heard, if ever, only after the *préalable*, which had been introduced first. As an anti-E.D.C. riposte, and because a *préalable* can be spoken for only by its signer, old, infirm, Anticédiste Edouard Herriot, honorary President of the Assembly, where he actively reigned for a generation, was made a co-signer with General Aumeran and was sent in alone to speak as the Anticédistes' trump card. Crippled by illness and his eighty-two years, and unable, with his swollen limbs, to mount the steps to the speaker's podium, above which he used to preside, he spoke seated, using a microphone installed for him on the Radical Socialist bench. His voice still

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boomed, but his facts had become weak; he muddled treaty clauses and figures and ignored shouted corrections. And at the end, for his great prestige of age and service, and for his flaming patriotism for a sovereign France, still intact, he was acclaimed with an ovation. He said, in part, "On the threshold of death, let me tell you that E.D.C. is the end of France, that it is a step forward for Germany and a step back for France, that when a people no longer runs its army, as France would not under E.D.C., it no longer runs its own diplomacy." Part of his task, he went on, was to explain to the Americans how wrong they were in thinking that E.D.C. was still good for France. "*La C.E.D. est une aventure, ne la faites pas!*" he ended, amid salvos of applause. He had been made the *vox humana* of the Anticédistes, and his speech was highly influential. Shortly afterward, in this contagious Anticédiste atmosphere, General Aumeran's original *question préalable* was rapidly adopted, by three hundred and nineteen votes to two hundred and sixty-four. By seven o'clock in the evening the European Defense Community was dead. While the Communists, who had won a victory with their ninety-five votes, rose and sang the "Marseillaise," joined by some Socialists and Anticédiste de Gaullistes, the defeated E.D.C. members shouted at them, in anguish and fury, "Back to Moscow!" The veteran Cédiste Paul Reynaud, his intelligent, mouselike face drawn with emotion, ran up onto the speaker's podium and cried, "For the first time since there has been a French Parliament, a treaty has been voted down without its author or its signer being allowed to speak in its defense!" With this bitter obituary, the Communauté Européenne de Défense was buried in France.

THE position of Mendès-France in all this remains obscure, even to his close friends (or so some of them say), as well as to his political backers, who risked much in their enthusiasm for him, and to his multitudes of French admirers. In his Indo-Chinese cease-fire transactions, he had been coolly successful in dealing at first hand with exigent foreign diplomats at Geneva, and his energetic *brio* had been deemed magnificent. Then, his negotiations with his own Assembly on the thorny, bloody question of reforms in Tunisia were a real political triumph, such as no other French postwar leader had ever expected, or even attempted, to achieve, and

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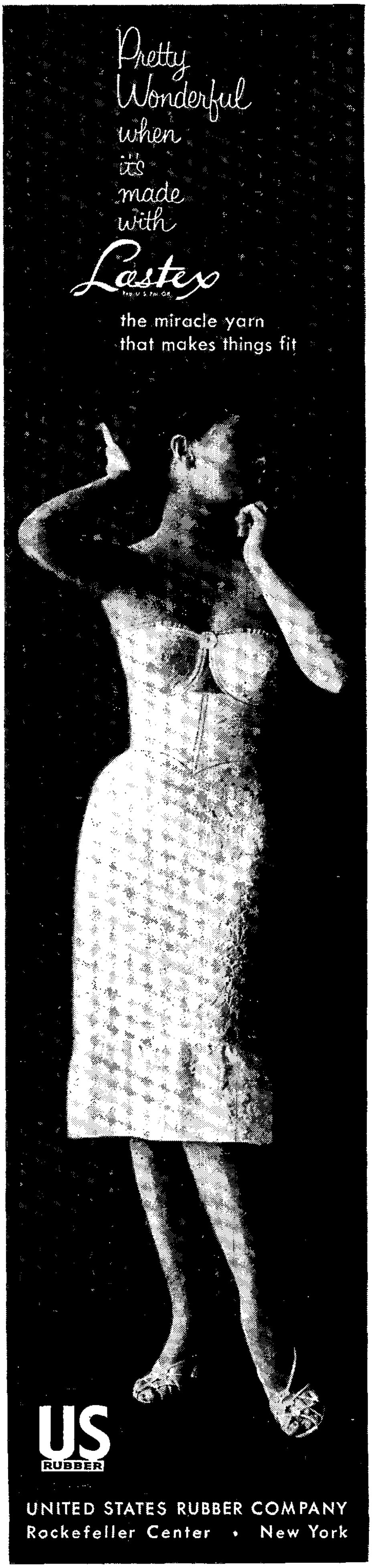
a brilliant example of his ability to manage and lead suspicious French politicians. But, as he told the Assembly in his recent foreign-policy speech, with the curious bold candor that is one of his appeals to French citizens, his Brussels experience was at times a humiliation. He was accused by the Cédistes of having been too hard with his confreres there to do E.D.C. any good. A French colleague of his at Brussels said, "He seems too intelligent a man to be an apt negotiator." One of his slogans, which he used as the title of a book of speeches, is "*Gouverner, C'est Choisir*"—"To Govern Is to Choose." A repeated caustic criticism in the Assembly last week was that while he urged everyone else to choose sides on E.D.C., he himself chose neither side. He also kept his government divorced from any responsibility for E.D.C., which meant that his government could not fall on a vote of confidence. Indeed, some of the bitterest criticism was provoked by this fact—that he took neither responsibility nor a side. Though he was reported to have strong objections to E.D.C. in its original form, he made no such significant statement while addressing the six special parliamentary committees but simply reiterated things that no one doubted—that he was a Western-minded man and a good European, and that only in the Atlantic alliance could he or his government or France find natural allies. His own Cabinet was so scrupulously and necessarily composed of Cédistes and Anticédistes that three of his Anticédiste Ministers resigned when he went to Brussels, because they thought he meant to try to change the treaty just enough to aid its passing, and three of his Cédiste Ministers threatened to resign during this last weekend, because they thought he was not doing enough to influence the Assembly to pass it. Alert but enigmatic on the rostrum during the debate, he said that his idea had been to take two of his Ministers—one for E.D.C. and one against it—and force them to work out a compromise together, as if mixing oil and water, which would give him something that would satisfy both parliamentary sides. As he frankly admitted on the rostrum, in doing so "I pleased neither side." In this idea of mixing the unmixables in order to work out a new formula that would serve France, he was perhaps the victim of his own sense of logic, which is highly developed. He was perhaps too logical in thinking it his duty impersonally to force a decision on the treaty, unlike Cédiste Foreign Ministers Bidault and Schuman, who were identified with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it but never brought it forward at all.

Mendès-France's attitude was, of course, an oddly transcendental one for a French Premier. In his strict refusal to reveal his attitude toward E.D.C., lest he influence the Assembly in what the French called *cette question de conscience*, he acted with the detachment of a constitutional monarch—rather as Queen Elizabeth might conduct herself. However, his admirers insist that by the time the question of E.D.C. fell to him, the reaction of the French to their own invention had changed. Jealous and nervous in the face of defeated Germany's usual phenomenal recovery and progress, greater than their own, the French now feared that, if rearmed, Germany would, as usual, attack France, in unremitting pursuit of the old idea of heading a hegemony of Europe, and thus start a world war. Alternatively, they feared that if the war was started by others, Germany would go over to Russia, for none of the French, whose ancestors froze with Napoleon on the Russian steppes (and probably none of the Germans, whose Nazi comrades froze as brittle as icicles in the drive to conquer Stalingrad), could believe that any army that has once tried to conquer Russia will ever try it again. These are some of the ideas that made many of the French feel that E.D.C., with its surrender of French sovereignty, was not worth the sacrifice.

The tragedy of Mendès-France is that he wanted to settle the question of E.D.C. one way or the other, in order to release France from her immobility and start her on her liberated modern way. He wanted to inaugurate a French New Deal that would save French capitalism and satisfy French workers. He wanted a positive majority in the Assembly without the Communists, whom he wished to treat as if they were on an island; when he was invested, he scornfully told them that he would not count their votes in figuring his majority. In the recent E.D.C. vote, it was the Communists who supplied the majority that carried what was supposed to be his side. He had remained so enigmatic as to provide his own fatal dilemma. The worst reproach made against him is that he did nothing to discourage the use of the *question préalable*, which was the poorest level on which E.D.C. could be decided. It will be a long time before the believers in E.D.C., who labored valiantly to save it, will forgive him for shutting off their voices. And the Communists, who never spoke once in the debates, don't

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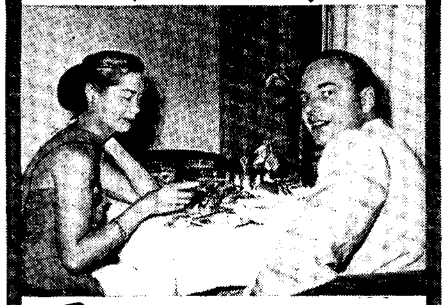

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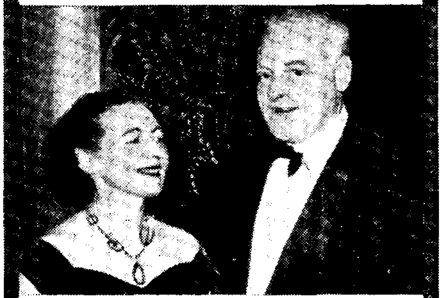
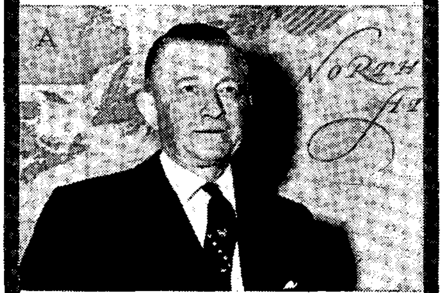


Food "I'd like to add the chef to my own staff," say Sir Colin and Lady Anderson.



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like him, either. The intellectualism of Mendès-France and the gerontocracy spoken for by old Herriot, both so representative of France, seem to have set France floating loose and alone at last.

In the few lines of melancholy editorial comment printed in the conservative *Figaro* the morning after E.D.C. fell, the paper's director, Pierre Brisson, who expresses himself in a signed article only when events are momentous, said, "M. Mendès-France did nothing to defend the liberties of his opponents. Silent on his bench, motionless, distant, he gave free rein to the maneuvers around him. A black curtain seemed by imperceptible degrees to fall on this funeral ceremony. One may well be frightened for tomorrow. But today is different. Today one is ashamed." —GENÊT

•

Most of the girls in my group have given and/or attended so many stork showers that the novelty of them is beginning to wear off. But they can be just as exciting as ever, and lots of fun too, if the shower is planned around a novel idea, like the "Pin Party" I went to recently.

The theme of this blessed event preview was "Pins," a mighty important accessory in any baby's life! As the guests arrived the hostess gave each one a necklace made of twelve safety pins. They were told that this was their fun equipment for the afternoon.

The first game was Pin Charades. Each girl had a chance to act out one thing you do with a baby, such as bathing, giving him the bottle, or weighing him. It cost each guest a pin to hazard a guess. The one who guessed correctly received a bonus of two pins from the actress player.

Another pin game which caused high hilarity was "Pin the Diaper Relay." Two naked dolls were placed on card tables on the far end of the room, together with two pins and a diaper. The guests were divided into two teams. At the signal from the hostess the first in each line went to the table, diapered the doll, carried it to the next in line, who undiapered it all over again, carrying it to the next in line. The team finishing first was awarded a pin from each of the losers.

After this strenuous activity a quieter game was begun. Guests were seated and given a piece of paper and a pencil. They were instructed to write as many words as they could think of beginning with "pin." There are many such words such as pinch, pinner, pinochle, pinafore, pinkie, pinkeye, and so on. The one having the largest number of correct words was awarded a pin from each of the others.

When it came time for refreshments the hostess passed around a bowl containing as many pins as there were guests. The pins varied in size from the biggest to the tiniest. These were the place cards, she said.—*American Baby.*

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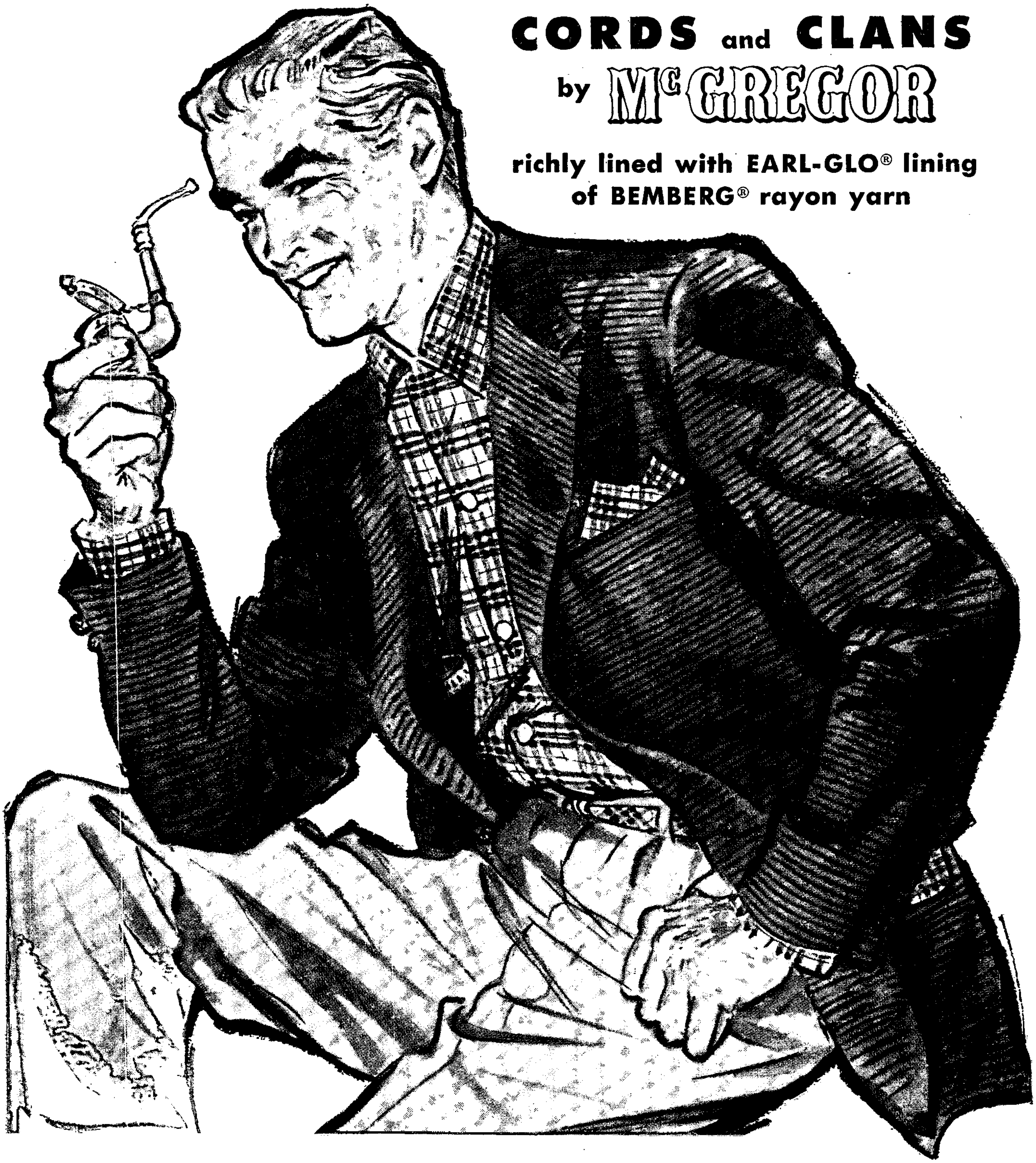

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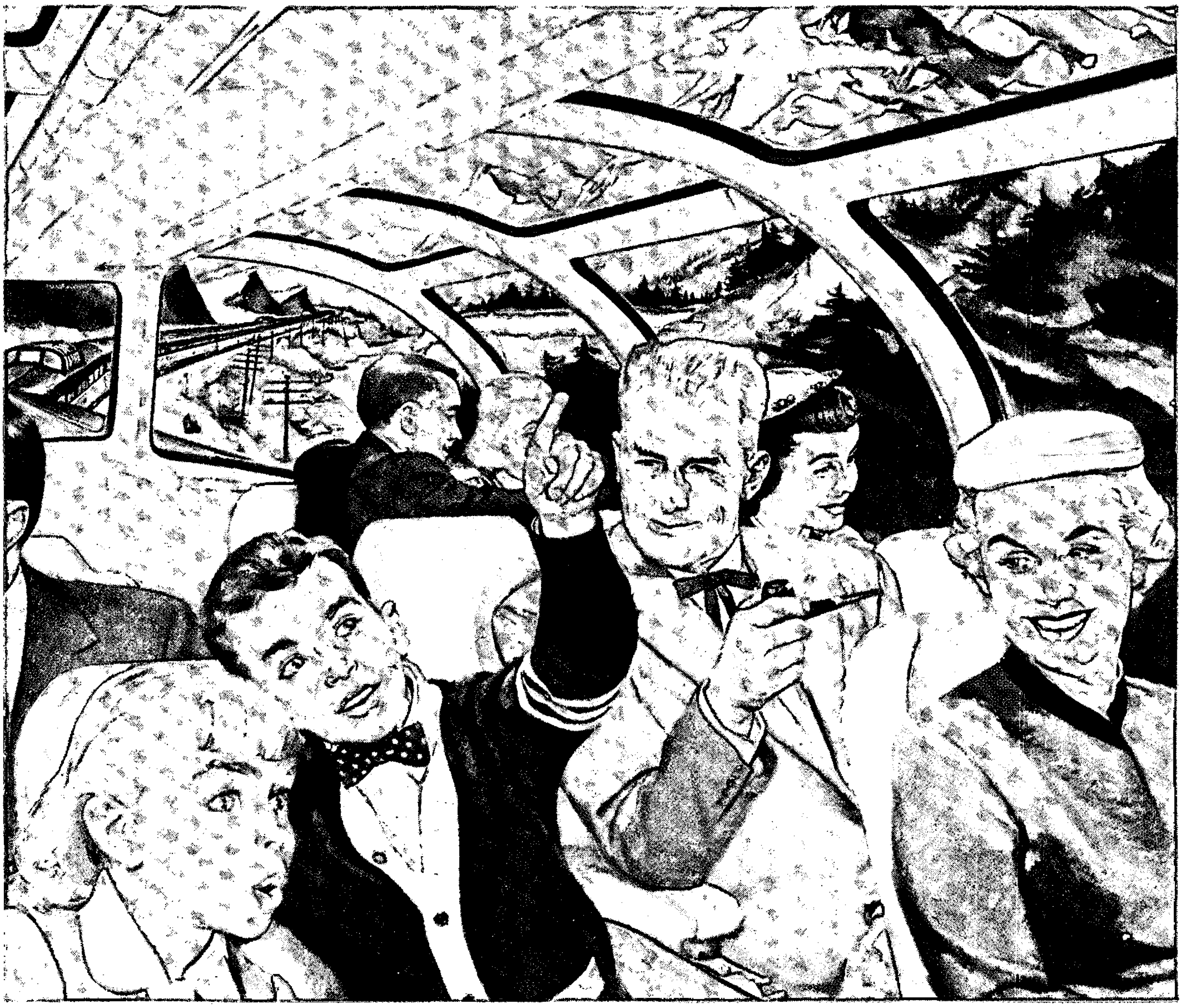

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POOR ANN!

TRACING one's genealogy would seem to be an amiable, harmless sort of pastime, but in the case of at least one man, a Midwestern textbook publisher named Lee Greenslit, it has led to the unearthing of a piece of ancient family history that, for all its remoteness, he finds deeply disturbing. Greenslit, now sixty-eight, became an amateur genealogist a number of years ago, out of a curiosity about his unusual surname and a desire to help a cousin, Miss Myrtle Judd, who is a sister of Congressman Walter H. Judd, of Minnesota, find out whether she qualified for membership in the Society of Mayflower Descendants. It has now been some years since he arrived at satisfactorily conclusive answers to both questions, and there are times when he finds himself wishing he had never let his researches carry him beyond those two specific objectives. His feelings are fully shared by a nephew of his, H. Vance Greenslit, of New Orleans. Acting as his uncle's deputy, the younger Greenslit, a lawyer who is also the president of the Teche Greyhound Lines, has for the past twelve years been trying to have one of Lee Greenslit's great-great-great-great-great-great-great-grandmothers cleared of the charge for which she was legally tried and executed. The charge was that she was a witch.

Lee Greenslit did much of his research in the libraries of Lincoln, Nebraska, where he lives, and the rest of it while travelling for his firm to Chicago, Boston, and other towns. A hobbyist setting his own leisurely pace, Greenslit kept at it for quite a while before he made his startling discovery, and during that time he came to know the genealogist's pleasurable sense of family continuity. As he dug deeper into the records, he learned that his ancestors had first settled in New England, and occasionally, finding himself in that part of the country on business, he would make a side trip to a nearby churchyard to contemplate the gray, lichened headstone of a forebear whose name he had lately come across in his reading. From the start, Greenslit had been aware in a general way that a number of his relatives had taken part in famous events of their time, and as he tracked down one after another of these individuals, he felt an inner excitement at learning the precise nature of their contributions to history. Thus, he was exhilarated to find that he had blood ties with a surgeon general of Colonial troops in the Revolutionary War, with a lieutenant under Miles Standish, with a casualty at the Battle of Quebec in the French and Indian War, and with an ensign who was a charter member of the Ancient and Honourable Artillery Company of Massachusetts, the first military company in America.

As for Greenslit's two original genealogical aims, Miss Judd is now regularly attending meetings of the Society of Mayflower Descendants, and while exploring some seventeenth-century records in the Essex Institute, at Salem, Massachusetts, about fifteen years ago, he ascertained that the name Greenslit was once the far more common one of Greenslade. The change came in the days of the ancestor whose fate has since caused him such distress—Ann Greenslade Pudeator. Her first husband was Thomas Greenslade, of Salem, by whom she had five children. When Greenslade died, in 1674, she was hired by Jacob Pudeator, a prosperous Salem blacksmith, to act as a nurse to his wife, who was an alcoholic. The wife died in 1675, and Pudeator married Mrs. Greenslade the following year. Six years later, Pudeator, too, died, leaving a will that provided generously for his widow. He also bequeathed small sums to his five stepchildren, and if it had not been for this kindness, Lee Greenslit today would in all probability be called Lee Greenslade, since Pudeator, who may have taken greater pains with horseshoes than he did with names, is on record as having written in his will that he wished to leave to "John Greenslit and to the other fore of my wife's children viz., Thomas, Ruth, Samuel and James Greenslit 5 pounds each." Greenslit, however, feels that the change could have been brought about not by Pudeator's carelessness but by that of the town clerk who transcribed the contents of the blacksmith's will into the official records of Salem. Proof that the children's surname was originally Greenslade is to be found in their own father's will, which Greenslit came upon in the Ipswich Quarterly Court Records, at Salem.

Greenslit had supposed at the beginning of his studies that finding the origin of his name would be their crowning point, but as things turned out, he gave it little more than passing attention. For, upon following Ann Greenslade Pudeator's life through to its end, he was appalled to learn that she had been one of the famous Salem witches, and had been hanged on September 22, 1692, for having practiced, in the words of her indictment, "Certaine detestable acts called witchcraft & Sorceries Wickedly Mallitiously and feloniously;" seven other Salem women, similarly charged, had shared her fate that day on a knoll outside Salem, which is now known as Gallows Hill. Greenslit could hardly believe it. "It

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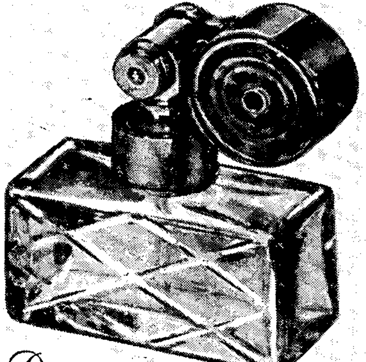

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was as though I'd been hit in the face by a broom," he later wrote to his nephew. While it would appear that association of ideas influenced Greenslit's choice of simile, he didn't realize its special appropriateness until further research on his part revealed that in the view of W. S. Nevins, an eminent nineteenth-century historian, the popular conception of witches flying around on broomsticks may be traceable to the case of Mrs. Pudeator. Nevins based his belief on two of the charges that were brought against her. He pointed out that one of the witnesses for the prosecution, a sixteen-year-old girl named Ann Putnam, who often testified at witchcraft trials in the Salem Special Court of Oyer and Terminer, said she had seen Mrs. Pudeator "fly through the air into her house," and that another witness, one Sam Pickworth, declared, "I was coming along Salem Street about six weeks ago when I saw a woman near Captain Higginson's house which I supposed was Ann Pudeator, and in a moment of time she past me as swift as if a bird flew past me and I saw said woman go into Ann Pudeator's house." Nevins, a rather sentimental historian, wrote, "It was too bad that the woman credited with supernatural powers could not fly away from her cruel fate."

In the opinion of C. W. Upham, a renowned authority on Salem witch-hunting, Mrs. Pudeator's trial produced "evidence [that] was, if possible, more frivolous and absurd than in other cases." The prosecution's testimony, as in all the witchcraft trials, was based on "spectral," or apparitional, evidence, which, while difficult to document, was considered admissible, in view of the unfair methods at the disposal of the satanic forces that were assumed to be pitted against the God-fearing members of the community. One of Mrs. Pudeator's accusers, John Best, whose mother she had nursed, testified, "My mother several times in her sickness complained that Ann Pudeator of Salem bewitched her and she believed she would kill her before she was done with her. Several times I went into the woods to fetch my father's cows and I, being alone, she would chide me when I came home from driving the cows back, for this reason I do believe said Pudeator to be a witch." Mary Warren, who was, like Ann Putnam, an adolescent and a veteran witness, testified that Mrs. Pudeator "often stuck her with pins, and it was either her or her apparition which was the cause of John Turner's falling off the cherry tree to

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his great hurt, and which amazed him in his head, and almost killed him, and also she killed her husband and John Best's wife." Other witnesses swore that they had seen apparitions of Mrs. Pudeator murdering their parents or children, biting and pinching various people, and, as a nurse, administering the Devil's potion to her patients. "Bitch-witch" and "Hag of Hell" where among the epithets applied to Mrs. Pudeator before she climbed Gallows Hill.

All told, twenty persons were put to death in Massachusetts during the 1692 manifestation of "witchcraft delusion," which is the term scholars often apply to outbreaks of this weird type of mass hysteria. The twenty could have saved themselves by confessing, as hundreds of other defendants did, that they had made a compact with the Devil, but they declined to confess any such thing. (These confessions were sought with considerable urgency; one of the twenty, a farmer and an alleged wizard named Giles Corey, was crushed to death by boulders that the authorities piled on his chest in an effort to make him admit his complicity with the Devil. His stubbornness, it has been suggested, was an act of atonement to his wife, against whom he had testified at a witchcraft trial that resulted in her being hanged. "More weight," he is supposed to have pleaded, gasping, as the local sheriff heaped rocks on him.) In 1710, nearly two decades after the last of the witch trials, the General Court of the Province of Massachusetts Bay, which was the colony's legislative body, in response to petitions signed by the families of fourteen of the twenty, declared fourteen of the witchcraft convictions null and void, and the following year the General Court passed an act authorizing financial restitution to the petitioners. But Mrs. Pudeator's name, Greenslit found, was missing from the list of the vindicated, along with the names of five other victims—presumably because the families involved had moved away, and therefore had not heard about the petitions. (He learned that several of Mrs. Pudeator's children had gone to live in Casco Bay, Maine.) In "Salem Witchcraft," Upham's authoritative work on the subject, Greenslit came on this passage: "In simple justice, they [the court] ought to have extended the act to all who had suffered; but they confined its effect to those in reference to whom petitions had been presented . . . so that the sentence which the Government acknowledged to have been unjust remains to this day unreversed against the names and memory

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of Bridget Bishop, Susanna Martin, Alice Parker, Ann Pudeator, Wilmot Reed, and Margaret Scott. The stain on the records of the Commonwealth has never been fully effaced."

The more Greenslit pondered Upham's words, the more unjust the court's action appeared to him. Still, he believed that there was no reason to grow indignant about it, for he was confident that the matter could be straightened out fairly easily; it was an oversight, he told himself—little more than a clerical error. Deciding that ways and means of correcting the error were matters that could best be looked into by a lawyer, he turned to his nephew for help. That was in 1942, and for twelve years now the nephew has been making determined attempts to right a wrong of more than two hundred and fifty years' standing.

NOT long ago, I spent an evening with H. Vance Greenslit at his home in New Orleans and listened to his account of the steps he has taken toward the achievement of his unusual aim. So far, as a result of his efforts, the Massachusetts Legislature has three times considered—and three times rejected—bills that would have vindicated Ann Pudeator and the five other Salem witches; editorial writers have argued the merits of the venerable case; descendants of a number of the witches, both exonerated and not exonerated, have sent him heartening messages, urging him to keep up the fight; and, what is perhaps most important to him, he has come to feel an intense personal involvement in the whole affair, which was the last thing he anticipated when he responded to his uncle's plea for help. "Perhaps Ann has bewitched me," he said to me, with a smile.

Greenslit is a husky, blue-eyed man of fifty-one, with a strong face, whose regular features give him a certain resemblance to Clark Gable. He has a deliberate manner, and hesitates before answering questions, but once he has framed his replies, he offers them freely. He was born in David City, Nebraska; attended nearby Hastings College; graduated, in 1928, from the University of Nebraska Law School, where he joined the Alpha Tau Omega fraternity; and is a member of the Ohio bar. Four years after getting his law degree, he moved from Cincinnati, where he had been practicing, to New Orleans. There, he became a claims attorney for the Teche Greyhound Lines, which is a division of the national Greyhound organization and operates in five South-

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ern states, with a payroll of nine hundred and a capitalization of around seven million dollars. Greenslit worked his way up in the company, becoming first its secretary and then its vice-president, and was made president in 1949. He is married and the father of five daughters. The eldest, who is a wife and mother, runs her own household, but her sisters, ranging in age from twenty-one to thirteen, live with him and his wife in a white frame house on a broad, quiet avenue, lined with pin oaks and hackberries, that is situated not far from the Tulane campus. The house, which was built eighty-five years ago, is big and comfortable; there are marble fireplaces throughout, and the rooms have the high ceilings and general spaciousness characteristic of their period. The room that Greenslit and I talked in gave me the impression of being sparsely furnished, although it contained a Steinway grand, a desk, a sofa, an English hunt table, and half a dozen easy chairs; hanging from the ceiling in outmoded splendor was a large, unlighted crystal chandelier, whose ornate prisms reflected the glow of the lamps in the room. We sat facing each other as we talked—Greenslit on the sofa and I in one of the easy chairs. Between us, on the hunt table, was a sheaf of papers relating to Mrs. Pudeator's case, which Greenslit consulted from time to time.

Right at the start, Greenslit made it clear to me that he had originally had no desire whatever to undertake the chore of absolving his ancient ancestor of a fancied guilt. He had felt he had enough to do without embarking on a project that seemed to him to border on the fantastic. His Greyhound job was a demanding one, he said, and often required him to work at night or to attend conferences out of town. With a family the size of his, something or other was always calling for his attention at home. His social life was a busy one, and he liked getting in his eighteen holes at the country club and spending an occasional evening at New Orleans' Pickwick Club. Besides all this, he was active in religious and civic affairs. He was chairman of the board of the Carrollton Avenue Methodist Church and president of the Methodist Home Hospital, and he was a member of the board of directors of the New Orleans Community Chest, the Chamber of Commerce, and the Council of Social Agencies, and a past president of Goodwill Industries and of the Travelers Aid Society of New Orleans. Moreover, he said, clearing Mrs. Pudeator's all but forgotten name smacked of being a

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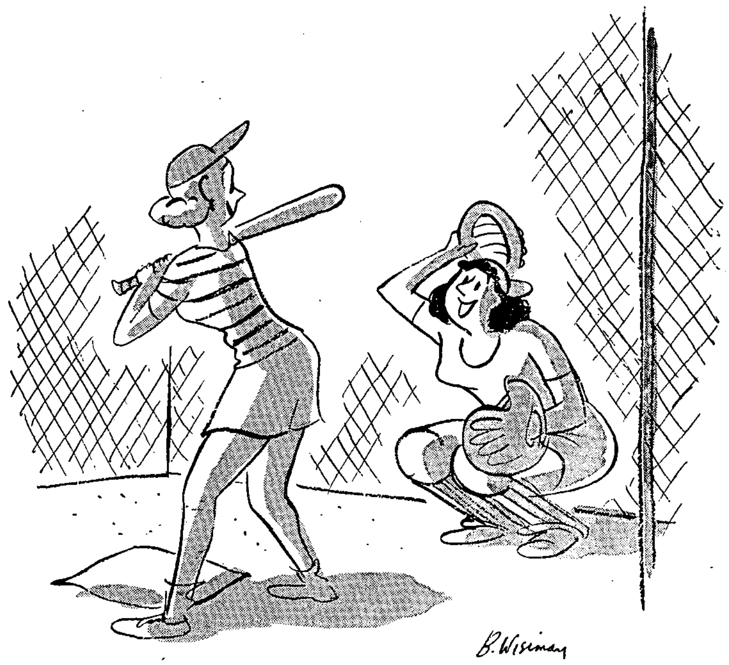

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cause, and, as an executive in a government-regulated industry, he had an ingrained distaste for that sort of thing; with legislation affecting bus lines constantly coming up both in Washington and in state capitals all over the nation, it just didn't make sense for someone like him to get himself embroiled in public issues, however limited in scope. "One thing I'd learned after spending a good bit of time around statehouses was that anything controversial inevitably gets mixed up with politics," he said.

It was in September, 1942, while Greenslit was paying a visit to his parents at their home in Lincoln, that his uncle, an amiable but persistent man, implored him to take a look at the material he had accumulated on Mrs. Pudeator. Finally, just before returning to New Orleans, the younger Greenslit indulgently suggested that his uncle mail the stuff to him at his office. At home again, he had almost forgotten about Mrs. Pudeator when a package arrived from Nebraska. Greenslit told me that at first glance the contents seemed to be only a dull collection of genealogical tables, copied by his uncle in green ink on foolscap, and he was about to put them aside when he came across a sheet of paper on which his uncle had transcribed the plea Mrs. Pudeator made to her judges after being sentenced to death. Greenslit extracted the document from the papers on the table and handed it to me. It read:

> The humble petition of Ann Pudeator unto ye honored Judge and Bench now sitting in Judicature in Salem humbly Sheweth.
>
> That whereas your Poor and humble Petitioner being condemned to die and knowing in my own conscience as I shall shortly answer it before ye Great God of heaven, who is the searcher and knower of all hearts: That the Euidence of Jno Best Sen'r and Jno Best Jun'r and Sam'll Pickworth wch was giuen in against me in Court were all of them altogether false and untrue and besides the abovesaid Jno Best hath been formerly whipt and likewise is recorded for A Lyar. I would humbly begg of yo'r honours to Take it into your Judicious and Pious consideration That my life may not be taken away by such false euidences and witnesses as these be likewise ye euidence given in against me by Sarah Church and Mary Warren I am altogether ignorant off and know nothing in ye least measure about it, nor nothing else concerning ye crime of witchcraft for wch I am condemned to die as will be known to men and angells att the great day of Judgment, begging and imploring your prayers att the throne of grace in my behalfe and your poor and humble petition'r shall for ever pray as she is bound in duty for your hon'r health

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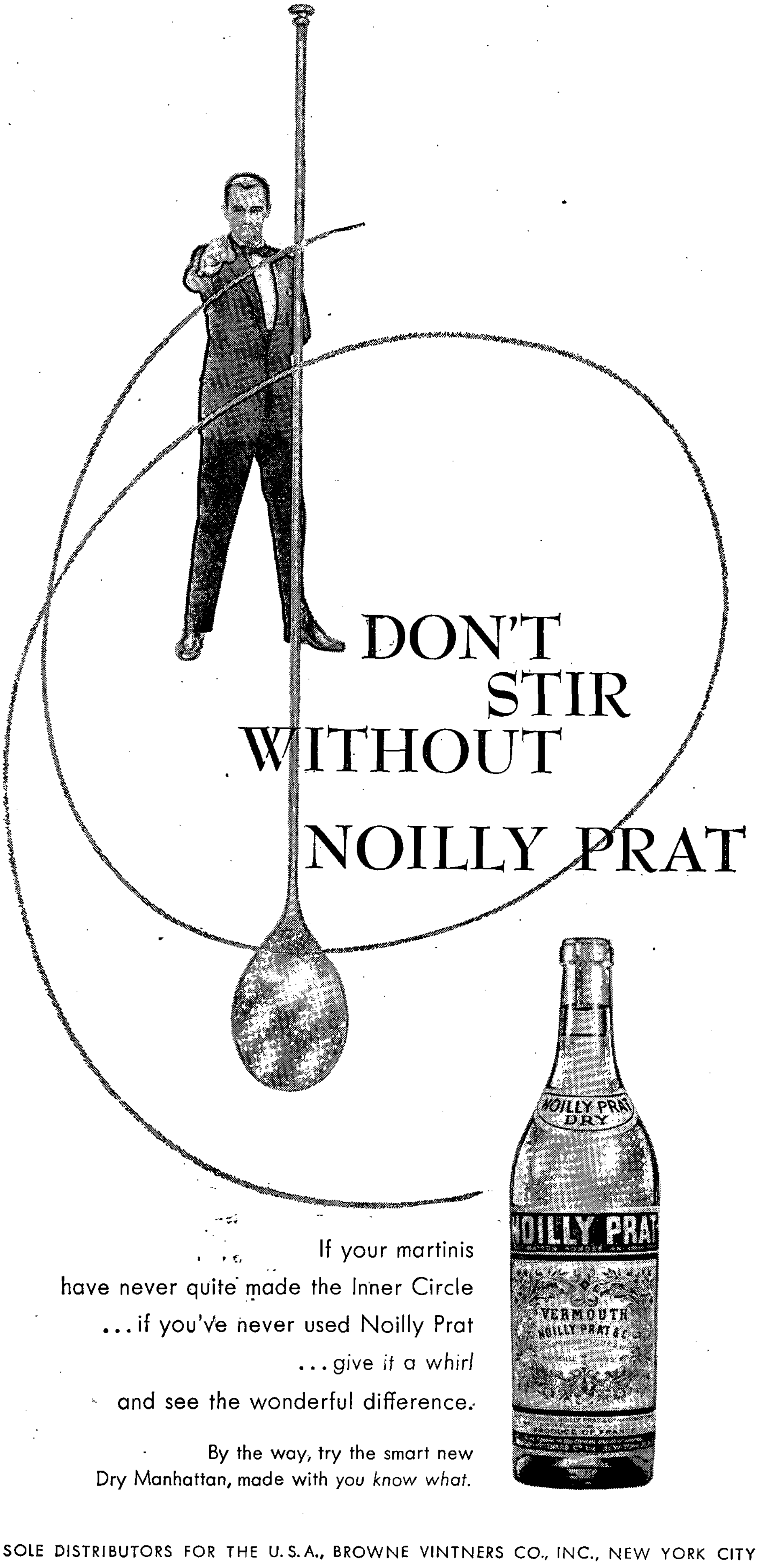
When I had finished reading this paper, Greenslit took it back and returned it slowly to the table. After a moment, he said, "She was quite a lady. I've been sure of that ever since I read her plea. It moved me deeply. Imagine responding that way upon being told, at the age of sixty-four—after raising five children, after a nursing career—that you were to die because someone said you'd flown into your house. She was pleading with her judges, of course, but she was also praying for them. No Greenslit I've ever known would have behaved like that. Personally, I'd have been damned angry. My uncle had told me that a New England writer, about a hundred years ago, called Ann one of the genuine martyrs of history, but I'd had no idea of the extent she'd carried it to. Suddenly, I felt extremely proud of being her descendant. I hadn't been particularly family-conscious before, and it was a peculiar feeling."

For the next few weeks, Greenslit said, he did nothing about Mrs. Pudeator, although she was on his mind a good deal of the time. Then, one morning shortly before Thanksgiving Day, his office mail included a professional directory of Alpha Tau Omega members, and he impulsively looked to see if he had a fraternity brother in Salem, Massachusetts, who was a lawyer. He found one—Robert W. Hill, Tufts, '04, a special justice of the First District Court of Essex County. Greenslit thereupon called in his secretary and got off a letter to Hill, introducing himself as a brother in the bond, outlining the case of Ann Pudeator, and asking if he happened to know of a Massachusetts state legislator "who might be interested in sponsoring a bill to purge the good name of what must have been quite a lady." He also made it clear that he was not seeking damages.

When Greenslit got home that night, he mentioned the letter to his wife, who was noncommittal. "I felt uncertain about going ahead with such an unusual thing," he told me. "People might think I was off my rocker if it ever got out." He went on to say that although he had consulted the fraternity directory and written to Hill on the spur of the moment, he had known for the past month or so that sooner or later he was bound to take some such step, for a careful reading of his uncle's papers had brought out a number of details that confirmed his first impression of Mrs. Pudeator. "What did she do the first time she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was widowed?" Greenslit asked rhetorically. "Hired out as a nurse—a sort of work that calls for an unselfish streak. Pudeator's drinking wife must have been a difficult patient, but Ann took care of her until the end. She must have made Pudeator a good wife or he'd never have been so generous to her in his will, let alone leaving anything to her children by a previous husband. He left Ann plenty of cash, two parcels of land, and two large houses, but she went right on nursing—and with five children of her own to look after. 'Prompt in offices of charity and sympathy,' Upham says of her. Maybe I tended to idealize her because of her suffering, but anyway I finally came to the point of deciding that I'd do what I could for her even if it did make me appear eccentric. Obviously, there was nothing practical to be gained. It was simply a matter of principle—something was due Ann. Just because she had been dead a long while didn't affect the principle. And there was a more personal element in it, too. As far as I was concerned, it boiled down to defending a member of the family. Maybe I wouldn't have bothered if I'd found that the Greenslit line was riddled with pirates and cutthroats. But my uncle's research showed that Ann was the only blot on our record—unless you count the fact that it took so long for any of her descendants to speak up for her."

Hill's reply, beginning "Dear Brother Greenslit," arrived early in December. Hill was interested in the case. If a bill was to be presented to the legislature, he thought, it ought to be drafted to accord as nearly as possible with the precedent set in 1711, even to the extent of asking token damages. (The Puritans had awarded sums ranging from thirty-five to seven hundred and fifty dollars.) Greenslit passed along Hill's recommendation to his uncle, who whimsically replied, "Why not put in a claim for $250, or a dollar for every year since the execution? Poor Ann!" Greenslit himself was cheered by his fraternity brother's letter. He was confident that a lawyer with connections of the sort that Hill must have would be able to get the bill introduced, and that once that was done, everything would go along smoothly. "I felt less foolish after hearing from Hill," Greenslit said. "It was reassuring to know that someone outside the family could take Ann's case seriously."

GREENSLIT didn't hear from Hill again for a little more than a year. Then the Salem lawyer wrote that

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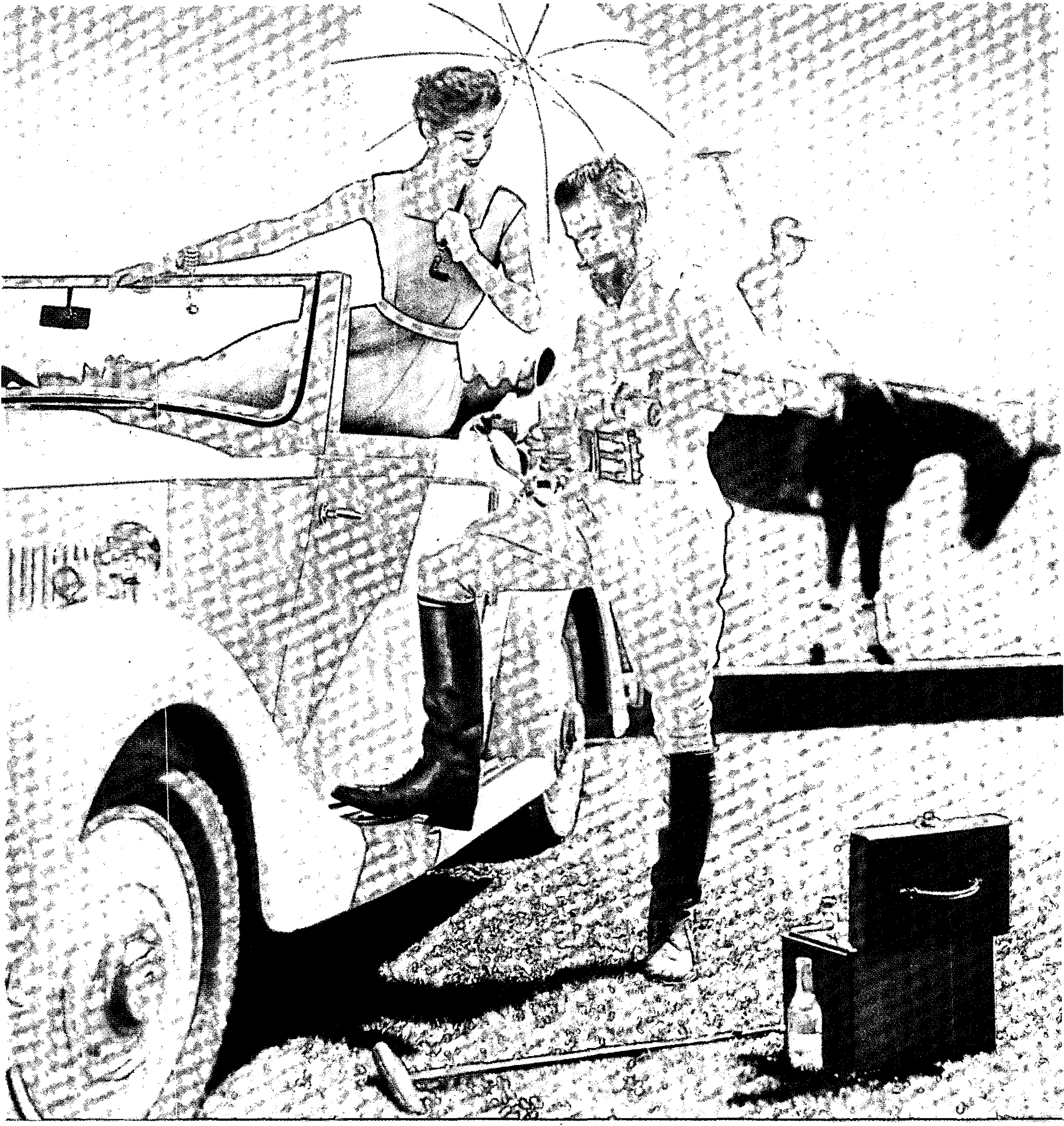

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members of his staff had examined the archives of the Essex Institute, in Salem, and the State House, in Boston, and had come up with definite proof that Mrs. Pudeator had never been exonerated, thereby giving him a sound basis on which to proceed. He had not written sooner, he explained, because when Greenslit's original letter reached him it had not been possible to get the wheels turning in time for action by the 1943 legislature, and, as a matter of fact, the research had taken so long that it now looked as if the earliest they could hope to get a bill included in the legislative docket was January, 1945—a year away. Hill said he would have the bill drawn up by then, and, provided Greenslit gave his consent, he would phrase it so as to provide for the vindication of all six witches, not just Mrs. Pudeator; otherwise, he was afraid that the legislators would turn it down on the ground that they might have to pass five more bills like it. Greenslit did give his consent, on the supposition that the other victims had been as innocent as his own ancestor. "I'm sure there never was any such thing as witchcraft," he told me earnestly.

Hill persuaded his local senator, J. Elmer Callahan, to agree to sponsor the bill when the legislature convened in January, 1945. In his next letter to Greenslit, he wrote that he had decided to abandon the idea of asking damages, because it might antagonize the legislators. In other respects, however, the bill adhered closely to the 1711 act:

> *Resolved* [it read], That whereas, in the year one thousand six hundred and ninety-two, at a special court of oyer and terminer held at Salem in the county of Essex, one Ann Pudeator together with divers other persons were severally indicted, convicted and attainted of witchcraft, and
>
> Whereas, such indictments, convictions and attainders still remain a matter of record as to said Ann Pudeator and several of such other persons,
>
> The several indictments, convictions, judgments and attainders for witchcraft against the said Ann Pudeator and all other persons obtained in the special court of oyer and terminer at Salem in the county of Essex in the year one thousand six hundred and ninety-two, and not heretofore reversed and declared null and void, be and hereby are reversed and declared to be null and void to all intents, constructions and purposes whatsoever, as if no such indictments, convictions, judgments and attainders had ever been had, returned or entered.

Another letter from Hill contained the surprising bit of information that a bill somewhat similar to the one he had drafted was already up for consideration; it called for the exonera-

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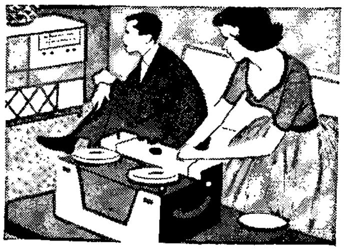

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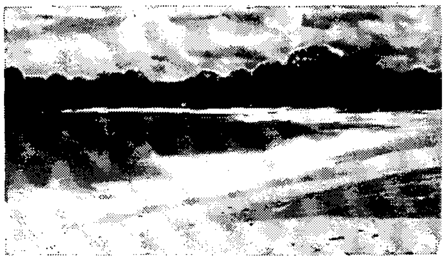

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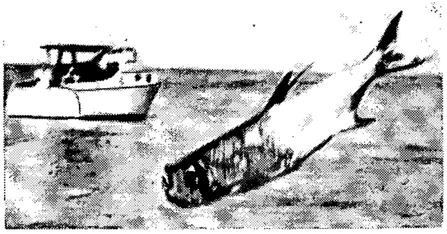

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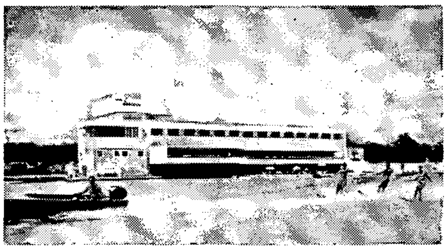

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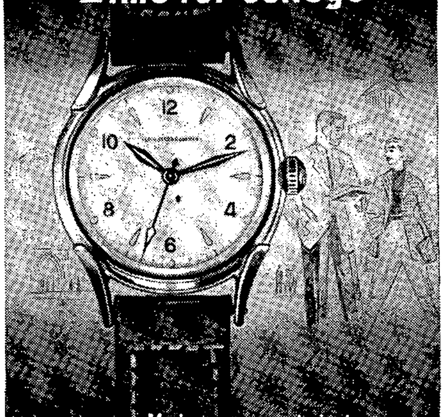
tion of Anne Hutchinson, the outspoken religionist who was banished from Massachusetts in 1637 for expressing unorthodox opinions of the sermons she heard in church. (Like Roger Williams, she sought refuge in Rhode Island.) Hill thought that the coincidence might be a good thing, for the Hutchinson bill had been reported favorably to the Senate by the Committee on Constitutional Law, whose chairman happened to be Senator Callahan, and "presumably will be passed." Hill's optimism grew when he was able to advise his client that their bill, too, had been received by Senator Callahan's committee. "I think it will make it much easier sailing," he wrote, and added, "I am enjoying the experience and the liberal education which I am receiving, and once the matter is closed the charge . . . will be comparatively nominal, which information will probably not be unduly disturbing to you." Greenslit, believing that the victory was all but won, relayed word of the encouraging developments to his uncle in Nebraska, who wrote back, "I am gradually getting the news to the 'about to be free relations.' "

But then a hitch developed. The secretary of the Massachusetts bar, a man with a deep interest in New England history, appeared before Senator Callahan's committee and vigorously attacked both the Hutchinson and the Pudeator measures, on the ground that "it is fooling with history and I don't believe in it." The secretary has since said that although the position he took applied to both bills, his primary target was Anne Hutchinson, rather than Ann Pudeator and the five other witches. "Anne Hutchinson was an agitator, and a dull one," he says. "She must have been an awful nuisance to her neighbors who were trying to settle down in a new land. I don't blame them for asking her to leave." Hill argued before Senator Callahan's committee that while it was manifestly impossible to change history, since it had already taken place, it was altogether reasonable to recognize officially, with the perspective of time, that Ann Pudeator and her kind had been guilty of no crime but had been victimized by, as he put it, "a bobby-sox brigade.".

Both the Hutchinson and the Pudeator bills reached the floor of the legislature, but by then the words of the bar secretary, who was a man of some prestige in the state, had apparently made the legislators wary. Notwithstanding the quite different backgrounds of the two Colonial ladies, their

Time for college



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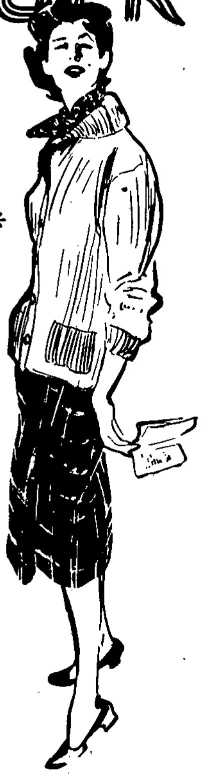

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latter-day fortunes were lumped together as a legislative problem, and both bills were defeated by a voice vote.

Hill had the Pudeator bill sponsored again the following year (the Hutchinson bill wasn't up for consideration at that session), but that proved to be too soon. The legislators quickly recognized it as the unusual measure of the previous session, and one of them complained that considering it annually was a frivolous waste of time. A majority of his colleagues agreed, and the bill was voted down. Hill, writing to his client in October, 1946, after this second setback, said that if Greenslit was interested in trying again, he had better wait a few years, rather than aim for the next session, "as too many of those now in the Legislature will still be there." Greenslit wrote back that he was prepared to keep up the fight, but he told me that actually he had little enthusiasm for it by that time. He was bewildered by the turn things had taken. He had never been to New England, and he got to wondering what sort of place it was anyway. "I couldn't see any future for that bill after it had been turned down twice," he said, resettling himself comfortably on his sofa. "So I tried to forget it. If it couldn't pass without a fuss, I wasn't going to make a holy show of myself pushing it. As it was, the press had printed stories about it, and I felt conspicuous enough. I must admit, though, that the effect of the stories in the papers was somewhat consoling. A surprising number of my friends who read about the bill congratulated me on my stand. A few twitted me, of course, but most of them were extremely sympathetic and wanted to know all about Ann. A couple of them even used words like 'noble' and 'wonderful' to describe what I'd done. That was nonsense, of course, but the response was most reassuring just the same."

The efforts Greenslit made to forget the whole matter were hampered by the fact that people he had never heard of kept writing to him about it. "A co-ed who was preparing a college thesis on witch-hunting in Puritan times appealed to me as an expert on demonology," he told me, with a smile. "I'm afraid she didn't realize that my specialty is buses." Several descendants of American witches sent letters of encouragement, and he was impressed by the pride they took in their distinction. "The ones whose ancestors had only been jailed, and not hanged, for witchcraft sounded rather apologetic," he said. Some of those who wrote to him, he went on, were convinced that the injustices their

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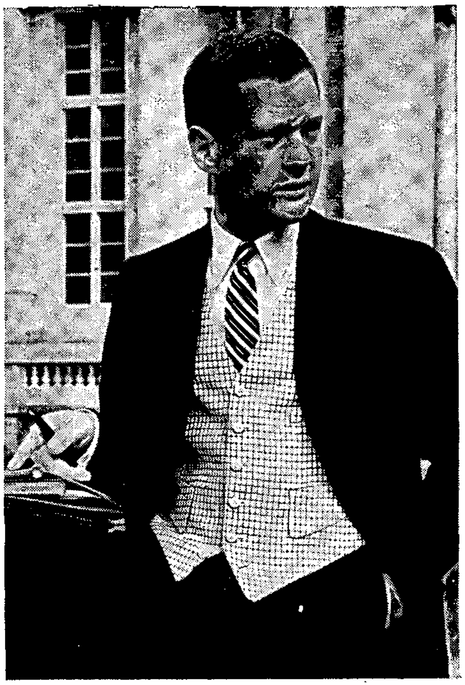
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ancestors suffered had helped promote civilizing influences in this country. A woman in Chicago, for example, wrote that she had a Puritan ancestor who had advanced the cause of religious freedom by going to the gallows for insisting that Quakers be allowed to worship freely in Massachusetts, which was then a theocracy. "Many unpleasant and un-American things were done by these early governors whose descendants are so proud of them," she declared. Perhaps his most outstanding correspondent, Greenslit said, was Mrs. H. J. Gibson, of St. Louis, a descendant of *two* witches. "And, to top it all off, she turned out to be a missing Greenslit my uncle didn't know anything about," he continued. "She was descended from Ann, like us, and also from Susanna Martin, who not only was hanged together with Ann but was one of the six unexonerated witches included in my unlucky bill. Mrs. Gibson said she was proud of both ladies and wanted to help me."

Letters were not the only things that kept reminding Greenslit of Ann Pudeator. Busy though he was, what with buying his present house and moving into it, giving his eldest daughter in marriage, and taking over the presidency of the bus company, he seemed to be forever meeting up with something that brought her to mind. Once, he recalled, he picked up the Halloween issue of a Sunday supplement and found himself unreasonably put out by a gaily colored caricature of a witch, with broomstick, on its cover. Then, another previously uncharted Greenslit—the genial, elderly Mayor of Hico, Texas—telephoned from a New Orleans hotel, where he and his wife were vacationing, to say that they had read all about Greenslit's difficulties and sympathized with him. Greenslit invited the couple out to his house, and learned that the Mayor had once lived in New Orleans and had been the organist at the church he himself now attends. "He was Wade H. Greenslit, probably a descendant of Ann's son Thomas," Greenslit told me. And there was the rather grim Christmas card that Greenslit's uncle got up in 1951 and sent to all the known members of the family. It was a mimeographed copy of Ann Pudeator's plea to her judges, followed by the words "I hope your Christmas will be merrier than the Christmas of Ann Pudeator's children in 1692." Visits that Greenslit made to his parents in Nebraska also served as reminders. "I'd see my uncle while I was there and we'd talk about our Ann," he told me. "That

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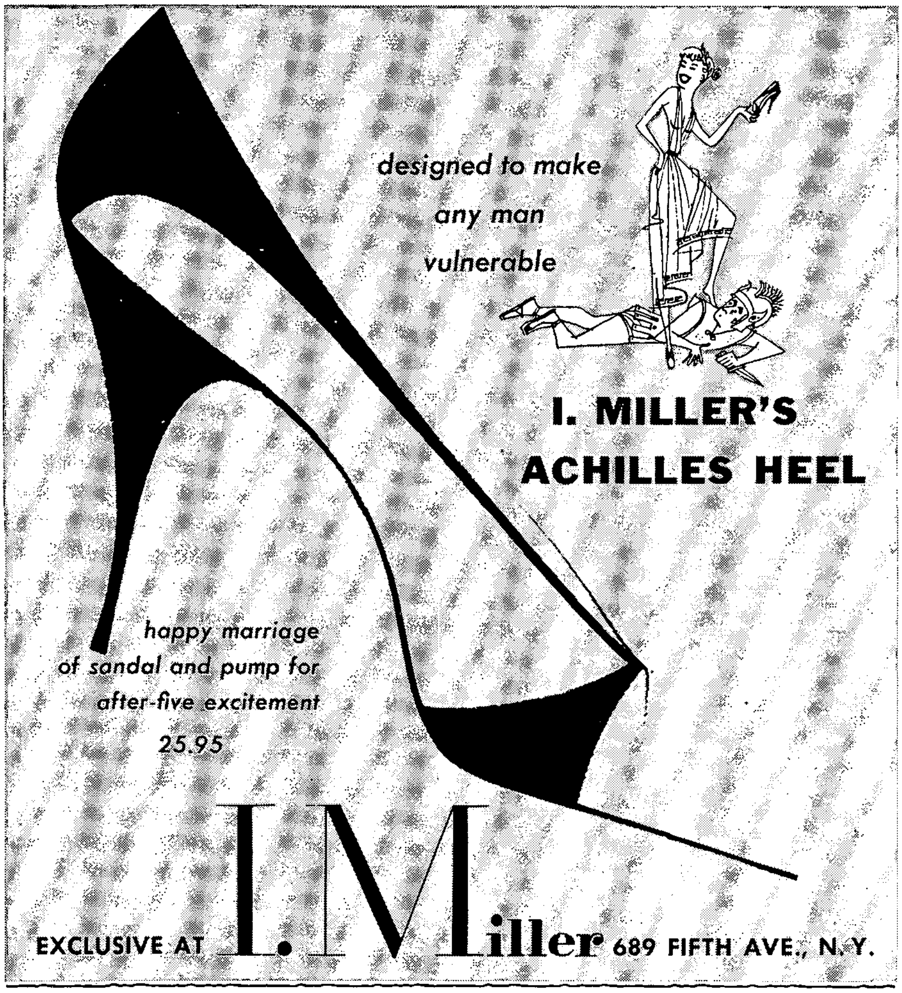
was what we called her when we were together. In our letters, she was 'Ann.' At first, we referred to her as 'the witch in our family' or 'our ancestor who was hanged,' but after a while we felt we knew her too well for that. Unfortunately, there is no actual picture of her, but I've come to have my own idea of what she looked like. I think of her as a pleasant woman—a little lacking in humor, perhaps, and rather on the serious side, but given to accepting things as they come. She was neat of dress, and I imagine that she was rather small of stature, though why, I don't know, for I have never heard anything one way or the other about that. The name Pudeator has always sounded Latin to me, so I see her as dark-eyed, which is absurd, since Pudeator wasn't her own name and Jacob Pudeator, I understand, may have emigrated from one of the Channel Islands. When I visualize her, she is never seated. She is standing in the courtroom, speaking in a low, firm voice to her judges, who suspect that they are listening to the truth but are determined to stick to the rules."

Greenslit said that in a further effort to put his mind at rest about the case he deliberately set out to find a rational explanation of the wave of witch-hunting in Salem. The Puritans at the time, he learned, were beset by drought, smallpox, and hostile Indians. The Bay Company had lost its charter in 1684; this meant that the titles to property issued under it were no longer valid, and no one knew for certain whose land was whose. Furthermore, the fate of the Puritans' theocratic form of government was hanging in the balance. Under the charter, only Puritans had been allowed to vote, but now their power was threatened by the possibility that the members of other sects would be given the franchise. The Reverend Increase Mather, sent to England as a special envoy, had been trying since 1688 to negotiate a renewal of the charter, but it was rumored that his diplomacy was proving inadequate to the task, and the Puritans were apprehensive. Puritan theologians interpreted all this trouble as proof that their godly community had been infiltrated by agents of the Devil, who were out to found Satan's Kingdom on the ruins of their church. Moreover, many learned people believed that Doomsday would arrive soon—possibly before the end of the century—and this added to the feeling of urgency about the need to root out Satan's followers. "I kept telling myself all these things, but such explanations probably mean more to scholars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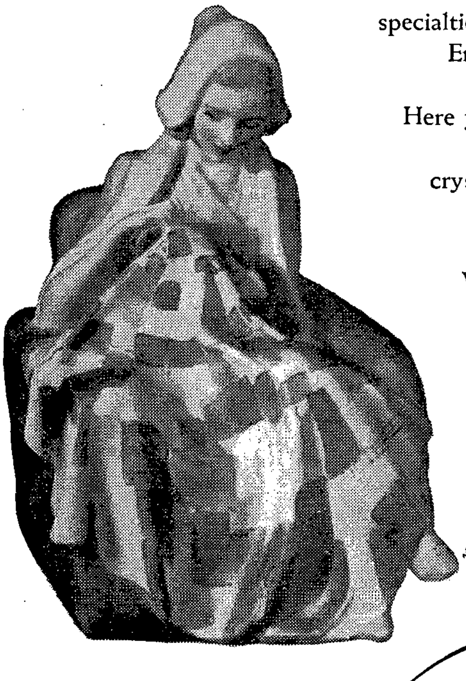

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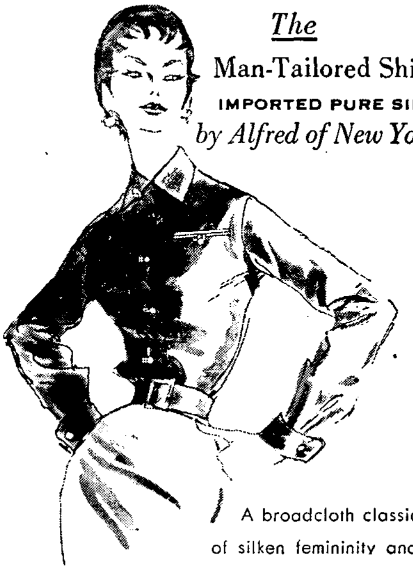
than they do to me," Greenslit said. "Maybe the Puritans weren't hysterical fanatics, as some people claim, but just plain stupid. I can't see why they didn't devote their energies to their real problems rather than to having neighbor testify against neighbor. Historically speaking, I suppose, the phenomenon was over quickly, since it lasted only a few months, but from Ann's standpoint it lasted forever."

Occasionally, Greenslit said, weeks would go by in which the matter of Ann Pudeator didn't once cross his mind, and then, when something happened to make him think of her again, he would feel guilty of having let her down. Nevertheless, he was aware that, in a way he could not precisely define, she steadily played a part in his approach to his job—a part so subtle that he was seldom conscious of it until afterward. For one thing, he said, his company employed undercover agents to check on the conduct of its drivers, and it became his policy, whenever an agent filed a derogatory report—alleging discourtesy to passengers, say, or the pocketing of fares—to have a second agent make a corroborative investigation, in order to minimize the chances that an employee would be disciplined for something he didn't do. For another thing, in 1951 Greenslit had it specifically written into his company's contract with the drivers' union that any employee could appeal to him from a decision of the grading board, which had theretofore been the court of last resort for employees who claimed to have received unfair treatment at the hands of the company. "Of course, it would be an exaggeration to say that Ann alone was responsible for things like these," he told me. "Still, I was so aware of her plight that it seemed natural for me to be concerned with them." Greenslit went on to say that Ann Pudeator was also vaguely but perceptibly on his mind when it came to his domestic affairs; several times when he was thinking about his eldest daughter, his ancestor drifted into his consciousness. "My daughter's name is Ann, too, which may be the explanation," he said. "When she was about to have her baby, I remember—it was early in 1952—I was thinking of her one day and, suddenly, there was the other Ann. I was struck then by the thought that she'd had five children, just as I have, and I wondered about the humiliation they suffered when their mother was denounced as a witch. It occurred to me that perhaps Ann's children were just as glad not to have the spelling of their names cor-



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rected, after that humiliation. There's no proof that they felt that way, to be sure, but on the other hand it's not the sort of thing you find in genealogical records."

LATE in August, 1953, Greenslit was reading a letter he had just dictated for the information of several Alabama state senators who were engaged in drafting some legislation that had to do with buses. He was about to sign it when, idly glancing at the date, he recalled that the legislatures of all but fourteen of the states in the union convene only in odd-numbered years, and right then he found himself more interested in the fact that Massachusetts, whose legislature convenes annually, was one of the exceptions than that Alabama was not. It was almost exactly seven years, he realized, since his bill had last been defeated. He called in his secretary and dictated a letter to Hill, asking him if he thought it was time for another try. Hill replied that he was "in doubt" as to whether it was the best moment to bring up a bill dealing with witch-hunting, but that he would sound out one or two legislators on the matter. He would have to move quickly, he said, because the first Wednesday in December was the deadline for getting legislation on the next session's calendar. "This time I will be more cautious and will not blithely predict a satisfactory outcome," Hill concluded.

The bill was brought before the lower house last March 5th by Phil J. Durkin, a Salem representative, who, in line with Hill's policy of caution, presented it on a day when a whole batch of minor measures were being jammed through. The House passed the bill unanimously, without discussion. (One of the representatives who voted for it was William F. Nourse, of Medfield, a descendant of an executed witch.) All hope of hustling the bill through the Senate in a similarly unobtrusive fashion was lost when the press widely acclaimed the action of the House and prophesied that the bill would soon become law. A dozen or more reporters called Greenslit up to ask how he felt about his impending triumph. "I simply told them I was pleased with the way things looked," he said.

The Senate, fully primed, received the bill on March 10th. By then, a rumor had somehow gained currency among the senators that if Mrs. Pudeator was vindicated, Greenslit and his relatives would attempt to reclaim her property, which had been confiscated by the Special Court of Oyer and Ter-

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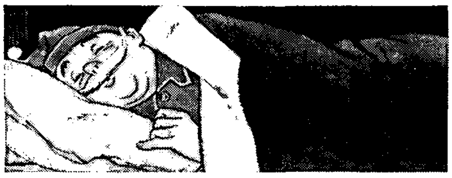

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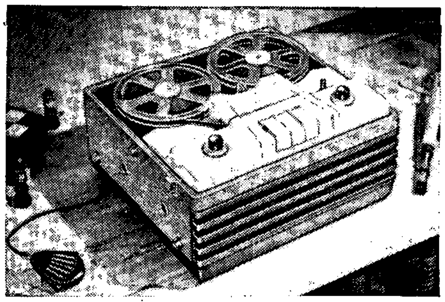
miner upon her conviction. When the bill came up, the Senate majority leader warned his colleagues that its passage might lay the basis for a damage suit against the Commonwealth. This stimulated further opposition. One senator contended that if all the Salem witches were cleared, the town's tourist trade would suffer. (Two hundred thousand visitors spend four million dollars there annually, and souvenir auto plates proclaim Salem as "The Witch City.") A second senator felt that if Greenslit was turned down, he would doubtless persist in his fight and thus bring the Commonwealth much valuable publicity. A third questioned the Senate's jurisdictional authority in the matter, maintaining that the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, which hadn't been in existence in 1692, was not accountable for the deeds of the Province of Massachusetts Bay.

The bill's sponsor on this occasion, a young senator from Pittsfield named Silvio Conte, declared that the bill was not an act but merely a resolution—an expression of opinion on the part of the Commonwealth. Consequently, no descendants of Mrs. Pudeator or of the other witches could collect a cent unless the legislature approved a special appropriations act for that purpose, and this, he submitted, wasn't likely. He argued that the General Assembly had been negligent in 1711, and that the legislature, as its successor, would do well to make up for that negligence, whatever the effect on publicity and the tourist trade. And, injustice aside, Conte went on, some sort of debt was owed Mrs. Pudeator and the others for having refused to testify against themselves; in doing so, he claimed, they had demonstrated to posterity the danger inherent in a process of law that relies on such testimony. As for the question of jurisdiction, Conte thought that was a quibble. If the legislature had the authority to absolve the witches, well and good; if it should ever be established that it did not have that authority, what harm would have been done? The Senate, however, couldn't see it that way and, in a roll-call vote, turned the bill down by a count of seventeen to ten. Conte asked for and obtained a reconsideration of the bill, which resulted in a second day's debate and a second defeat. A headline in the New York *Post* on the afternoon of that day announced, "SALEM WITCHES KEPT ON BROOM TO BEWITCH TOURISTS."

"The papers called me up all over again," Greenslit said. "I told them I intended to continue the fight. Of



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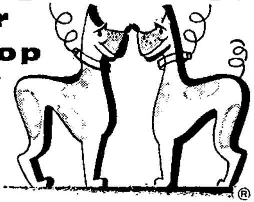

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course, I'd told Hill that years before, but this time there was no doubt in my mind. I felt that the whole business had gone too far to be abandoned, and that it had to be resolved, one way or the other. Either a wrong had been committed or it hadn't." The next time the bill comes up, Greenslit plans to go to Boston and speak personally in its favor. And he may put in a direct word for it even before that. Sometime later this year, he told me, he expects to make his first trip to New England, and if he does, he hopes, with Hill's help, to meet the legislative leaders who are opposed to the bill. "I want to tell them about Ann," Greenslit said. "I also want to convince them I'm not out for any money, and perhaps I can answer whatever other objections they have. I realize that it's difficult for men in public life—or any of the rest of us, for that matter—to turn around and admit an error, but after all one article of the Christian faith is that it is never too late to make amends."

Greenslit is convinced that if he ultimately fails to get Ann Pudeator's name vindicated, some other descendant of hers will pick up where he leaves off. "Someone will always remember," he said. "That's one of the results of any injustice." And if Greenslit succeeds, he added, he will probably miss Ann Pudeator. "It would seem as if she had finally been laid to rest," he said. "I've come to feel closer to Ann than to some of my living relatives." Assuming that he lives to see Ann Pudeator exonerated, he trusts he will never form another such attachment, and yet, improbable as it appears on the face of it, he is far from sure that he won't have an opportunity to do so. His uncle has continued to burrow into genealogical records and is now some five hundred years past the seventeenth century. "He's turned up a signer of the Magna Carta in our family, and he's headed still deeper into the Middle Ages," Greenslit said, with a smile. "I understand the woods were full of witches in those days." —DANIEL LANG

•

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I knew I was being watched by so many people; I was an insect under a microscope. Oh, how I detest publicity! —*Page 12.*

We have just heard on the wireless that we sailed from Weymouth in the early hours this morning and that despite rough seas we were seen making good progress two hours later. What a thrill to hear oneself mentioned! —*Page 17.*

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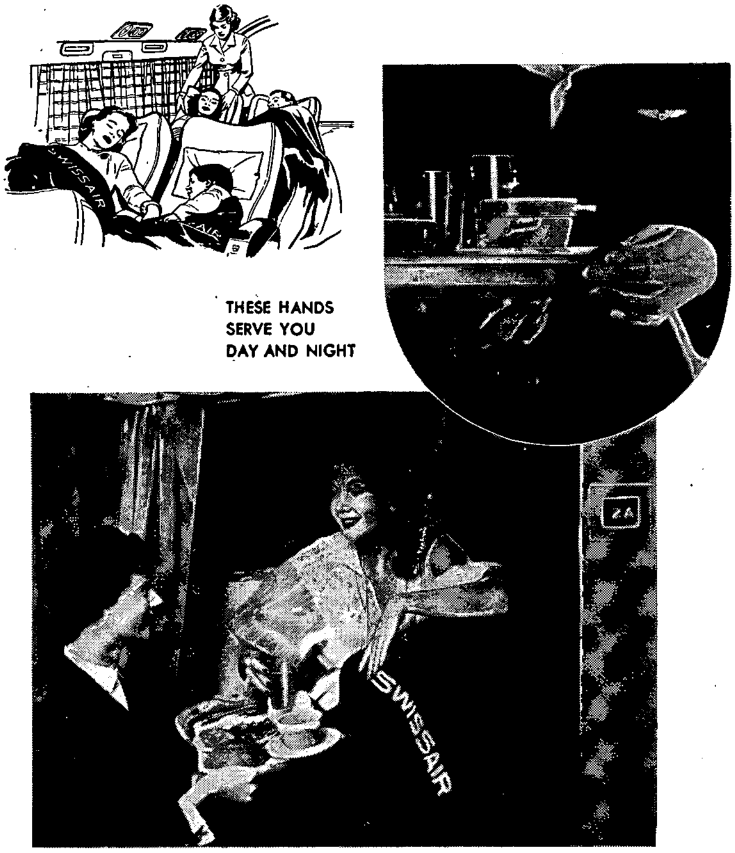

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TITI

NOTHING could have been more different from Shady Hill, the noisy open-air progressive school in Cambridge, Massachusetts, where I had been educated up till then, than the Institut Belge de Culture Française, where I went to school for the winter when I was twelve. Twelve is not one of the easier years in any child's life.

The Institut was housed in a many-windowed, low brick private dwelling in the newer part of Uccle, a suburb of Brussels that still keeps the flavor of a village. There are open meadows with cows in them nearby, and a magnificent formal park, once a private estate, as well as a charming eighteenth-century church and market square. In spite of its formidable name, the school was anything but an institution in the usual meaning of that word.

Its faculty consisted entirely of two remarkable women. Its founder and presiding genius, Marie Closset, a friend of Gide and Francis Jammes, was well known in the world of Belgian and French letters as the poet Jean Dominique. She had begun her teaching career at the Ecole Normale, in Brussels, but she had soon rebelled against both the method and the content of the teaching there. The Institut was the product of her imagination and will, built to her own design sometime after World War I, with the help of generous friends who believed in what she wanted to do and who wished their children to study in the kind of atmosphere she created. Marie Closset hardly impinged on my consciousness at first, for I was in the lower school, which was made up of boys and girls who were being prepared to take the examinations for the *athénée*, the Belgian equivalent of our high school, and she had given the teaching of "the little ones" over to her friend and disciple Marie Gaspar.

These two lived in separate apartments on the second floor, that secret "upstairs" that we children wondered about and never saw. There was also a third member of the household—Blanche Rousseau, the novelist, who after her husband's death came to share her life with these two old friends. We saw her rarely—tiny, white-haired, with radiant blue eyes. The three ladies shared the cozy dining room and kitchen behind the classrooms on the ground floor, as well as the ministrations of an excellent cook. At the back of the house, there was a small orchard and garden, where the thrushes gathered each year to steal the entire harvest of cherries and where gala ceremonies took place on the last day of school, when "the little ones" were garlanded with flowers and hung with medals—chocolate medals, wrapped in tinfoil.

A flagstone path bordered by hydrangeas led to the pretty, oval-corniced front door, where we pulled the bell each morning and heard it resound inside. Once in the hall, we hung up capes or coats on a stand and then turned left into the airy, sunny room that was our school. The room on the right-hand side of the hall was used mostly in the afternoons and was Marie Closset's domain. Here she taught older children, who came to her for special courses in art and literature; here she also gave teachers in the official Brussels schools, many of them former pupils of hers from the Normale, instruction and inspiration. Mlle. Closset was from the beginning Cher Maître; Marie Gaspar was known to the younger pupils as simply Titi.

Titi was of the same breed as Agnes Hocking, the founder of Shady Hill; Mrs. Hocking was half Irish, and the Irish and the Belgians have in common, it seems, humor, temperament, and a love of language for its own sake. Titi might look and behave like a clown and a genius and the mother superior of a convent, all in the winking of an eye. She was almost never still—a small, angular figure with a face extremely fine and sensitive in repose. But it was seldom in repose. She had a piercing voice capable of every shade of irony, fury, passion, and tenderness. At Shady Hill, I had not been exposed to a personality of this force all day long, for we had had Agnes Hocking only at certain hours. But Titi taught us every subject, from mathematics and natural science to art and literature. We were never for a moment free from her intense interest and concern. At recess, she took us on nature walks; in study hour she sat with brilliant, snapping eyes,

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CITIES • HOTELS • DATES

Atlanta • Dinkler Plaza • Sept. 17-18, Oct. 15-16, Nov. 12-13.
Baltimore • Southern • Oct. 9, Nov. 6.
Beverly Hills • Beverly Hills • Sept. 25, Oct. 30.
Buffalo • Statler • Sept. 27, Nov. 8, Dec. 20.
Charleston • Daniel Boone • Sept. 13, Oct. 11, Nov. 6.
Charlotte • Charlotte • Sept. 16, Oct. 21, Dec. 2.
Charlottesville • Univ. of Va. • Sept. 22-23, Oct. 27-28, Dec. 8-9.
Chicago • La Salle • Sept. 13-14-15, Oct. 25-26-27, Dec. 6-7-8.
Cincinnati • Netherland Plaza • Oct. 20-21, Nov. 30, Dec. 1.
Cleveland • Statler • Sept. 23-24-25, Nov. 4-5-6, Dec. 16-17-18.
Columbia • Jefferson • Sept. 15, Oct. 20, Dec. 1.
Dallas • Adolphus • Sept. 13-14, Oct. 18-19, Dec. 6-7.
Danville • Danville • Sept. 20, Oct. 25, Dec. 6.
Denver • Albany • Sept. 16-17, Oct. 21-22, Dec. 2-3-4.
Detroit • Sheraton Cadillac • Sept. 20-21, Nov. 1-2, Dec. 13-14.
Evansville • McCurdy • Sept. 16, Oct. 28, Dec. 9.
Greensboro • O'Henry • Sept. 18, Oct. 23, Dec. 4.
Houston • Rice • Oct. 13-14, Nov. 26-27.
Indianapolis • Lincoln • Sept. 11, Oct. 29-30, Dec. 10-11.
Los Angeles • Biltmore • Sept. 23-24, Oct. 28-29.
Louisville • Brown • Sept. 14-15, Oct. 12-13, Nov. 9-10.
Lynchburg • Virginian • Sept. 21, Oct. 26, Dec. 7.
Memphis • Peabody • Sept. 16, Oct. 14, Nov. 11.
Midland • Scharbaur • Sept. 27, Nov. 1.
Minneapolis • Radison • Oct. 4-5, Nov. 23-24, Dec. 13-14.
New Orleans • Roosevelt • Sept. 20-21, Oct. 18-19, Nov. 15-16.
Oklahoma City • Biltmore • Sept. 29-30, Nov. 3-4, Dec. 8-9.
Philadelphia • Bellevue-Stratford • Oct. 4-5, Nov. 1-2.
Philadelphia • Univ. of Penna. • Sept. 27-28, Nov. 1-2, Dec. 13-14.
Pittsburgh • William Penn • Oct. 18-19, Nov. 26-27 and 29.
Princeton • Princeton Inn • Sept. 29-30, Nov. 3-4, Dec. 15-16.
Richmond • Jefferson • Sept. 24, Oct. 29, Dec. 10.
Rochester • Sheraton • Sept. 28, Nov. 9, Dec. 21.
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San Francisco • St. Francis • Sept. 20-21-22, Oct. 25-26-27.
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St. Louis • Chase • Sept. 17-18, Oct. 22-23, Dec. 2-3-4.
Toledo • Commodore Perry • Sept. 22, Nov. 3, Dec. 15.
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obviously reading our every thought.

My problems were rather special. Because my father had had to learn English when we came to America as refugees from Belgium in the 1914-18 war, and because my mother was English-born, we always spoke English at home. I understood French and could speak it more or less fluently, but my grammar was shaky, and therefore, since French was, of course, the school language, all my formal studies were an extra effort. The change from English weights and measures to the metric system added to my difficulties. Problems that ran, "If you took a keg of cider and divided it by three and multiplied that third by one fourth, how many litres would you have?" induced in me incipient hysteria. The blood rushed to my head and I felt perfectly stupid.

I was transplanted not only from one system of weights and measures to another, and from one language to another, but from one theory of education to another, and this was the real trouble. At Shady Hill we had been taught to think for ourselves and would have been looked at askance had we memorized a text or recited word for word anything we learned. Here at the Institut Belge, under Mlle. Gaspar, memory was of the essence. We were expected to learn our textbooks quite literally by heart. The substitution of an equally accurate word for a word in the text would result in a black mark. I cannot now look at a page of the French textbook of natural science that we used—a page on the anatomy of the rodent, for instance—without being seized by fear and trembling. The words "*herbivore*" and "*carnivore*" appear in my nightmares, and the very idea of the number of teeth in the lower jaw of a horse induces panic.

MY mother and I were living that winter with old friends of the family in the country outside Brussels—the Raymond Limboshes. My mother had longed to get back to Europe and her old friends after the first hard years of adopting America. My father, who had stayed in Cambridge to finish a book, was to join us in Europe for the summer. The two older Limbosh children, Jacques and Claire, were roughly my age; we attended the Institut together. Every morning, Oncle Raymond, as I called him, spent fifteen exasperated minutes getting his ancient open automobile to start. Finally, we all excitedly piled in—his wife (Mamie to all of us), my mother, Jacques, Claire, and I—and, accompanied by loud back-

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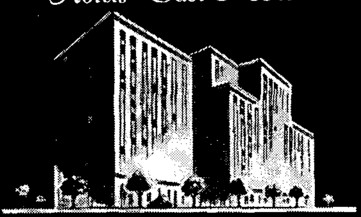

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firings and last-minute shouts, were off. We children were dropped off at a corner about a mile from the school, and Oncle Raymond drove on with Mamie and my mother to L'Art Décoratif, the Limbosh family's business in town. Before the war, my mother had been a designer for the firm, and she was working for them again this winter.

Never, never shall I forget the long descent of the Avenue de Fré toward the Institut each morning. Carrying our books in straps, wearing heavy gray capes and rubber boots (did it always rain that winter?), we took a look at Paradise, it seemed, as we passed an old estate where, in a pond full of duckweed, sombre under ancient oaks and chestnuts, a single swan swam alone. My dream was to climb over the wicked iron fence somehow and escape into this green peace and never be seen again. Instead, we hurried as we neared the school, compelled by a fearful anxiety that made our hearts beat too fast: Would Titi scold us today? Sometimes we stopped to take a last desperate look at the *Herbivores* and the *Carnivores* in our textbook, but more often we simply walked doggedly forward, tense and silent. It was the descent into Hell. Never for a single day during that winter did I know the luxury of being well prepared. The last glimpse of Heaven was the cows (how I envied them!) in the big, sloping meadow near the Ferme Rose, an old pink farm that is still a landmark in Uccle.

Pale with anxiety, we turned into the Avenue de l'Echevinage just below the farm. I sometimes wonder what it was, exactly, that induced such panic even in the Limbosh children, who were at home in the French language and methods of instruction. Perhaps it had to do with Marie Gaspar's nature. She was so very sudden, so quick herself in all her responses, that we always felt we were breathlessly trying to catch up. Her pouncing rages were so terrifying that we could never feel safe. Also, she had, I see now, a very innocent mind. She had absorbed, exactly in the way she expected us to absorb it—word for word—everything Marie Closset had taught her, and she did not have enough confidence in herself to be willing to allow us to deviate. Actually, the courses, supervised by Marie Closset, were rich and various, and much of the material we were given was splendid. But the lower school had to meet the requirements of the rigid *athénée* exams, and here, again, Marie Gaspar depended on memorizing—perhaps, again, because she was not entirely sure of herself. She

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did din the facts into our heads, and could always point to her success from the examiner's point of view if anyone questioned her rather rigid methods. I have an idea that at some point Marie Closset realized that this was not quite the school she had dreamed of, and suffered. But by then Mlle. Gaspar was firmly entrenched, immensely successful—and what was one to do? Marie Closset knew very well that though Titi was feared, she was also adored. And once we children got to school, the actual experience of the classroom was rarely as awful as we imagined it would be, for Titi could be as easily carried away by delight at any sign of intelligence as by fury at stupidity and forgetfulness. Also, she had a saving grace—a fantastic, original sense of humor, Belgian in its extravagance, which often sent us into storms of laughter. While she wiped her eyes and we had trouble keeping ourselves straight up on the benches, the tension was momentarily relieved. Besides, she loved each of us with a passionate and discriminating love, and we knew it. And if, at the end of the day, a child was reduced to tears, the effect was instantaneous. The fiery eyes softened; she came around behind the long benches on which we sat, in front of long tables covered with black oilcloth, and comforted the unhappy one with kisses or told him an irresistible joke of her own invention. I'm afraid I cried rather often.

I WAS, after all, twelve, and probably at that age a less electric atmosphere would have been to the point. I was upsetting myself enough without being further troubled by someone outside. Raymond Limbosh, the father of Claire and Jacques, was a poet as well as a designer, at that time, of exquisite modern furniture; he also was, and always would be, a philosopher at heart, hunting like an ancient alchemist for the philosophers' stone. Sometimes this curiosity led him astray. And, unfortunately, during that winter of 1924-25 he was fascinated by an amateur psychologist—my father later called him a quack—who believed that he could read character traits by examining the eyes of the subject closely. We children were each, in turn, examined by this man, who must indeed have been a quack, and an insensitive one at that, since he pronounced his verdict in front of the child he had examined. He predicted that I would become a lawyer or a dancer. It was not too remote a guess, for I did have dreams of being a dancer at that time and I did love controversy. I

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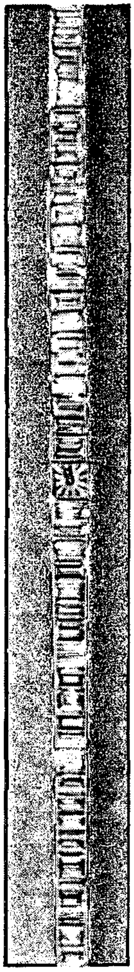

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used to carry on a running battle with the Limbosh family about the superiority of America (as I called it—never the United States) over any other country, past or present. I tried their patience by singing "America the Beautiful" in a loud, tuneless contralto. It was, I am sure, irritating, but it was also exhausting to me, since the Limbosh children of my age outnumbered me two to one, and even the little ones baited me by screaming "America! America!" I was argumentative but also very suggestible, and unluckily the good doctor had said, further, that I had a very small brain, which I worked dangerously hard. I was deeply offended and frightened by his diagnosis, and the fright took the form of a waking nightmare. I imagined that I carried around, instead of a brain, a small, very active spider, which was eating me up. With this image in my consciousness all the time, it became harder and harder for me to concentrate. Any intellectual effort brought the blood to my head and made me dizzy, and for a time I was convinced that I was going mad. Of course, the grownups soon became aware of this, and everything possible was done to counteract the doctor's words. But words are more powerful perhaps than anyone suspects, and, once deeply engraved in a child's mind, they are not easily eradicated.

Then, little by little, I began to discover that in one subject, at least, I could hold my own. We were given a great deal of literature, both prose and poetry, to learn by heart or take down in *dictées*. We were also expected to write short *rédactions*—chiefly descriptions of places and people, in which style and mood were carefully analyzed in the French manner. Here, where feeling and expression counted more than grammar, I learned that, far from being blocked by the strange language, I could take positive delight in using it.

It now becomes necessary to say a word about the other half of the school, for as I began to enjoy French composition, I gradually became conscious that there was another, and even more powerful, presence involved—Marie Closset herself. As in our room, hers, across the hall, had on the walls reproductions of paintings beginning with Fra Angelico and going on down to the Impressionists, many of whom she had known; as in ours, there were shelves of books, and long tables and benches. Otherwise, it was a wholly different world. Our world was noisy with laughter and tribulation; hers was so in-

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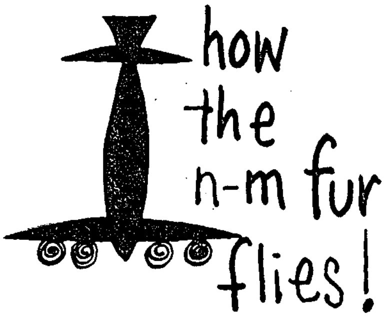
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ward, so still, so infused with her remarkable personality, that it created an atmosphere of awe.

She was herself a tiny figure, rather stooped and diminished by constant ill health; this frail aspect served perhaps to exaggerate her enormous, luminous gray eyes, behind dark glasses, which she put on and took off with rhythmical gestures as she read or spoke. It was not a beautiful face, but it was a face so filled by the spirit and the intellect that it was memorable. She had small hands with the lightness and grace of wings, and a grave, quietly expressive voice made for the reading of poetry. No wonder she hid those amazing eyes; they were too revealing. Genius in its purest form—love—looked out of them.

She taught literature almost entirely by reading from great works and commenting upon them, and these ranged from Plato and Aristotle to Tolstoy and the moderns of all nations. She also gave a course in Japanese Art, a course in Greek Art, and many more; in fact, she chose to teach whatever moved her deeply, and nothing else. Later on, when I was grown up, I attended some of these classes as a listener, and I never heard her say a disparaging word about a work of art. What she wished to instill in her students was enlightened homage—homage enriched by intellectual analysis but rooted in passion. To professors of literature in our American colleges, this may seem a startling way to teach, for here it has become the fashion to analyze works of art before they have been deeply experienced by the students—a method that may, at its worst, engender in the young a sense of slightly smug superiority to the naïveté and flaws of genius. Marie Closset's attitude, on the other hand, was perfectly expressed in her demand that her students rise when she came in, not to honor her but to honor what they were about to hear or see—literature or art.

I have tried to convey the atmosphere in the room across the hall as I came to know it many years later. But when I was twelve, Marie Closset first appeared to me through her handwriting. When a student of Marie Gaspar's wrote something she felt was worthy of a master's attention, this attention was given, as the highest reward possible, in the form of a written comment from "upstairs"—for though Marie Closset's classes were held across the hall, they were in the afternoon, when we younger children had gone home, and we associated her presence with her apartment above. Her comment on a paper might be simply *"Bien senti!"* (Can you

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imagine such a phrase on the paper of a high-school student in America today? Not "Watch your dependent clauses" but "This is truly felt.") In Jean Dominique I was to find, for the second time in my life, the incarnate presence of poetry; the first time, I had found it in Mrs. Hocking, at the Shady Hill School. But this second discovery was much later, and the story of it does not belong here. During that strange winter of crisis, she was simply a distant balm, an angel whom I hardly ever saw but whose presence somewhere in the house made life bearable for me.

MY experience at the Institut was not by any means a wholly negative experience. I suffered, but I learned a good deal, too—learned to respect the memory, even though I would never possess a very good one, and learned to respect the exact, instead of the almost exact, word. Also, Titi, in spite of her tantrums, was enormous fun, and a year was not really too long for a child to be swung about under that rich and violent temperament. She had the ability to make us feel that we were not only her pupils but her dearest friends as well, and I believe that this was a fact. Unlike Marie Closset, who had an intense life of her own apart from the school, Titi literally lived in and for her pupils.

And we cannot, after all, have been so afraid of her, for on April Fools' Day she was the butt of many jokes, one of which, organized by the older students, has become a kind of legend. Unfortunately, I have to rely on reports of this, because I had been sick and was away at the seaside when it happened. It seems that ten days before April 1st the unsuspecting Titi received a letter postmarked Ghent and announcing that her cousin Marie-Virginie (who gave no family name) planned to visit "her dear cousin Marie" very soon, accompanied by her four daughters. Titi, horrified, tried vainly to remember whether there was a cousin Marie-Virginie in her family. She wrote her brother to inquire whether he had any idea who this cousin might be. She dispatched another letter to her sister in Arlon, but even this sister, who was an expert on all family matters, had never heard of a Marie-Virginie in Ghent. Meanwhile, since Titi heard no more, she began to feel reassured. But a few days before April 1st a second letter, still bearing no family name, created a state of panic. The cousin wrote, "At last everything is arranged. I shall arrive in Brussels with my four daughters to pay you a visit a week from Wednesday. We shall talk, alas, about my diffi-

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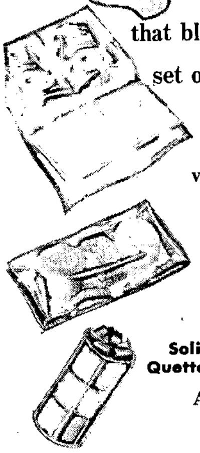

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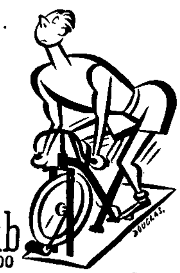

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cult situation." One can imagine the laughter and terror with which this letter was discussed "upstairs" by the three friends. It was an event in anyone's life—it became so in mine when I was grown up—to be invited for tea or a meal into this magic circle created by three tiny, brilliant women who were interested in almost everything under the sun and who could be both extremely serious and extremely gay. As each of the three, in her way, was much loved and sought after, social invitations—how to fit them in—became a real problem for them. And callers or visiting relatives, especially distant relatives, had the effect of an interruption to a piece of music. Titi, thoroughly alarmed by the second letter, and dreading a request for money from a cousin she did not know existed, wrote by return mail to say that she could not receive anyone on the date suggested and that she would be grateful if Marie-Virginie would tell her her family name. Meanwhile, the mother of Livia, one of the conspirators, asked for an appointment with Titi after class on the fateful Wednesday. She was in on the joke, of course, and this move was designed to make sure that Titi would be at home at teatime. So when Wednesday afternoon came, Titi and Marie Closset were waiting innocently upstairs, with Blanche Rousseau, for Livia's mother. The bell rang at quarter to five. The cook opened the door, gave the formidable matron and her four daughters one startled look, ran up the stairs bearing a visiting card, and handed it to Titi. Giving a cry of despair, she said, "It's the other one."

"What other?" Marie Closset, who was absorbed in a book, asked abstractedly.

"The famous Marie-Virginie, of course. What ever shall I do?" And with that Titi ran down the stairs.

As soon as Titi made her appearance, the huge matron (Livia, disguised by a pillow over her stomach, by a huge hat with a long black veil, and by an old-fashioned coat with a high fur collar) rushed toward her to give her the ritualistic Belgian kisses, one on each cheek and one more for good measure, saying, in a cloyingly sweet voice, "Here we are, dear Cousin Marie—at last!" The four "daughters" stood, as straight as ramrods, in front of the bench in the hall. Livia tried to go on, but the bread she had stuffed into her mouth to disguise her voice melted at this moment, and Titi suddenly recognized her and gave a shriek of delight and amazement. It was not hard now to make out the familiar faces of Antoinette, Denise,

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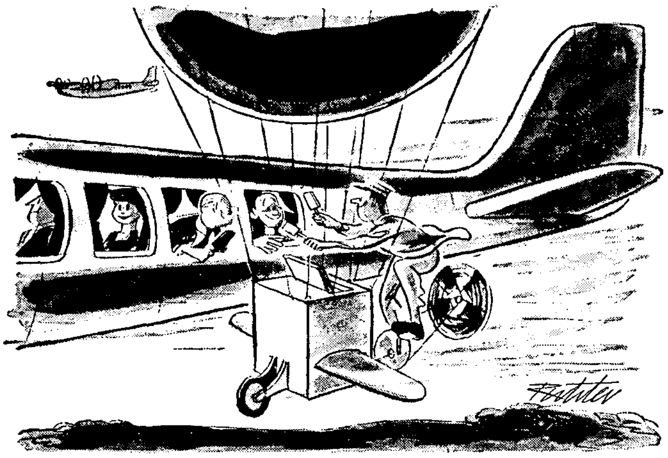

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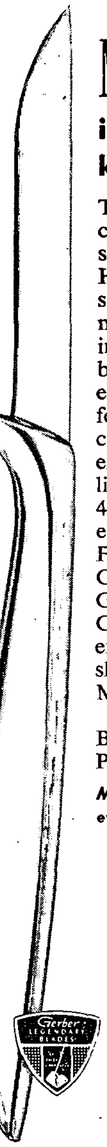
Manette, and Nellie, in spite of their grotesque assemblage of borrowed coats and hats, their noses made up bright red, and large paper parcels of the *spécialités de Gand*, such as *pain à la grecque*, clutched in their hands. The two upstairs heard the shrieks of laughter and came down to join in the fun.

That evening, Titi continued the joke on her own by making her brother think that the unknown cousin really existed and had borrowed money from her, leading him on until he got quite furious and was about to make a scene. And then the tale had all to be told again.

If this occasion is indelibly clear in my mind, it is because I have in my possession a painting representing it, which was sent to me in triumph by one of the conspirators, and also because I have heard the story so often that I have almost come to believe that I was present myself—that I was, in fact, one of the mythical daughters and, with the others, sat down to that wonderful tea in the dear old dining room, its walls hung with blue delft plates, its copper jugs gleaming on the sideboard.

IT does not seem possible that that room has now been dismantled, and that there are no more rubber boots and capes on the stand in the hall, no more loud cries and shouts of laughter in the brick house, but only a bronze plaque to commemorate the fact that here lived the poet Jean Dominique, the novelist Blanche Rousseau. The plaque makes no mention of that violent and tender teacher, Marie Gaspar. And this is just, perhaps. Teachers live on in human lives, not in books. Besides, Marie Gaspar is celebrated in one of the last works of Jean Dominique, a memoir that appeared in the Belgian review *Le Thyrse*, written to do her friend homage. I translate from a passage in the middle of this memoir:

"Your dear absent-minded laugh, sonorous, a bit mad, was one of the charms of this house that sheltered so simply and so graciously three old ladies moving toward death. . . . Naturally, though no one would have thought of mentioning it, it seemed certain that of these three, the eldest, who, besides, was sickly, would be the first to go. And as for the youngest, more cherished than the others because she was more exquisite, no one could imagine her death, for the simple reason that she loved life with such a passionate and charming love that one often had the impression, even in her simplest act, as she said good morning or good night,



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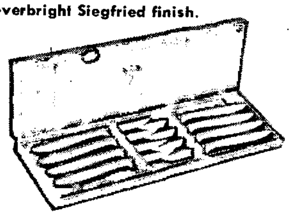

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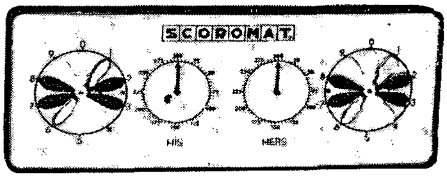

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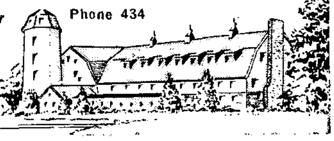

that she was blowing a kiss to everything that exists. . . .

"For you, Gaspari, one must go back to what Francis de Miomandre . . . said with so much heart and spirit. What was it? Just this, in answer to my letter telling of your death: 'It's not true. Gaspari is not dead, and I know that she is immortal.' . . .

"I think of one day when she came back from taking her turbulent troop out on a spring walk. Everything felt so deliciously free that the cries of the children as they ran madly about seemed as marvellously fugitive as the words of hawthorn, swallow, and buzzing bee. And this is what happened in that immortal minute: Gaspari had that day, as usual, punished one of the children for not having done his homework, and the punishment consisted of his not being allowed to run about freely with the other children, intoxicated as they were by their pleasure. But she had said to the punished one, 'You will go out with us, but you cannot play. You can only walk quietly beside me, and I will hold your hand.' Ah, Gaspari, what a good idea that was, and what a charming smile you bent toward the child, who felt himself so wonderfully punished and forgiven, so cross and so happy, even so glorious, because he could hold your hand! And from the child's small hand something unexpected flowed out: the supreme contentment of understanding and love, a thing immortal in fact, which lasts only a moment and which one never forgets."

—MAY SARTON

•

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XJVT MOVE

—*U. P. news dispatch received at a Birmingham (Ala.) radio station.*

He doesn't *appear* to be getting rid of it gradually.

•

This preposterous confection is really quite a lot of fun and it catches at eyeballs early and fetches them briskly past a succession of feverish excitements and surprises mostly in Dallas and contentingly, even when fairly silly-extravagant. —*James Sandoe in the Herald Tribune Book Review.*

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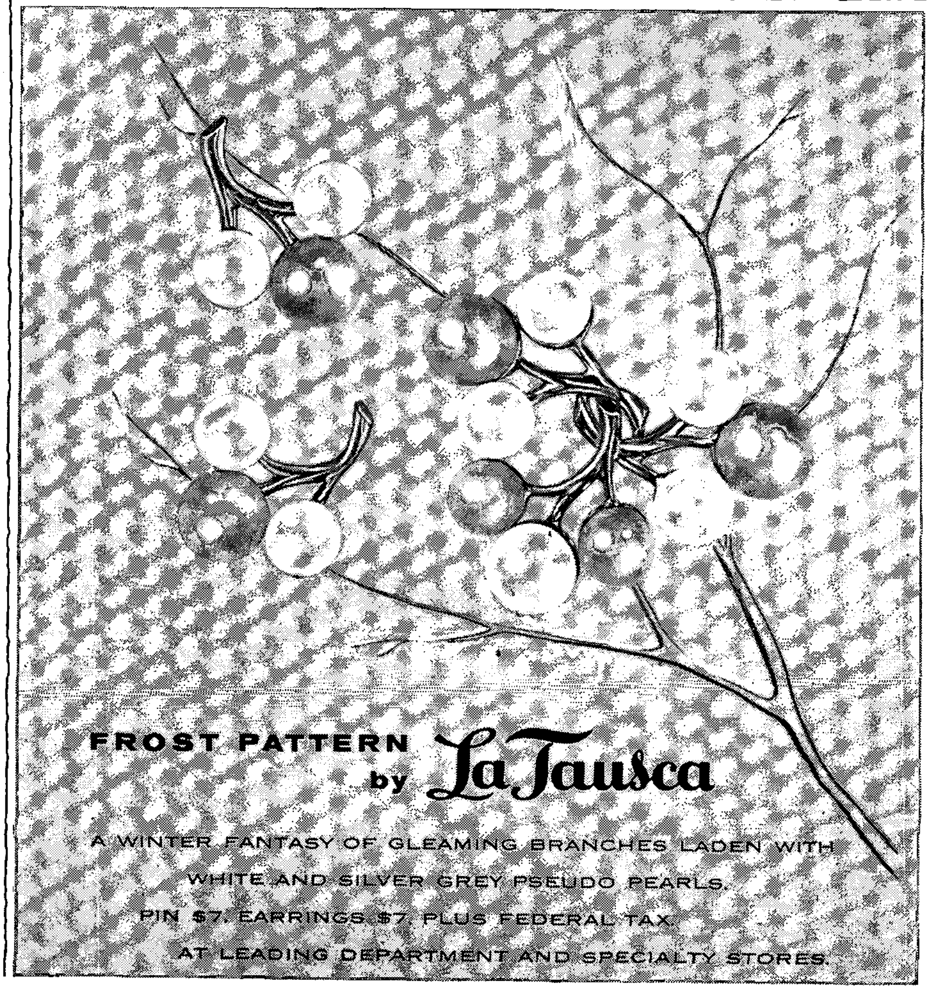

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

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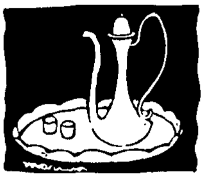
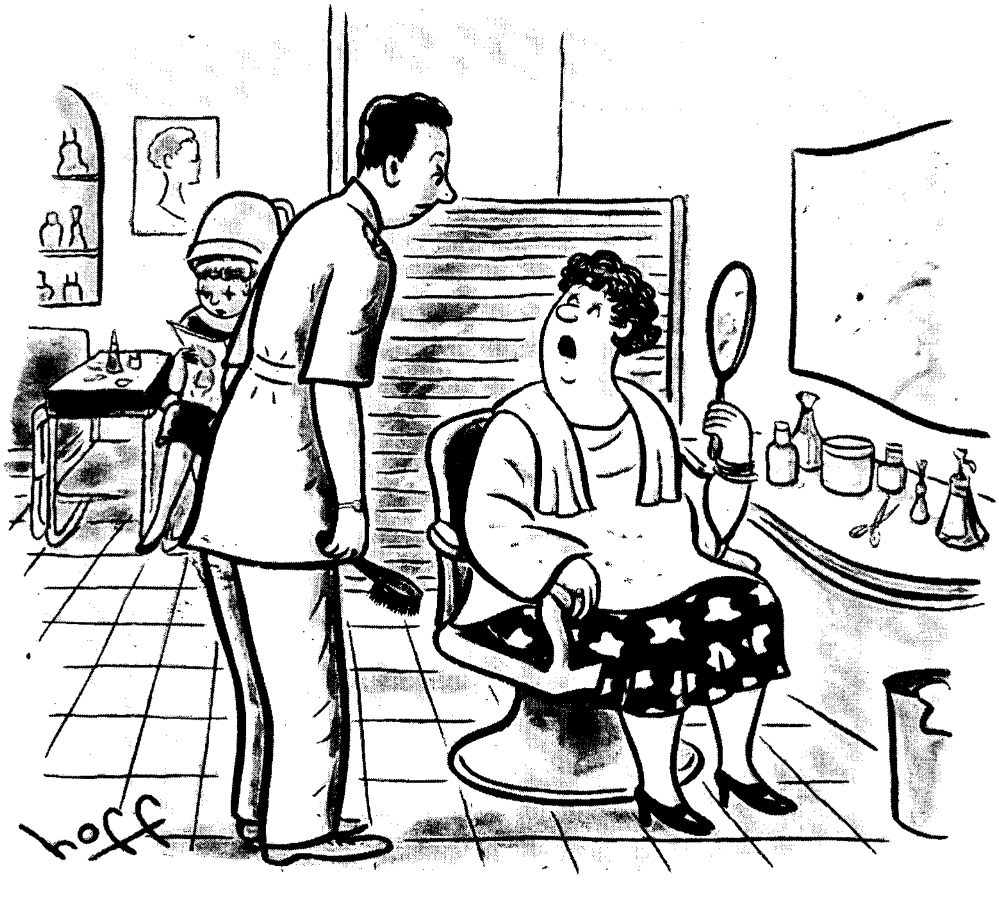


WHEN, several weeks ago, I received a publicity release from the Owens-Corning people telling of new developments in the weaving, the texture, and the design of Fiberglas, the company's miraculous glass cloth, I put the announcement aside, I am ashamed to say, as a matter of scientific interest that was not likely to make any great stir in the field of decoration. I assumed that I knew all there was to know about Fiberglas, and this deplorable lack of open-mindedness has delayed a report on a group of fabrics that proved to be, when I finally got around to looking at them, among the most exciting I've seen in quite a spell. Back in 1952, I enumerated in these columns, with more amazement than enthusiasm, the advantages of Fiberglas—its resistance to fire, sun, rot, mildew, and all insects, and the fact that it is phenomenally easy to wash and doesn't have to be ironed. Indeed, it had all the virtues, but, in my opinion, it just wasn't very pretty. Not that the patterns printed on it were poor (there were some very pleasing ones) but the stuff itself had a shiny, smug appearance, which at its practical best suggested a hospital and at its pretentious worst an excessively showy night club.

Now all this has changed, and Fiberglas, while retaining its remarkable utilitarian properties, has taken on an entirely new beauty of texture. Its manufacturers, presumably realizing that no matter how miraculous the glass yarn was, it could never soar to aesthetic triumphs on that basis alone, put Doris and Leslie Tillett, who are expert weavers as well as imaginative designers, to work on the problem, and in the course of their experiments they developed some new yarns and some new weaves, which together have given Fiberglas a genuine elegance. A collection of fabrics in the new weaves and hand-screened by the Tilletts themselves in twenty-five charming and highly original patterns is on hand at the Owens-Corning showrooms, 16 East 56th Street, where it can be seen for the asking. Only a dozen of these are in production as yet, but the collection gives you an idea—and that's all it is meant to give—of what can be done with the new weaves when they are taken in hand by intelligent designers. Of the designs now available, one depicts the plant called Honesty in an allover silvery-white pattern with a striking distinctness of line. (Being nonabsorbent, Fiberglas lends itself to unusually fine lines, because the pigments used in printing them—dyes won't work on nonabsorbent cloth—aren't soaked up by the material and made blurry.) The fabric is printed and sold, through decorators, by F. Schumacher, 60 West 40th Street. It costs $5.65 a yard. Another Tillett material has a pattern of large Shasta daisies with dazzling yellow centers fringed by petals that appear to have been painted in Chinese white. This one is sold, also through decorators, by Witcombe McGeachin, 509 Madison Avenue (53rd). It is $6 a yard.

In the meantime, Elisabeth Draper, 867 Madison Avenue (72nd), has had the wit to take three of the most recent, and most dramatic, of the pre-Tillett fabrics—a very sheer bouclé, a heavy bouclé, and something Owens-Corning identifies as a twill—and hand-screen them with several of her own delightful designs. The sheer bouclé, for example, is printed with an enchantingly prim little allover pattern of blue strawberries and green leaves, taken from an eighteenth-century wallpaper found lining a New England cupboard. All three of the materials have been used to show off a superb Renaissance design called Padua, as well as a fetching Early American stencil—also copied from an old wallpaper—of black bees and chalk-white baskets of flowers scattered sparingly over a warm-pink ground. (Mrs. Draper's subtle use of pink makes one wonder why a color that can be made so exciting is so often wasted on babies.) As a matter of fact, any of the Draper designs can be printed, in any colors, on any of the three Fiberglas fabrics. The printing costs $6 a yard above the price of the plain material, which is $3.40 for the sheer bouclé, $4.50 for the heavy bouclé, and $3.75 for the twill. The width of the Fiberglas



"Oh dear, I was hoping you'd be able to turn the clock back further."

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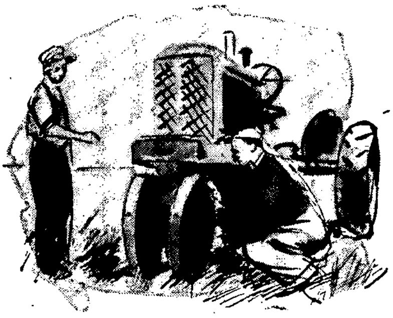
So farming, of necessity, is very much a family business. By family vote, new living room drapes have priority over new drains for the dairy barn, and a California trip over a new combine. The teen-ager often influences the make of the tractor to be purchased next.

Since farming is a family business, Successful Farming became a unique business magazine, devoted to both farm and farm family business. For over fifty years, it has helped good farmers farm better, and live better; earned so much influence, that it has become the most effective sales medium to the country's best farmers.



Make no mistake about it, SF does serve the country's best farmers. Most of its 1,300,000 circulation lies in the fifteen agricultural Heart States which provide most of the country's food.

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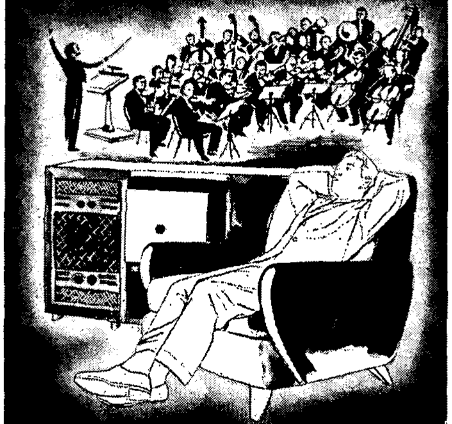

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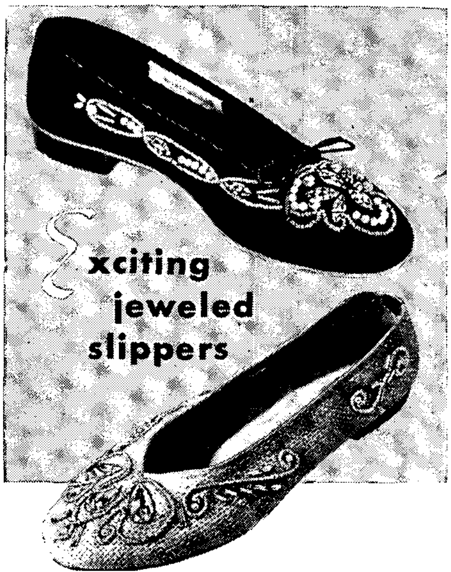
fabrics runs from forty-six to fifty-four inches.

It was only by accident—though a very pleasant accident—that I got myself entangled in Fiberglas at the Draper studio. I had gone there to look at some window shades I had heard interesting reports on, and if I don't hear any further questions from the audience about glass yarn and its uses, I shall get on to the original object of my visit. Resourceful decorators must have suspected for some time that every window problem cannot be solved automatically with silk or cotton draperies, for during recent years we have had no end of clever window treatments using bamboo and various fibres, nearly always informally. There has also been a great influx of magnificent woven blinds, at magnificent prices, but I don't know when I have seen window shades that combined dignity and unassuming charm with anything like the success of those on view at the Draper showrooms. The shades in question are made, to order, of Du Pont's Triplex Tontine—a good-looking and durable window-shade material that is washable and completely opaque. On these are printed any of a number of handsome designs, among them the same Padua pattern that is used so effectively on the Fiberglas, done here in cerulean blue on dead white; the pretty pink bee-and-basket stencil; and a perfectly stunning Early Victorian border arrangement in sage green and violet. These designs—and a lot of others—can also be screen-printed on shades made to order of any of several fabrics on hand here. Since these are translucent, rather than opaque, their appeal is quite different, and, of course, they wouldn't do at all where the object is to shut out light. Still, their very translucence gives them a charm of their own, for the weave and design together are often enormously attractive either against the daylight or under artificial light. One such shade, to give you an idea, is of loosely woven natural linen hand-screened with a large, bold pattern of stylized curves in chalk white. Occupants of old-fashioned New York houses furnished with inside shutters—so beguiling in themselves but a headache to deal with decoratively—may be interested to know that these shades fit happily into such a setup, where ordinary shades alone are too stark and curtains or draperies either hide the shutters or make it difficult to use them. A three-by-six-foot roller shade of the Tontine, printed in any of the



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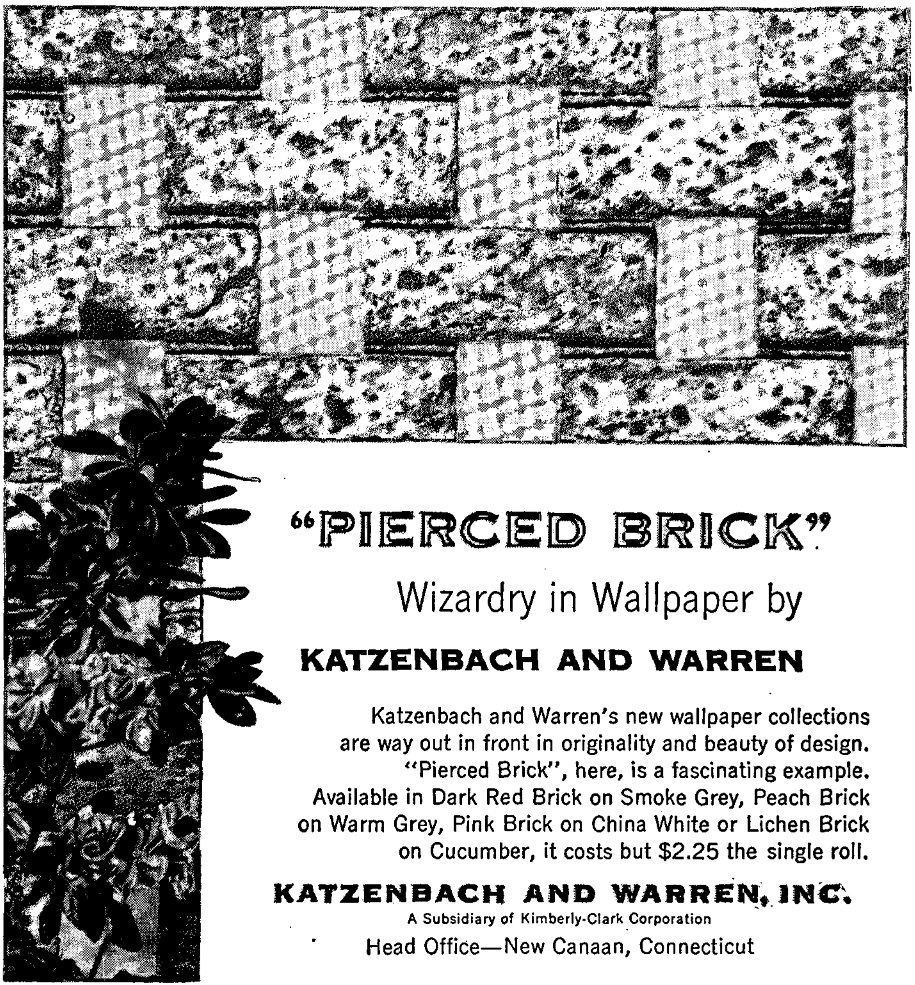
Draper designs, is $28.50, complete with hardware. A similar fabric shade is $39. Either sort can be made up in larger or smaller sizes, the prices varying accordingly.

ALTHOUGH Gene McDonald did not design the rugs currently on view at his shop, which is at 601 Madison Avenue (57th), his reputation for taste and style in his own field—wallpapers and fabrics—is such that many people will doubtless want to have a look at any form of applied art he has consented to sponsor. The rugs in question were designed and made by George Wells, an industrial designer and decorator whose sideline is rug weaving and who received a Designer Craftsman award at the Brooklyn Museum last year for one of his rugs. Unlike most rugmakers, Mr. Wells uses more than one technique, some of his rugs being hooked and others done by needle in a variation of a traditional Turkish knot. The hooked rugs are made of long-fibred yarns and the Turkish ones of Persian wool yarn, and both are backed with latex. While the hooked specimens would solve the same problems that might be solved by any especially fine antique hooked rug, their designs are not restricted by the rather rigid conventions that governed the patterns of such rugs. To be sure, the Wells designs, like their early forerunners, consist of naturalistic pictures rather than abstract patterns—there is a group of cats on one, a family of stiff Staffordshire dogs on another, and a smartly clipped topiary arrangement on a third—but the familiar motifs are handled with a lightness and humor very unlike the stiff seriousness of the old hooked classics, and the colors of the yarns have a subtlety not to be found in the work of Victoria's day. The rug with the cats measures thirty-two by fifty-two inches and costs $90; the one with Staffordshire ornaments measures thirty-eight by fifty-two inches and costs $96; and the topiary example measures thirty-eight by fifty-four inches and costs $140. The other Wells rugs at the McDonald showrooms don't give so much as a nod in the direction of the Victorian past, or any other past. Vitally and brilliantly modern, they are done in a shaggy needle knot in beautiful, smoldering colors, which should be wonderful for warming up a room furnished in chilly blond woods; indeed, they rely so heavily for their effect on these bold, unusual colors that it's hard to convey much of an idea of their possibilities. There is one that uses a com-



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bination of turquoise and celadon and has a beige, turquoise, and celadon fringe (forty-eight inches by seventy-two, at $296); another consists of diagonal stripes of fuchsia and purple (thirty-six inches by sixty-four, at $150); still another (also thirty-six inches by sixty-four, and also $150) is all orange and brown squares; and so on. The rugs take three weeks for delivery.

THE progeny of a most surprising mixed marriage are some impressive rugs woven for Rugcrofters, Incorporated, by native craftsmen in Puerto Rico after designs turned out by the Bakuba tribesmen of the Belgian Congo. These designs were shown some time ago at the Brooklyn Museum, and the finished products are now for sale at Lord & Taylor. While I wish to imply no lack of appreciation for our own contemporary rug designers, who have lately turned out some splendid work, I must say there is something vigorous and solid in these ancient African patterns, evolved in the course of centuries of human experience, that cannot be matched by the fanciful arrangements made up in a talented designer's head. The display at Lord & Taylor consists of seven patterns, done on a natural background in various combinations of four basic earthy colors—brown, bronze, yellow, and a deep black-purple. Each rug is hand-woven of wool, measures seventy-two inches by a hundred and eight, and costs $159. Larger or smaller rugs, woven in the same patterns, can be made to order (sixty days). Among the designs I admired most were an allover pattern of brown and purplish-black quarter moons; one of widely spaced lozenges outlined in brown and connected by vertical lines of a deeper shade of brown; and a spirited geometric pattern in several tones of brown. Any of the rugs would be a fine, bold thing on the floor of a room of modern or semimodern aspect.

SOME time ago, I reported at length on scientific lighting arrangements, devised and installed by expert technicians, for paintings and other works of art. As I explained, this was—and still is—a process that achieves a perfect accuracy of illumination but one that involves such a painful outlay of cash that many canvases in the homes of the not-so-well-heeled must, I should think, remain in obscurity. Now Lightolier, 11 East 36th Street, has come out with a lighting contrivance for the benefit of

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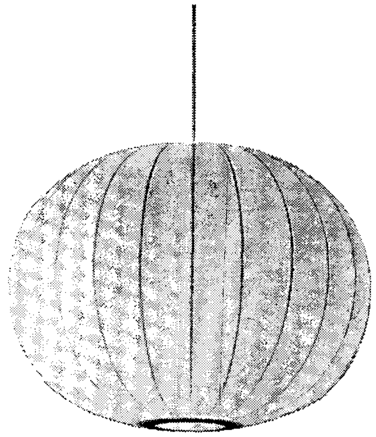

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the fellow who, having done well to scrape up a few hundred for a painting, cannot hope to spend as much again on its illumination. It probably isn't ideal, but it's a tremendous improvement upon the old reflector-type lamp that is clamped—usually crooked, at that—to the bottom or the top of a picture frame. Lightolier's new device makes use of two matching frames—an inner one, which has the appearance of a mat slightly curved toward the painting, and an outer one, which looks pretty much like any other frame. Between these units, there is space at the top and the bottom of the picture for two incandescent tubes of the old lumiline variety, which antedated the fluorescent; they are operated by a switch that turns on either the top or the bottom light, or both together. The frames, which are hand-carved of ash, come in three good-looking standard patterns and in various finishes—off-white, antique gold, driftwood, or covered with blue-green burlap. The only size carried in stock is sixteen inches by twenty, at $60, but, in from two weeks to a month, a frame can be made up to fit practically any canvas. —S. H.

•

People must die, and every death is news. Death of a prominent person is a publicity opportunity for every organization or enterprise with which he has been affiliated . . .

Obituaries are among the easiest methods of getting publicity because they require no imagination or creative effort. They consist simply in accumulating fundamental facts such as the deceased's full name, birthplace, career sketch, list of organizations and affiliations, list of survivors, place and cause of death, residential address at time of demise, and funeral arrangements.

Deaths are mentioned in the vital statistics section and will be reported to newspapers without intervention by the publicist, but the alert press agent will be on his toes when the scythe falls. When a person dies that is the last time he can be used as publicity material.—*From "Publicity: How to Plan, Produce and Place It," by Herbert M. Baus.*

What about a good grave robbery, Baus?

•

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DISHES OF THE DAY
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Larks in the spit
COLD DISHES
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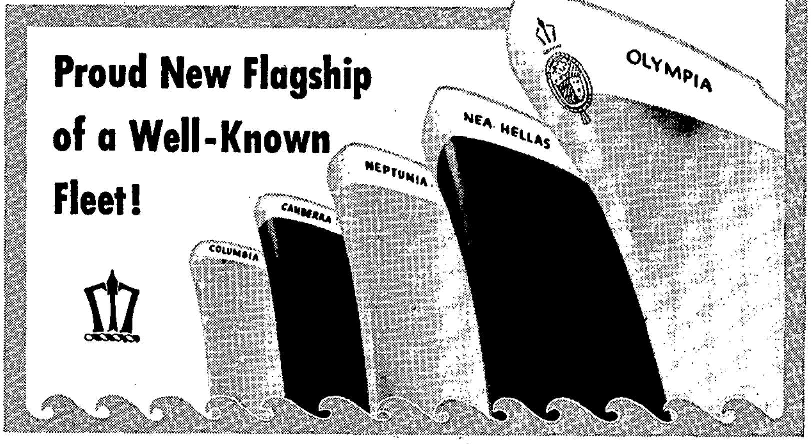

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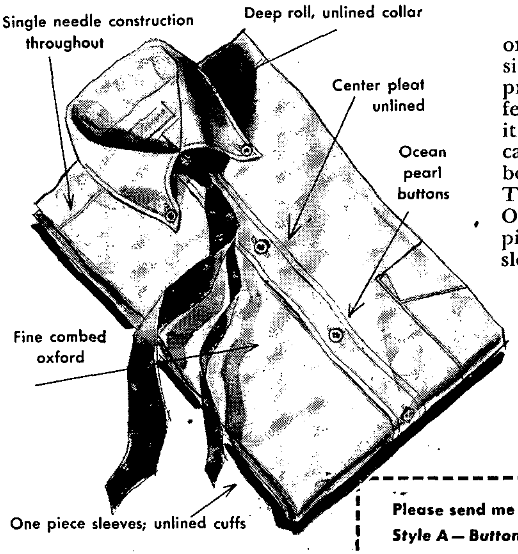
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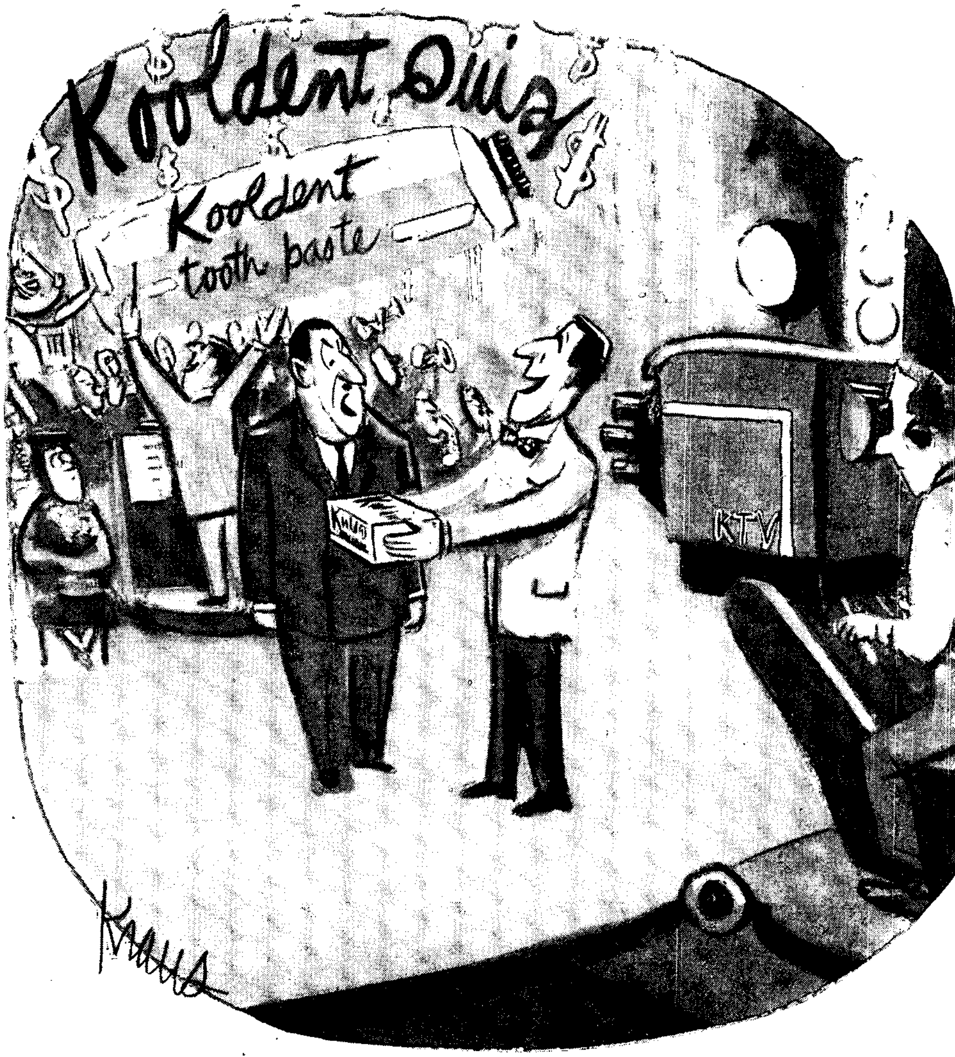
DOLMETSCH EVER BE THY GUEST

HASLEMERE, where the twenty-ninth Haslemere Festival of Early Chamber Music was held several weeks ago, is a pretty little country town, forty-one miles from London. It is situated in a hilly, thickly wooded part of western Surrey, right where that county meets up with Sussex and Hampshire, and practically any walk through its outskirts takes one down sunken, mossy lanes, shaded by great beeches and pines, and past gabled, tile-hung cottages, which, with their roses and lattice windows, instantly suggest themselves as models for Royal Academy art of a more comfortable era. And, indeed, though Haslemere today is mainly a thriving residential suburb where, in the evenings, wives wait in their Austins and Humbers, with their Scotties and jolly children, to collect their menfolk off the London train, the town has long had a strong artistic tradition. Many writers, painters, and others who were interested in the arts settled in the neighborhood during the last years of the nineteenth century and the early years of this one. Lord Tennyson lived in a Gothic house on Blackdown, a wild local beauty spot covered with heather, bracken, and mists; the path where the poet used to take his walks is now called Tennyson's Lane. Bernard Shaw lived for a time at the village of Hindhead, a few miles away, and so did Arthur Conan Doyle. Birket Foster, the painter, and W. Graham Robertson, who wrote delightfully of Ellen Terry, Henry Irving, and the rest of his brilliant circle in his memoir "Time Was," were in the neighborhood, too. Much earlier, George Eliot had a cottage in Haslemere.

Of all the celebrities who were drawn to the little town by the charm of the surrounding country, it was certainly Arnold Dolmetsch who put it on the map. He and his family moved to Haslemere in 1917, and eight years later he founded the Haslemere Festival, the most outstanding manifestation of the creative spirit ever to flourish here. Dolmetsch, who died in 1940, at the age of eighty-two, was an extraordinary man who devoted his life to tracking down and interpreting little-known Renaissance music and to making the instruments for which the music was written—harpsichords, viols, lutes, recorders, and the like. For centuries before he began turning out his beautiful modern versions of these instruments, they had been looked upon mostly as archaic curios, suitable only for museums or as pretty props in costume plays. Dolmetsch was perfectly equipped by nature and training for the job he embarked on. Born in Le Mans in 1858, he was the eldest of four sons of a young organist, Rudolf Arnold Dolmetsch, who had gone there from Zurich as apprentice to Amand Guillouard, an organ builder and owner of a general music shop, and had stayed on and married Guillouard's daughter, a much admired pianist. As might be expected, all four boys grew up in a highly musical atmosphere. Young Arnold was given piano lessons, plus many a sharp military rap on the knuckles, by a retired bandmaster who had been at the Battle of Waterloo. The boy also studied the violin, which, since it did not involve the bandmaster, he preferred. Upon finishing high school, he went to work in the family's organ workshop.

The next few years were full of moves. Arnold Dolmetsch made an extremely early marriage with a youthful widow named Marie Morel, and he and his bride decided to go and settle in the United States. They sailed for New Orleans, where for a time he kept the pot boiling by tuning pianos, and she gave piano lessons to help out, but presently they became so violently homesick that they packed up and returned to France, just before the birth of their daughter, Hélène. Soon the young father moved his family to Brussels, so that he could attend the Conservatoire. He studied there for four years under Henri Vieuxtemps, a famous master of the violin, and Hubert Ferdinand Kufferath, an expert in composition. Then, in 1882, the little family moved again—this time to London, where, after putting in a year at the Royal College of Music, Dolmetsch accepted the post of violin master at Dulwich College.

While Dolmetsch was living in Dulwich and gradually coming to be known as a violinist, teacher, and composer, a chance incident determined what he was going to do for the rest of his life. One day in 1889, in the course of looking up



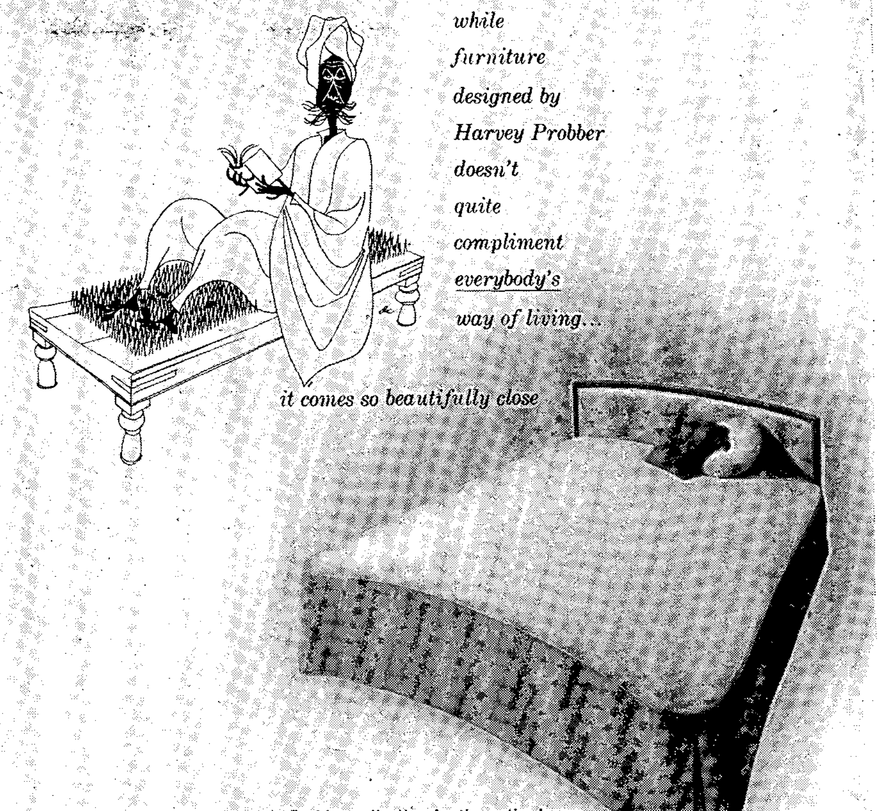
"You mean all I get is a year's supply of your lousy toothpaste?"

a point of musical history in the British Museum, he came across some sixteenth- and seventeenth-century music for viols—instruments whose popularity had been eclipsed by that of the violin in the eighteenth century. A little investigation made it clear to Dolmetsch that there was any amount of this music lying dead and forgotten in museum libraries, and he became obsessed with the idea that it should be heard again, and, moreover, that if its full beauty was to be recaptured, it should be heard on the instruments for which it was written. The whole method of interpretation—the original rules of phrasing, ornamentation, and so on—had been lost, Dolmetsch realized, along with quantities of the work of early composers. He started to haunt antique shops and auction sales, looking for neglected old instruments. When he found one, he would bear it home eagerly to Dulwich, where he had rigged up the attic of his house as a workshop. After putting a number of viols back in good voice, he gradually taught himself, his wife, their little girl, and a few pet pupils the technique of viol playing, so that they might give some concerts. As his enthusiasm grew, he added ancient harpsichords, virginals, and clavichords to the collection, and began exploring their dusty, wheezing anatomies, too.

The first concerts of music for viols were held at Dolmetsch's house in Dulwich—he had named it Dowland, after John Dowland, the great English lutist—and they were an immediate sensation. All intellectual Bloomsbury trekked out to Dulwich to hear them, and by the early nineties Dolmetsch was firmly established in London artistic circles. He was a slim, dark, bearded man who looked as romantic as his instruments, and his commentaries, in his picturesque English, were part of the attraction, too. Those early audiences often included such figures as William Rothenstein, Ellen Terry, Laurence Binyon, Violet Gordon Woodhouse (who, under Dolmetsch's influence, became an unrivalled performer on the harpsichord and the clavichord), Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Walter Crane, Arthur Symons, and George Moore. Moore has described the evenings at Dowland in his novel "Evelyn Innes." Later, Yeats used to attend, and so did Ezra Pound, who set down his memories of them nostalgically in the "Cantos":

> Lawes and Jenkyns guard thy rest,
> Dolmetsch ever be thy guest.

(William Lawes and John Jenkins were seventeenth-century English com-



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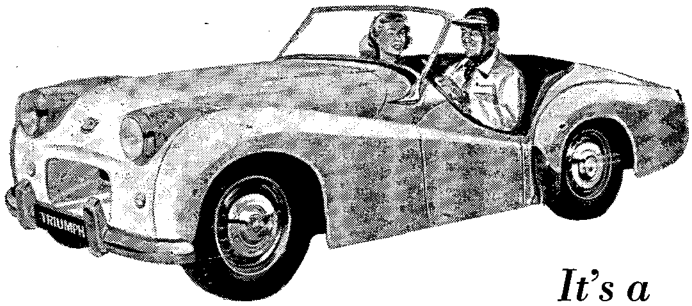

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posers of music for viols.) Bernard Shaw was a frequent and enthusiastic visitor. At that time, Shaw was writing music criticism under the nom de plume Corno di Bassetto, and he reported glowingly on many of the Dolmetsch evenings. In 1894, the Royal College of Music asked its old student to make a clavichord for the institution, and he did so. Shaw wrote exuberantly that Dolmetsch had "actually turned out a little masterpiece, excellent as a musical instrument and pleasant to look at, which seems to me likely to begin such a revolution in domestic musical instruments as William Morris's work made in domestic furniture and decoration, or Philip Webb's in domestic architecture." With a characteristic flourish, Corno di Bassetto concluded, "I therefore estimate the birth of this little clavichord as, on a moderate computation, about 40,000 times as important as the Handel Festival."

It was at the suggestion of William Morris himself that Dolmetsch built his first harpsichord, to show at the Arts and Crafts Exhibition of 1896. Because the instrument was coated with plain dark-green tempera, it came to be known as "the green harpsichord." Dolmetsch now plunged into the designing and building of early keyboard and stringed instruments of all kinds. His first marriage had come to an end in 1894, and he had married again—this time a musically gifted relative, Elodie Dolmetsch, who joined him and his daughter Hélène, now a fine performer on the viola da gamba, in their performances. Later, Dolmetsch and his second wife parted, and in 1903 he married one of his pupils, a Scottish girl named Mabel Johnston, who presently bore him a daughter.

The revival of early music had been propitiously launched, but the family's finances were far from healthy. In 1904, therefore, Dolmetsch accepted an offer from the piano-making firm of Chickering & Sons, in Boston, which wanted him to supervise its harpsichord department. Leaving Hélène in England but taking along Mabel's child, Cecile, the Dolmetsches moved to Boston; another daughter, Nathalie, was born soon after their arrival. Dolmetsch remained with Chickering for seven years, working much of the time in Chicago, and then he again became so homesick for France that he went back there with his family. They settled at Fontenay-sous-Bois, just outside Paris, and from 1911 to 1914 Dolmetsch worked in the Gaveau piano factory there.

Presently, however, Dolmetsch came

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to realize that England was the country where he had felt happiest; both he and his wife had many friends there, who were always asking them mournfully when they were going to return. The family had meanwhile been completed by the arrival of two sons, Rudolf and Carl. In 1914, the Dolmetsches moved back to London, and in 1917 they bought a house, called Jesses, in Haslemere, where Dolmetsch set up his workshop. Twelve years later, he transferred it to a nearby house called Beechside.

The Haslemere Festival was started by Dolmetsch in 1925 as a sort of showcase in which each year he could display his ideas, his beautiful old instruments, and his family. (Cécile, Nathalie, Rudolf, and Carl were proficient performers on at least six instruments each.) Visitors from all over the world turned up in the little town for a week every summer to hear the six Dolmetsches play viols, recorders, and other ancient instruments—a modern version of the home life of the Bach family. There were, of course, other artists, mostly Dolmetsch pupils, but the family was the great draw. Carl, the youngest of the children, specialized in the recorder. Rudolf was an exceptionally brilliant harpsichord player; he was killed in action in 1943. The two girls (Hélène had died in 1924) sang, and played the lute and the viols. Mrs. Dolmetsch played the violone, or double-bass viol. In 1928, the Dolmetsch Foundation was set up by a group of Dolmetsch admirers, with Poet Laureate Robert Bridges as its first president, and in 1949 the Arts Council of Great Britain gave the Festival a financial guarantee.

IT happened that Mrs. Dolmetsch's eightieth birthday fell during the week of the 1954 Haslemere Festival (the occasion was marked by a concert and reception in her honor), and a few weeks before the Festival it struck me that this would be an appropriate time to have a look at the famous Beechside workshops. Though I live near Haslemere and had often been to the Festival concerts, I had somehow never got around to visiting the shops. When I began attending the concerts, Arnold Dolmetsch was still alive, and on the morning I at last set out for Beechside, I fell to thinking as I drove along of all that I could remember about him. He was already an old man when I first saw him—a frail-looking figure with a mane of white hair, a tufty patriarchal beard, and remarkably piercing dark eyes, which suggested that their owner would not suffer fools with any pleasure at

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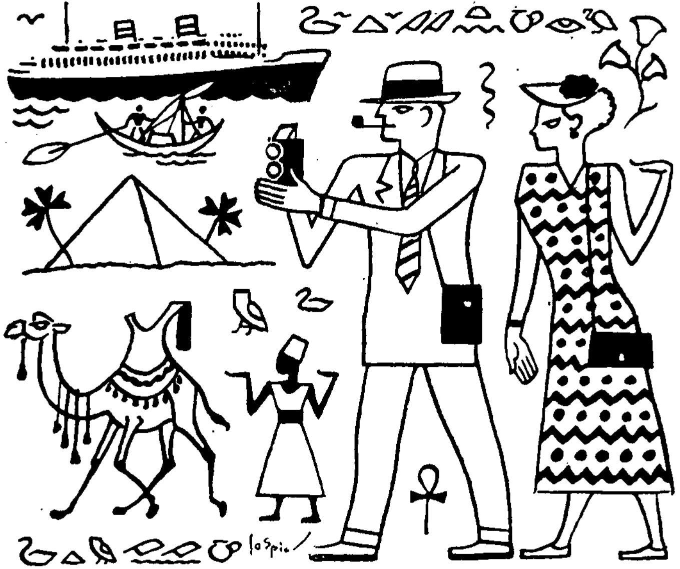

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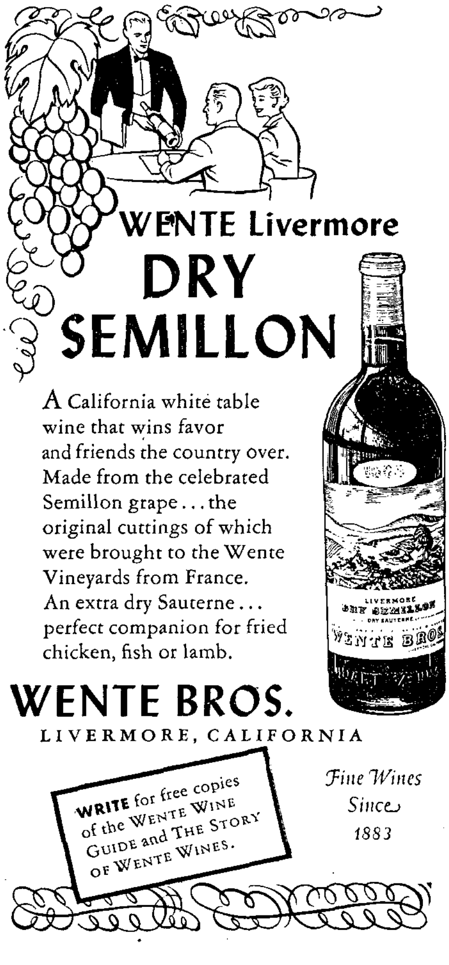

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all. He had great magnetism, and when he was on the concert platform, it was impossible to look at anyone else. I remembered particularly his playing of Bach on the clavichord, which was an ethereal delight to listen to. He always gave the concerts a peculiarly intimate flavor, making one forget that one was sitting in a hall and, instead, conveying the feeling that one was in the home of some chamber-music enthusiast while the host and his family and friends were playing Haydn or Jenkins or Telemann—whatever they happened to choose on the spur of the moment. For one thing, Dolmetsch was quite likely to break off in the middle of a passage, shake his bow irritably at one of the players, and point out a fault, as if there were no audience out front at all.

Beechside is a red brick house set high and back from the road behind a hedge. A board by the hedge bears the inscription "Arnold Dolmetsch, Ltd. Makers and Suppliers of Musical Instruments." As I walked up the path to the entrance that morning, the pure, round tones of a recorder were coming from one of the upper rooms. Carl Dolmetsch, the present managing director of the firm, had invited me to drop in for a chat before I went through the workshops, and when I arrived in his office, I found that it was he who had been playing the recorder; he was still holding it in his hand as he got up to greet me. Recorders, as more and more people on both sides of the Atlantic have come to know in recent years, are relatively simple instruments—whistle flutes with seven finger holes, a thumb hole, and a beak-shaped mouthpiece. I had heard a number of them at informal gatherings, but I had never realized how many sizes they came in, or how many shades of wood, until I saw the collection in Mr. Dolmetsch's office, stacked in shallow boxes all around the room.

"Waiting to be tested, every one of them," Mr. Dolmetsch said, with a sigh, as I stared in fascination about me. "I test all our handmade recorders after they leave the workshop. It gives the buyer a feeling of confidence, you know, if he can be sure that the instrument has been played and passed by me. But just at the moment I'm rehearsing every day for the Festival, and the routine work has been getting a little bit on top of me."

Carl Dolmetsch, a slight, dark man of forty-three with a gentle, punctilious manner and an amused expression, is now the head of the family; he was made a Commander of the Order of the

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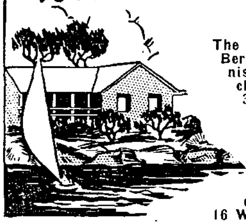

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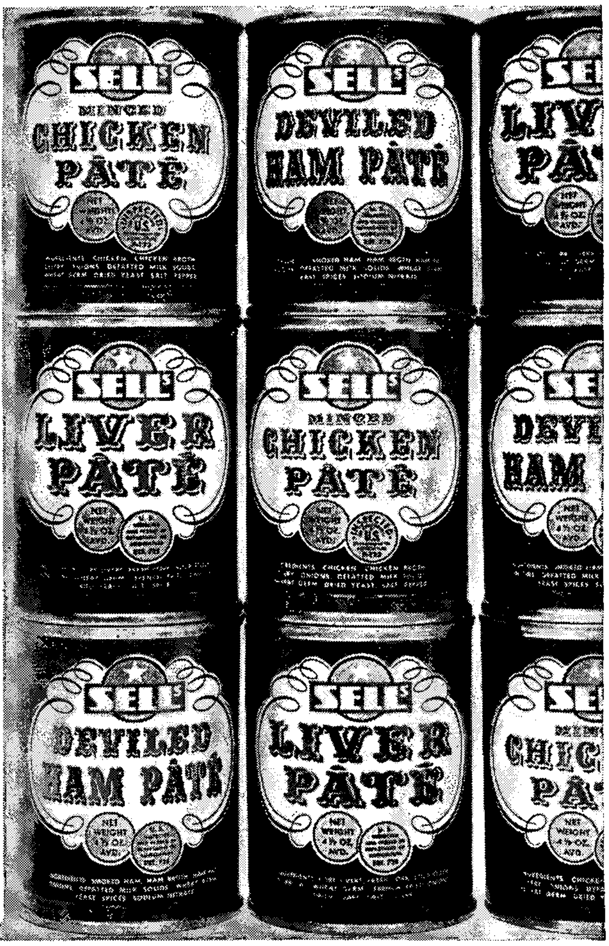
British Empire by the Queen last January for his services to music. Now, as we sat down, he went on talking about recorders. "Up to the time my father made the first modern recorder—here in Haslemere, in 1920—the only ones you could buy were antiques," he said. "Recorders had been out of fashion for a hundred and forty years. In the eighteenth century, they were called English flutes, to distinguish them from the German, or side-blown, flute, and Bach and Handel used them a lot. Before that, Purcell composed recorder music, and so did Scarlatti and Lully. It's a shame that recorders were forgotten for so long, but they're having a tremendous revival now. In a way, I suppose I was really the person responsible for getting my father to start making them, and his doing so certainly started the revival. He used to play a treble Bressan recorder himself—an eighteenth-century instrument. He'd taught himself to play it in 1903, from an old book of instructions called 'The Complete Flute Master.' Well, when I was about seven or eight, I lost his precious recorder for him in Waterloo Station. You can imagine the scene! It was a disaster." Dolmetsch smiled reminiscently, and continued, "Oddly enough, although he had made many kinds of early instruments by then, it had never occurred to him to make a recorder. But now he felt he had to, so he went ahead, and finally, after a bit of trouble with various construction problems, he turned out an excellent treble recorder. The Bressan recorder I had lost turned up again years later, incidentally. A friend of ours spotted it in a junk shop, bought it for five shillings, and gave it back to my father, who was so pleased that he gave *him* the first Dolmetsch recorder. That is now a museum piece itself, so it was a very fair exchange."

The big revival of recorder playing in England, Mr. Dolmetsch said, got properly under way during the Second World War, when the blackout caused many people to stay home and devise their own amusements. "It got me to thinking about the possibility of designing an inexpensive recorder," he went on. "It was obvious that interest was growing enormously, and that lots of people would find our handmade recorders too dear. A handmade descant, or soprano recorder, for instance, costs about eight pounds, and a treble with an ivory mouthpiece about ten pounds. I wanted to design something cheap *and* good—the sort of thing children could practice on at home without paining their parents. In the war, we were



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turned into a factory for making small parts for aircraft. You may remember, by the way, that Haslemere was bombed once or twice, and that all the hits were near the Haslemere museum. I think the bombers were looking for our workshops; we've always been well known in Germany, of course, and word would have got around that Arnold Dolmetsch's was now a war factory. The bombers probably mistook the museum for a workshop and didn't bother about Beechside because it is a private house. Anyway, we had a lot of experience with synthetics during the war, and they gave me the idea of a mass-produced plastic recorder. We started drawing up plans in 1945, and our first plastic recorder—a treble one—was shown at the British Industries Fair two years later. It was an immediate success, selling at thirty-five shillings and ninepence. We now make a plastic descant as well, for sixteen shillings and sevenpence. The plastic ones aren't molded here at Beechside, but they come here for testing before they're sent on to be distributed by the firm of Boosey & Hawkes, in London. Of course, their tone can't possibly compare with the handmade ones, like this satinwood tenor." Mr. Dolmetsch picked up the recorder he had been testing and played a few notes. They sounded beautifully rich and full. "All the same, the plastic ones have a really surprisingly good tone," he said after a few moments. "We sell around twenty-five thousand a year, and that's rather surprising, too, in view of the fact that when my father started playing recorder music in his concerts, there wasn't a recorder being made in England."

Mr. Dolmetsch got up and took a photograph down from the wall. It showed two little boys and two little girls. The boys and one of the girls were playing recorders, and the second girl was accompanying them on the harpsichord. They all looked happy, absorbed, and extremely attractive. "That's the youngest generation of Dolmetsches," he said. "Our two boys, François and Richard, and our twin girls, Jeanne-Marie and Marguerite. My wife plays several instruments, too. One part of my mother's birthday concert will be a fantasy for five viols, by John Jenkins, played entirely by Dolmetsches—my mother, my wife, my sisters Cecile and Nathalie, and me."

At that moment, a young man came in, and Mr. Dolmetsch introduced him to me as Layton Ring, a New Zealander and a member of the Dolmetsch staff. Mr. Ring, after working with

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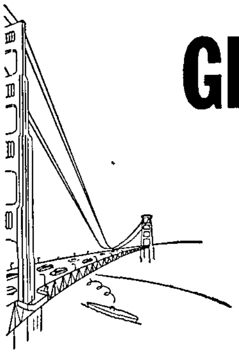
the firm briefly some four years ago, had gone back to New Zealand, and he had only recently returned to Haslemere, with a bride. Mr. Dolmetsch told me that Mr. Ring would show me through part of the workshops. "When you're finished, I'd like to have you meet my mother," he said. "She lives in Jesses—only a couple of houses away. Very convenient. We have our rehearsals for the Festival in the studio at Jesses—the room that used to be my father's workshop before it was moved here. I live on the other side of Haslemere, and Layton and his wife are staying with us until the house they've bought in the town is ready."

"Goodness knows when *that* will be, either," Mr. Ring said ruefully. He and I left Mr. Dolmetsch in his office, and stood outside on the landing for a few minutes, talking. He was very glad indeed, Mr. Ring told me, to be back with the Dolmetsches. "My principal interest is research in early music," he said. "That's why I left New Zealand. The facilities for it just don't exist there, needless to say, while here in England the museums and the archives of the colleges of music are absolutely crammed with stuff. The manuscripts may have been catalogued fifty years ago, but since then no one has done very much with them. When I was here last, I dug up an unperformed piece by Scarlatti and one by Purcell. The Purcell was in an album he gave to one of his pupils, and it contained copious notes by Purcell himself on how it should be performed. Imagine! Of course, there have been various scholars who have written fascinating papers about various branches of early music, but for the most part their approach to the subject has been on a level that only other musicologists can appreciate. The whole point of Arnold Dolmetsch's work was to bring forgotten music to the performing stage, and not leave it dead in manuscript form. I'm afraid that too many people still think there's something precious about early music, which tends to make their attitude toward it a bit patronizing." Mr. Ring shook his head sorrowfully.

There was a sound of lathes coming from the ground floor, and Mr. Dolmetsch's recorder had started fluting away again in his office. Now and



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started off as an office boy on the *Times*, as a matter of fact. I got caught up in the end of the First World War and went to work in an aircraft factory. After it was over, a friend took me along one day to a concert given by Arnold Dolmetsch in Bloomsbury. Turned out that my friend was about to start work in the Dolmetsch workshops. At the end of the concert, he introduced me to Mr. Dolmetsch, and the next thing I knew, Mr. Dolmetsch had asked me if I would come down to Haslemere and work with him, too. I did, and I'm still here. Funny how that sort of thing just seems to happen."

Mr. Ward settled down on the edge of a workbench, and I took the chair he had vacated at the spinet. "Arnold Dolmetsch had no business sense at all," Mr. Ward said. "He would find some music for an instrument that was unknown outside the museums, and he would come in with a drawing of the instrument and say, 'We must make one of these now, because I want to play it.' He was never practical. He didn't live in the ordinary world with the rest of us. Whatever he had in his mind at the moment would absorb him, and he would keep after it and chuck everything else. It didn't matter if he lost money that way. He just had to do it. And the money side was very, very bad for years. We all nearly starved at one time, believe me. There was a particularly rough patch during the American slump. We depended a lot on orders from America."

Mr. Ward sighed, lit a cigarette, and looked meditatively about the room before blowing out the match. "I only wish he could see all this now, though I don't know that he'd approve of one or two things," he went on. "For instance, we make the clavichords and the small harpsichords in batches—four or five at a time. It's cheaper and easier. But it might look too much like mass production to Arnold Dolmetsch. We have twenty men and girls working here, including three apprentices. They do a five-year apprenticeship, going through all the departments, if they want to, and usually they stay on afterward. There's always enough for them to do. We could expand a great deal if we had the space. Recorders are our biggest sales, and after that the keyboard instruments. We also make a certain number of viols, and a few lutes. Just lately, we've had a number of inquiries about lutes from America. There's a sort of time lag in things like this. Maybe lutes will get popular over there now."

I asked Mr. Ward if he played any

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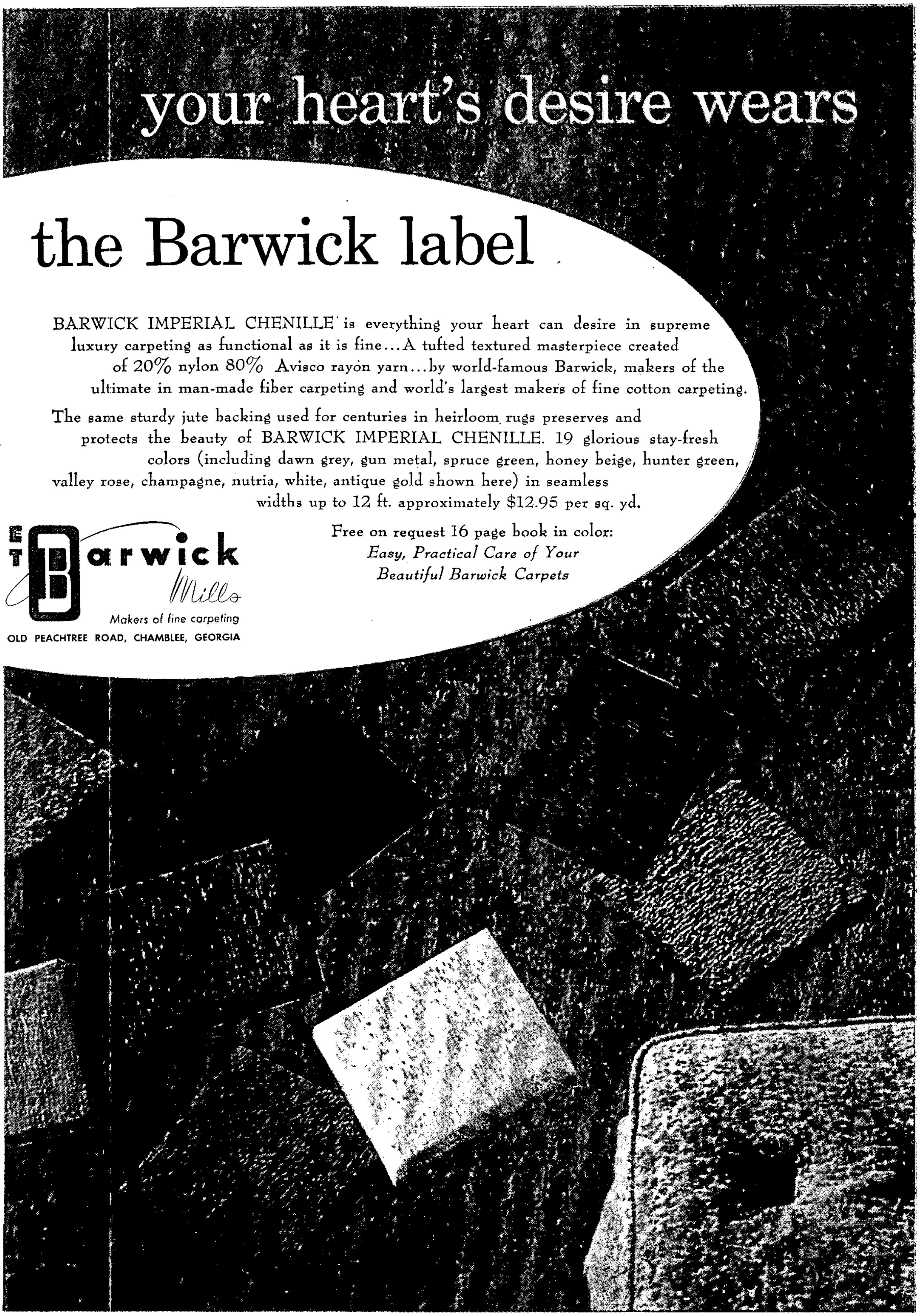

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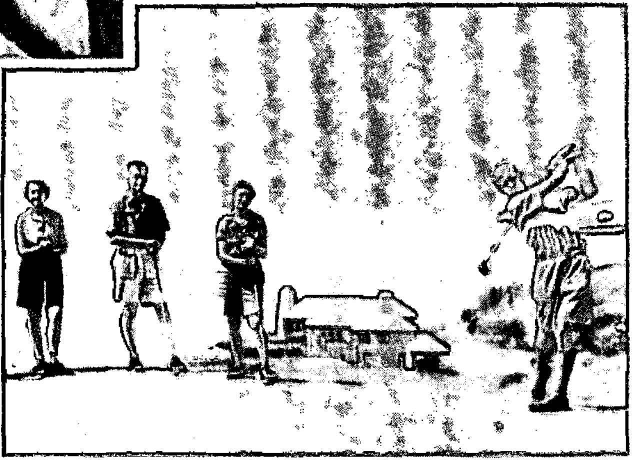

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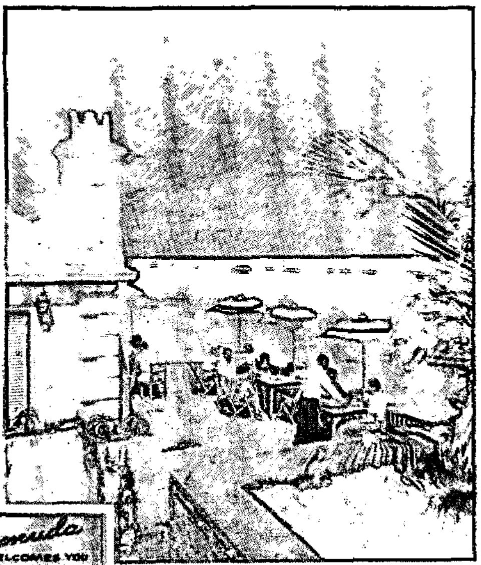

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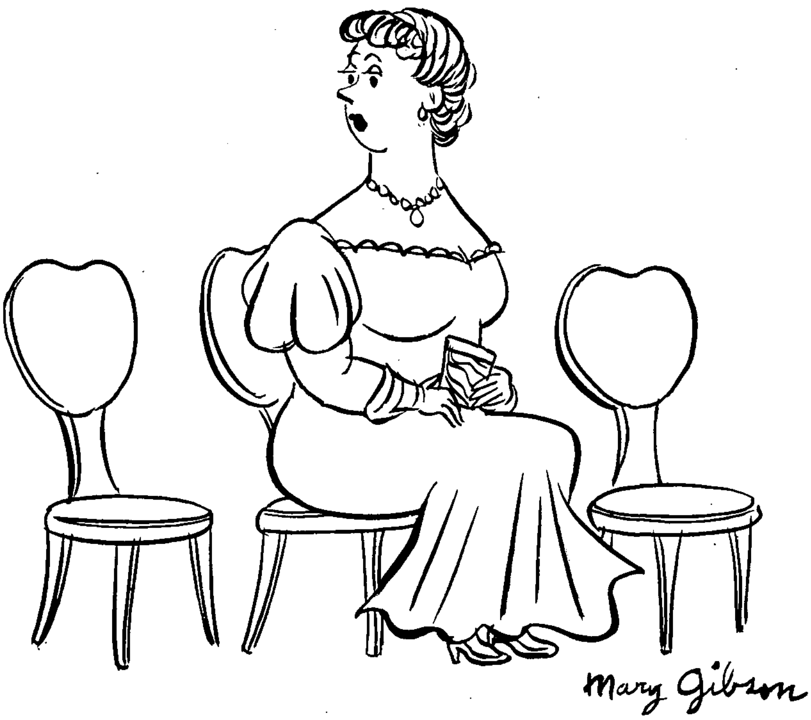
instrument, and he replied that he didn't nowadays. "I used to play the big bass viol—the violone," he said. "I've a good ear, of course—have to have in my job—and I've been listening to this kind of music for years and years. I don't suppose any man has ever listened to more. I know how it *ought* to sound, and it's surprising how seldom it does. A good pianist doesn't naturally make a good harpsichordist, you know. It's such a different technique. You can play a note on the piano softly and it will sound soft. You can strike the key hard and it will produce more volume. But you can press a harpsichord key softly, or you can bang it, or you can jump on it if you feel like it, and no matter what you do, the volume of sound remains the same. Pianists nearly always bang too much, in an effort to produce the volume. Organists make better harpsichordists, usually."

Mr. Ring returned at this point, and after a few minutes the three of us walked next door, to a much larger room, to have a look at a concert harpsichord that the firm was building for this year's Festival. Two young apprentices in carpenters' aprons were standing at a bench as we entered, planing wafer-thin pieces of wood, and a somewhat older man—"Our Polish foreman," Mr. Ring said—was tinkering with the insides of a big harpsichord in a beautiful reddish-brown case. Mr. Ring looked at the instrument approvingly and said to the foreman, "It's come on a lot since I last saw it." About the size of a concert grand piano but more slender and, in an indefinable way, more elegant, the harpsichord was certainly an impressive sight. The wood of the case, Mr. Ring told me, was Cuban mahogany, and a lighter inlay running around the case was made of boxwood and a wood called sapele, which resembled striped mahogany.

Mr. Ward laid a hand affectionately on the polished surface of the harpsichord and gave it a little pat. "Yes, indeed, this is my pet," he said. "We've spent over five months on it, and I myself worked on it up to eleven o'clock at night for two or three weeks. It's the largest we've ever made—probably the largest *anyone* has ever made, anywhere, for that matter. It's eight feet six inches long. Our ordinary concert harpsichords are seven feet six inches. This one has six sets of jacks and ten pedals, and I don't think they're going to need amplifiers when it's played in a concert hall. Try something, Layton."

Mr. Ring sat down at the harpsichord and began playing a Bach prelude. The



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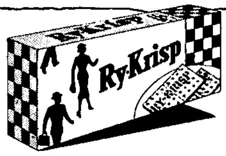

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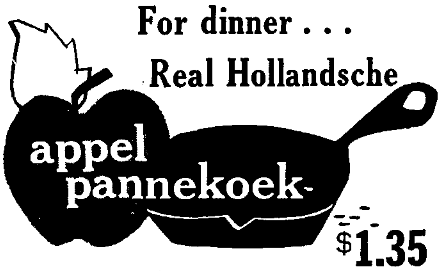

You probably can't pronounce it . . . but wait till you *taste* it! It's a crisp, golden pancake, filled with juicy chunks of apple and topped with cinnamon . . . typical of the wonderful dishes (both Dutch and American) you'll find in this rambling, oak-paneled replica of an old Dutch tavern. And while you're here, notice the antique Delft tiles . . . some of them date back to 1500! Complete dinners start from $3.20. Come early and enjoy cocktails round the Crescent Bar. For reservations, CI 6-5800.

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volume of sound was tremendous. The foreman folded his arms, leaned back against a wall, and listened with a pleased smile. Halfway through the prelude, Mr. Ring paused and said, "The description of a harpsichord used to be 'a bird cage played with a toasting fork,' but it would be difficult to call it that today. Beautifully brilliant, isn't it?" He finished the prelude triumphantly.

"I think the B.B.C. is interested in this one," Mr. Ward said, "but I'd rather make them another just like it, only in a plain case. It's murder the way they shove instruments around in the studios. I'd like to keep this one for our own use in the Festivals. It's hard to say when we'll find time to make another, though. We've got a year's orders booked up now on harpsichords and clavichords."

"And the plastic-recorder department has a backlog of twenty-five hundred descants and fifteen hundred trebles to catch up on," said Mr. Ring.

"It's terrible," said Mr. Ward happily.

MR. RING took me back to Carl Dolmetsch's office, where the latter put aside a recorder he was testing, in order to escort me down to Jesses. "Mother has a marvellous library of rare books and manuscripts," he told me on the way. "Her particular subject is early court dances and their music. Mother is amazing. She's busy on the proofs of her new book, 'Dances of Spain and Italy,' and, of course, she's already written the standard works on early English and French dances."

It took us only a minute to walk down to Jesses—a long, low house built in the pleasant Surrey cottage style and standing well back in a garden that was comfortably jumbled with bright flowers, vegetables, and fruit trees. A cage containing a canary hung from an apple tree, and from somewhere among all the growing things a small, stout black dog came bounding out effusively to greet us. On the front door of the house was a brass plate inscribed, in very worn letters, "Mr. Arnold Dolmetsch."

Mrs. Dolmetsch herself opened the door, and we walked straight out of the garden into a large, square room filled with a great number of musical instruments, scores, and photographs; it was cozy and cluttered, and gave one the curious sensation of having stepped into another era. Arnold Dolmetsch's "green harpsichord" stood against one wall, and a brilliantly painted lute was lying on top of it. There were two

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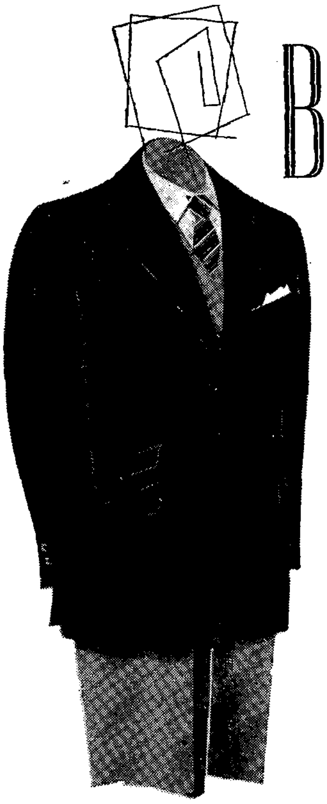
or three viols hanging from the walls, and I recognized a tiny *pochette*—one of those miniature fiddles that dancing masters in the eighteenth century carried around tucked in the capacious flapped pockets of their coats.

Mrs. Dolmetsch, a small, white-haired woman with a soft, youthful voice and an expression of great calm, greeted me cordially, and the three of us sat down at a table in the center of the room. Looking at her, I found it extremely difficult to believe that within a few days she would be celebrating her eightieth birthday. We talked for a while about the Festival. "My husband couldn't have found a more suitable place than Haslemere to hold it in," Mrs. Dolmetsch said reflectively. "It was absolute providence that made us settle here. Very few small English country towns have an excellent hall, as Haslemere has—just the right size, with first-rate acoustics. Arnold first came to know and love the neighborhood while he was staying with the Bernard Shaws, up at Hindhead."

The stout little dog had come in from the garden and was standing up on its short hind legs beside Mrs. Dolmetsch's chair. "Down, Bimbo!" said Mrs. Dolmetsch indulgently. Then she went on, "Shaw was a great admirer of Arnold's—had wonderful musical sensitivity. When Arnold first went to stay with them at Hindhead, he expected a very Spartan Socialist household, but a smart trap met him at the station and a butler opened the front door. Arnold was greatly amused. He tried to become a vegetarian, like Shaw, twice in his life, but it fizzled out both times. The first time was in America, while he was working in Chicago for Chickering. His efforts ended when we were in a restaurant one day and he had a sudden craving for a steak. When it came, he fainted dead away. The next time he tried vegetarianism was when we were living in Paris, and again he gave up. He was far too French not to enjoy *real* food. Arnold told me that he suspected Mrs. Shaw of putting meat extract in her husband's nut cutlets on the sly, to keep his strength up. Come into the library and I'll show you Arnold's workbench and tools."

The library was even more cluttered with mementos than the room we had just left. Arnold Dolmetsch's workbench stood under a window. It was a very solid-looking affair of unusually dark mahogany; Mrs. Dolmetsch said that it had been made for her husband while he was in Chicago. His tools were hanging alongside it, each knife



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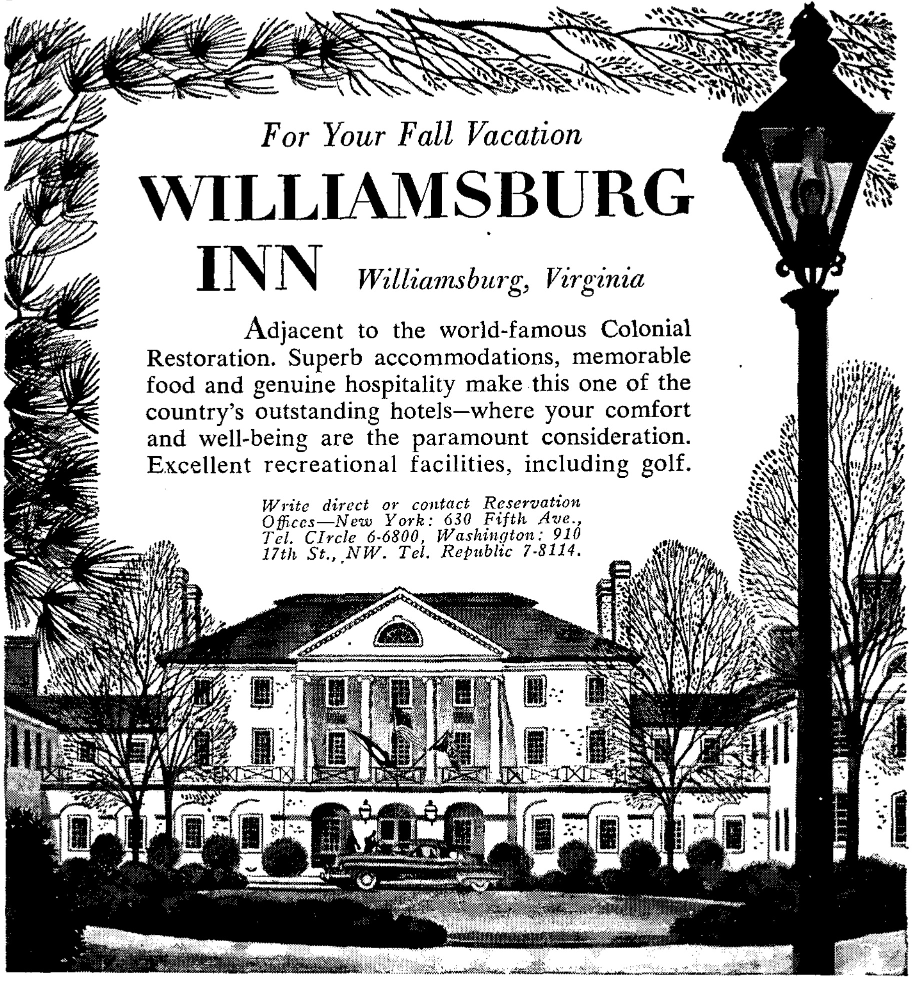

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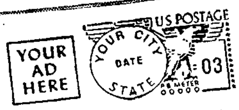

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or chisel neatly outlined in pencil on its supporting panel, so that if one was taken down, anybody could see at a glance what was missing. "One or two have walked off, I don't know where, but it's almost exactly as Arnold left it," Mrs. Dolmetsch said.

I WENT to Mrs. Dolmetsch's birthday celebration. The Haslemere Festival lasts a week, from Saturday to Saturday, and the birthday concert was on Monday. The program included Kreising's Suite in D Major, which Joseph Saxby played magnificently on Mr. Ward's big harpsichord. Mr. Ward himself came out on the platform between numbers, followed by one of the workshop apprentices, and moved the harpsichord where he wanted it, with the air of a man taking no chances. I enjoyed most of all the John Jenkins fantasy for five viols, played by the Dolmetsch family. The evening closed with two recorded performances—Arnold Dolmetsch playing a Bach prelude on the clavichord, and Rudolf Dolmetsch, the son who was killed in the war, playing Scarlatti on the harpsichord. The records were obviously rather old, and rasped a bit; at one point, a car starting up somewhere outside the hall nearly drowned out the notes of the clavichord. The audience was very quiet. Mrs. Dolmetsch sat on the platform, holding some flowers she had been given. She had a serene smile on her face as she listened, as if she were far away from everybody, and it is very likely that she was.

—Mollie Panter-Downes

•

A FIELD TAKEN

Flanking the pasture's line where stone
  walls run,
The tumbled hay plays soldiers in the
  sun,
And someone carts the casualties away
As the slow wagon makes its certain
  rounds.
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  must die
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  deep bay
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And gathers to himself the bright gold
  hay.

—William D. Mundell

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THE RACE TRACK

Return to Aqueduct

BY now, I should think, most of the horses and all the horseplayers hereabouts have settled down for the autumn season on Long Island. Aqueduct may not have the charm and the elbowroom of Belmont Park, or the elegance of, let's say, Santa Anita, but it really isn't too bad, and its infield is actually greener than the one at Saratoga, so the return from the Spa last week didn't bring everybody back to earth with a jolt, the way it used to. As for the crowd along the rails, it's much the same as the one at the Union Avenue course, and the horses are old friends, too; most of them are the same beasts we've been looking at since Jamaica opened in the spring, and even before that. One last, unimportant word about Saratoga: In its excitement over Nashua's victory in the Hopeful Stakes, this department failed to report that the daily double on get-away day was won by More Bounce and Run Riot, and paid a frisky $79.40.

THINGS got into full swing quickly at Aqueduct, with Alfred Vanderbilt's Crash Dive galloping home in the Aqueduct Handicap, on opening day, a couple of lengths ahead of G. R. Petersen, a 40–1 shot. Neither horse was threatened by Mrs. Ethel Jacobs' Joe Jones, who bumped his way into third place and whose number was taken down for his pains. For the record, Level Lea was placed third after the disqualification. I'm afraid Level Lea just isn't as good as he was this time last year; remember how smartly he ran in the Edgemere and the Discovery Handicaps, and then went on to win the Jockey Club Gold Cup at Belmont?

If the Wheatley Stable's High Voltage had taken the Astarita Stakes the other afternoon, instead of finishing a nose behind H. A. Flanigan's Two Stars, she would have been the seventieth winner Jim Fitzsimmons had saddled this season. Too bad she didn't, for she was much the better filly; she carried high weight, had all kinds of bad racing luck, and, even so, would have won in another stride. Still, Two Stars, whose owner, by the way, is a retired rear admiral, is no slouch, either. She brought off a 30–1 chance in the Schuy-

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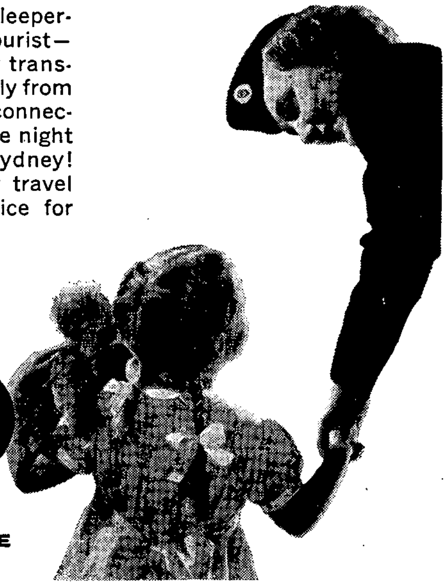

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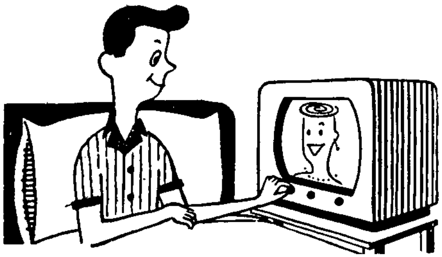

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lerville Stakes at Saratoga last month. It will be interesting to see what happens when High Voltage and Two Stars meet again three weeks from now, in the Matron Stakes at Belmont Park.

Shortly before the Astarita, Atkinson rode his three-thousandth winner—Devastation, a two-year-old from the Greentree Stable. It was pretty easy, too. He led by four lengths at one stage, and there was never any danger of his being caught. If you want more facts and figures, Atkinson's first winner was Musical Jack, at Beulah Park, a track near Columbus, Ohio, in May, 1938; since then—or at least as this is written—he's had 18,112 mounts, and finished second 2,546 times and third 2,263 times, and the animals he's ridden have earned just under $13,000,000. Three thousand is a lot of winners, but Atkinson is still far behind Longden, who had 4,440 the last time I checked, and Sir Gordon Richards, who had 4,870 when he hung up his tack several weeks ago after a bad fall. Anyway, the best of luck to Akkinson, as the fans call him.

SINCE almost everybody has at least one motorcar these days, getting back from Saratoga isn't the problem it used to be for race-trackers. There are lots of stories about the hard-dollar times, and one that I like the Dancer tells on himself. The Dancer, in case you don't know, was a bookmaker in the bad old days; he made a morning line of odds, and never refused a bet, no matter how big. Well, it seems that near the end of one meeting an old customer came to him for a loan. "Just a buck to get my laundry," he said. The Dancer obliged. Later, the man returned. "If I could get two bucks, I could get a seat on a hay wagon going back to New York," he said. The Dancer told him it would be all right but he'd have to wait until after the last race on closing day. Sure enough, the man was there at the appointed time, and got his two dollars. "Wait a minute," the Dancer said. "If there's any room on that hay wagon, move over."

—AUDAX MINOR

•

RALEIGH (N.C.), July 24—Mrs. Polly Caudle doesn't get to this city very often. In fact, although she lives only thirty-five miles away, the 81 year old woman never visited the capitol city until last weekend. Her nephew brought her to town wearing a bright print apron and a big, fluffy sunbonnet. Why had she never come to Raleigh before?—*San Francisco Examiner.*

Something to do with that nephew?

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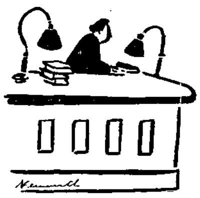
BOOKS

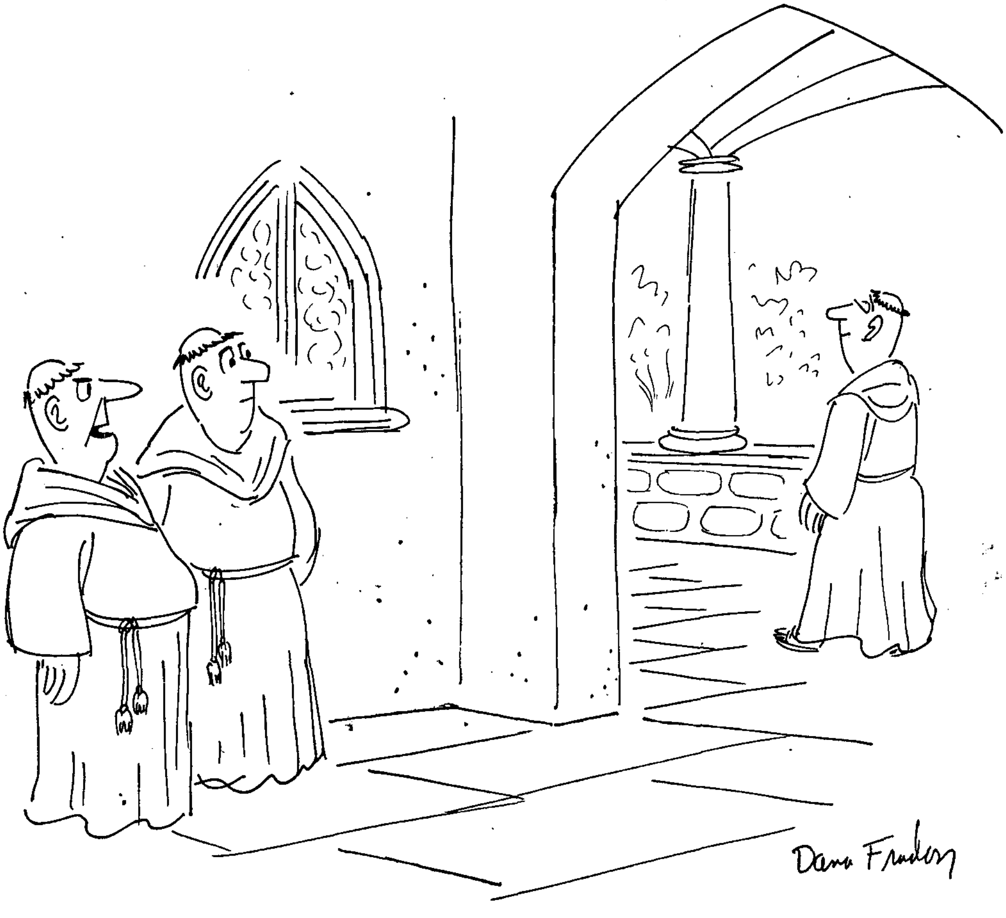
The Anger of Flaubert



NOT long ago, there appeared in new translations three works by Gustave Flaubert—a volume of "Selected Letters," edited and translated by Francis Steegmuller (Farrar, Straus & Young); his last, unfinished novel, "Bouvard and Pécuchet," in a translation by T. W. Earp and G. W. Stonier, with an introduction by Lionel Trilling (New Directions); and the supplement to this encyclopedic satire on the two retired clerks who tried to find the solution to every human problem in books—the "Dictionary of Accepted Ideas," translated for the first time into English by Jacques Barzun (New Directions).

Now, there are very good reasons for these editions: Flaubert's marvellous letters are still too little known in English, "Bouvard and Pécuchet" has never been adequately translated before, and up to now the "Dictionary"—the collection of clichés and current smugnesses that Flaubert recorded with such passionate scorn all his life and used as a source book for "Bouvard"—has seemed almost untranslatable. From one point of view, then, this sudden reëmergence of Flaubert comes in answer to a need. Mr. Steegmuller, who had already used the letters so well in his "Flaubert and Madame Bovary," has now been persuaded to do a cross-section of this enormous correspondence for the Great Letters series that Farrar, Straus & Young have been publishing; Mr. Barzun, whose mother tongue is French, has been "making it a special game of his own, over a number of years"—his publisher tells us—"to find the exact English equivalent for each 'accepted idea' Flaubert recorded," and "has documented here our own inanities. . . . Together with Flaubert he has produced a very contemporary self-portrait of the middle-class philistine, as present today as when Flaubert railed against him." The translation of "Bouvard," by two British critics, is reinforced with a long introduction in which Mr. Trilling places the book in the tradition of Rabelais, Cervantes, and Swift and argues against the usual view that it is a satire on bourgeois culture. So far, so good; we have needed these works, and here we have all these expert translators and distinguished critics to give us Flaubert again. The works are presented virtually in conjunction, and Mr. Trilling's introduction ties them together for the American public, for whom some portion of its unfulfilled needs is at last fulfilled. Flaubert is available.

But why at just this time? Is it merely a coincidence that Mr. Barzun had a private interest in translating so curious and difficult a work as the "Dictionary," that Mr. Steegmuller was commissioned to translate the letters, that Mr. Trilling happened to be interested in a book so little known here as "Bouvard and Pécuchet"? Or do these three very different works have a common value and interest for us because they are all by Flaubert? And why Flaubert at all, just now? Why is it that at a certain moment some writer out of the past, some acknowledged classic whose greatness and permanent value have been taken for granted, who is part of the history of the race and a symbol for certain virtues, unexpectedly becomes important to us? It is never his art as such that first sends us back to him, for art is always wrapped around a point of view, is felt *as* a point of view, and makes it clear; it is always some particular angle of vision, some blunt prejudice about life, the very tone of a man's voice, to which we are attracted again. Suddenly, out of the hundreds of writers, and *their* points of view, to whom we might profitably return at this particular moment—Rabelais's earthiness, Emerson's purity, Goethe's universality—suddenly it is Flaubert to whom we instinctively respond, who brings out of us something that has badly wanted saying, and who, having given his whole life to a particular vision, reappears before us as a hero. But what is it of Flaubert that we so desperately need just now? Is it his portrait of the "middle-class philistine"? Is it his belief that art should be endowed "with pitiless method, with the exactness of the physical sciences"? That "an artist must be in his work like God in creation, invisible and all-powerful"? Is it the "selflessness" that Mr.



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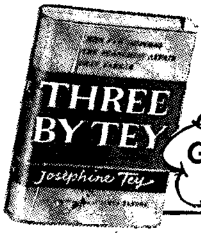

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Trilling considers the real theme of "Bouvard," and indeed of Flaubert's life? All these things must be in our minds as we read him, and they add up to something more than a literary method and a moral lesson.

If there is one basic experience to be gained from these books, it is of Flaubert's anger. The most telling entry in the "Dictionary"—amid so many that indicate the fury with which Flaubert set down the inanities, stupidities, vulgarities, and pretensions of his contemporaries—is "ORIGINAL: Make fun of everything that is original, hate it, beat it down, annihilate it if you can." And the overwhelming impression one gets from "Bouvard," a brilliantly desolate work, is of the mountain of books and the oceans of folly over which Flaubert could labor in order to spew forth, in all its detail, his contempt for the ideas of his age. But it is in the letters, the magnificent letters Flaubert dashed off after his torturing daily stint was done, that his anger is most compelling. To read these letters is to see a man bursting with the eloquence of rage—rage against conventional opinion, against contemporary intellectuals, against all the political ideas of the day, against shoddy writing passed off as the real thing; against the materialism of the working class, the brutality and smugness of the middle class, the emptiness of the aristocracy. He thought them all "bourgeois," "a being whose mode of feeling is low." He scolded his boyhood friends when they became successful and complacent; he lashed back at those who urged him to get his books out quickly ("When I make an appearance," he retorted, "it will be in full armor"); he lectured Guy de Maupassant, whom he regarded almost as a son, for his whoring and laziness ("A little more pride, by God!"). He was furious with his mistress, Louise Colet, for showing around poems she wrote in order to get back at her ex-lovers, and he could be made "rabid"—the word, Mr. Trilling reminds us, is Flaubert's own—by a book, a phrase heard in the street, an article, an opinion. In short, everything in modern life that can annoy, lacerate, and outrage an unwearied conscience and a triumphant mind and a perfect integrity; everything that nowadays we are so used to and that only the most heroically unrelenting effort can resist *all* the time; everything for which, in order to fight it, a man will pay the final price in loneliness and unremitting labor, Flaubert fought gladly, fought constantly. "I can no longer talk with anyone with-

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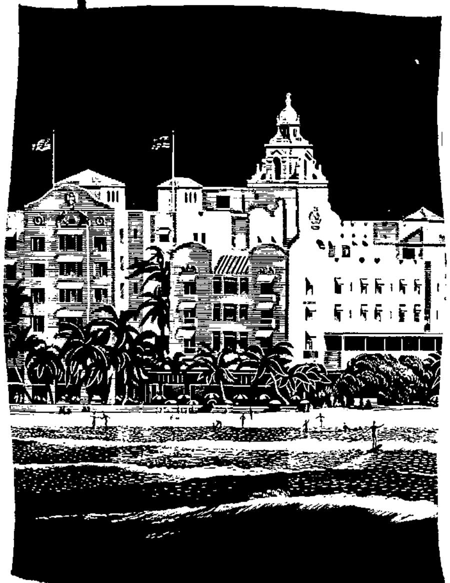

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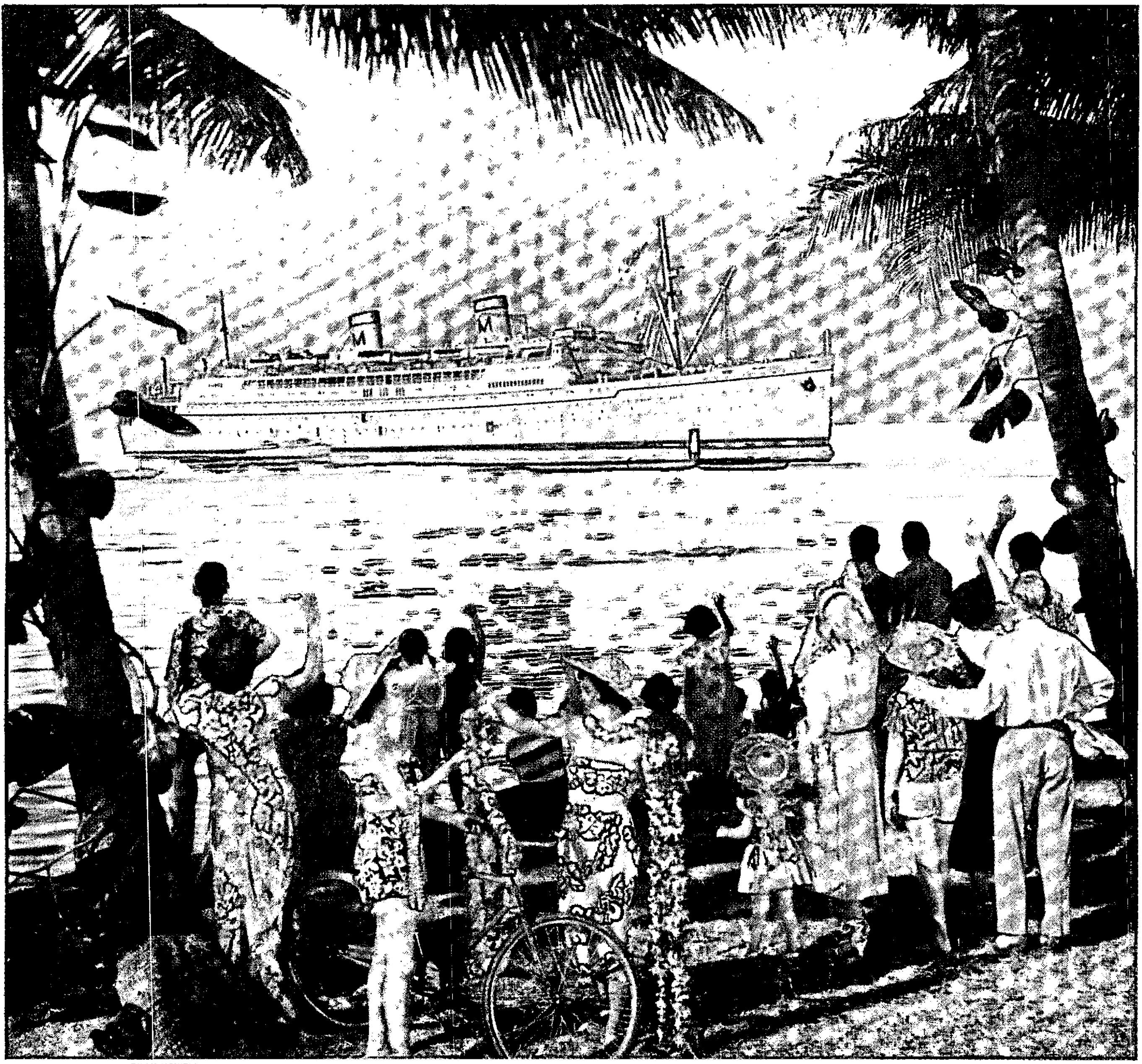

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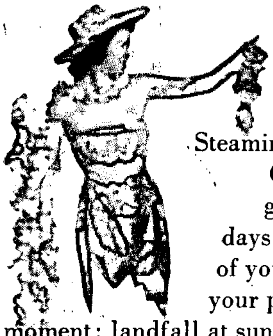

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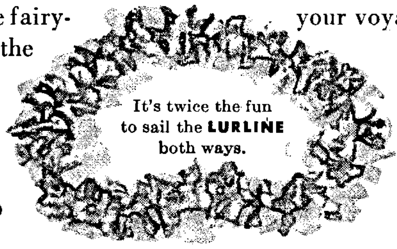

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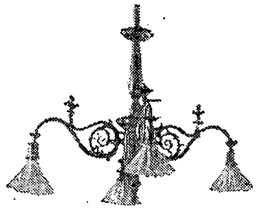
It is all too easy, however, to believe that Flaubert was angry only with his age, that he felt the debasement around him on our own level of sophisticated dislike for "popular culture." One may feel, as I do, that in "Bouvard" he recorded too literally his contempt for modern ideas, that he expects us to read his "Dictionary" of platitudes with a smirk of self-satisfaction—and at the same time see that he sometimes trains all his fire on current stupidities only because he despairs of being understood. A writer like Flaubert can feel his own exceptionality so keenly as to dislike everything in sight. The "Dictionary" sometimes sounds like Mencken's disdainful examples of "Americana," and "Bouvard" can be taken as an invitation to look down on everyone but ourselves. But these works also point to a feeling of suppression, of some final exasperation, that has set itself up not only against the slogans and catchwords of culture but against culture itself.

This constant sense of his own struggle is what counts with Flaubert. But the struggle is not simply with the conventional opinions of the time; as he himself knew, one can reach a point in the longing for originality where everything sounds like a cliché, where one dare not open one's mouth for fear of sounding like everyone else. It is a struggle against some bitter necessity in the artist's position, against that vision of the "abyss" which more and more, in the centuries since religion ceased to have its old authority, art has tried to bridge. It is in the letters that you see that Flaubert's anger has a deeper source than the complacencies and lies and stupidities of popular opinion, the vulgarities of his age, the self-seeking of his contemporaries, and the apathy of his friends. This is the anger of someone who, with all his pride—and Flaubert could have said, as Joyce did of himself, that he had discovered he could do "anything" with language—nevertheless felt that he was not fully getting his say.

Flaubert's anger is extreme, not because other men of the same stamp have not felt such anger but because he was struggling with the final human powerlessness to lift art itself up to a height that would have the effect of absolute permanence, that would give some unmoving, unyielding embodiment to what he saw. The gap between human mortality and the nonhuman ideal; the desire to give the effect of lastingness,



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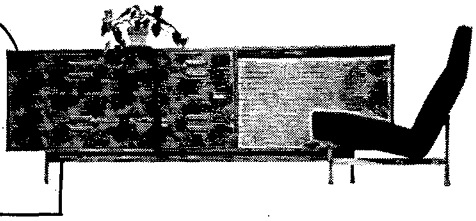

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There once was a man
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hardness, unchangeability to one's works; a man's need to round out his puling little days, his nervous, fretful efforts, his everlasting concern with himself, into something that would have the permanent splendor of the gold and the ivory Flaubert loved—this is what makes his anger in his letters so profound and moving an expression not merely of our general quest for immortality but of the artist's aim to show in the actuality of his work the possible joining of his life to eternity. Flaubert took on himself everything that can cause spiritual anguish, from the unworthiness of the daily round to the broken arc of life itself, and then hurled himself, with all his force, into the breach.

This is what makes Flaubert one of the heroes and renders these letters so remarkable, above all, for their consistent passion. A letter is usually notable because it consists of a single affirmation, of a predominating idea; it is an occasion on which a single note is struck, on which one exclamation, a prevailing mood, *makes* that occasion. What is so amazing about Flaubert's correspondence is that he talks on the highest level all the time. He rushes into each letter with the same fight, the same brilliance, the same exultant, unwearied militancy. In the small hours of the night, long after his excruciatingly careful day's work is done—it sometimes came to a page a week—he suddenly tears loose in these letters, and, dashing them off quickly, burningly, scathingly, he constantly astonishes us with the high pitch of his spontaneity, with the fact that he never "relaxes," never wants chitchat for its own sake, but is always a "frantic idealist," as he says, charged and ready to burst, his mind gathering from the deepest hours of the night exactly the tone of truth a man needs to talk to himself in.

Anger is a great quality, a classic quality, and one rarely evident today, for what most people feel just now is usually resentment and bitterness, the telltale feelings of people who consider themselves imposed on, who know that they are not getting their due, who feel *small*. Flaubert's anger, on the contrary, is that of a powerful caged beast (how often the image of the lion recurs in his work), of a man who, feeling his strength to the uttermost, is continually outraged by the meanness, the self-seeking, the lowness, the vulgarity around him. It is because he feels his strength—unlike most of us today, who feel only our weakness—that he is so magnificently angry. It is because of the very excess of his love, of his wonderful

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natural idealism—that which a great writer possesses almost with the air he breathes—because of the very *insatiability* of his gift, that he is so continually enraged. It is because he wants to unite, as every great writer does, the life of reality with the life of imagination, and precisely because he is not a "realist" in the cheap modern sense of someone who has wised up to the limits of human experience and has decided to make the most of his opportunities.

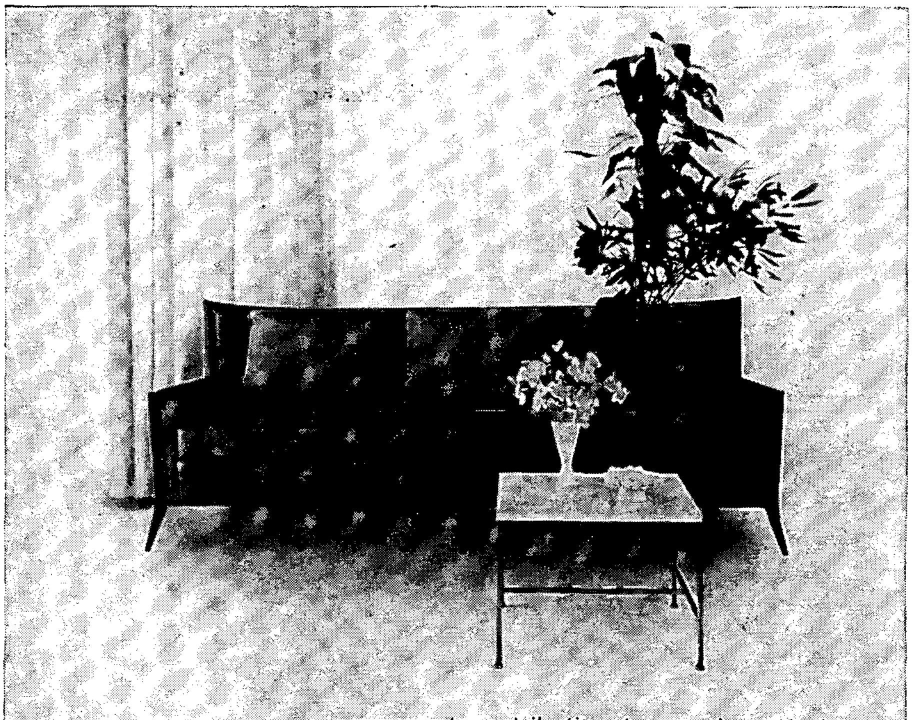
Flaubert knew that for someone like himself there could be nothing but this need to unite the life of imagination with the life of reality, and that it is the gap between them that causes the greatest pain. But, exasperated and torn by the human situation itself, he tried to specify in the greatest detail what *this* side of "reality" is like—as if he were seeking not so much to transcend reality as to exhaust it, to drain it, to follow its thread to the very end of the labyrinth. No wonder that he was fanatical, that he constantly railed against the complacent, that every letter was a great shout raised in the faces of the unfeeling. He was unable to live with "reality," and he was unable to write about anything else.

But to have this vision makes everything else fall into place. "And besides," he wrote in "Bovary," "after reaching a certain point one no longer makes any mistake about things of the soul." This is the real meaning of Flaubert's anger. And it is a classic anger, the anger of prophets and heroes, the anger of someone who knew that what makes a writer great is exactly his impatience with life itself—which does not live up to the ideal and cannot be fitted to the great idea, to the vision beyond life that, if it makes life seem unworthy and insufficient, also creates the only vision by which a man can stand away from pettiness. —ALFRED KAZIN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE YEAR THE YANKEES LOST THE PENNANT, by Douglass Wallop (Norton). A fantasy about a dim, middle-aged real-estate salesman who makes the traditional arrangement with the Devil (on a short-term basis), is changed into a dim, proficient hitter and outfielder for the Washington Senators, and finds it more difficult than he expected to get changed back. Mr. Wallop is a writer of modesty and tact, but these are qualities that some of his readers might gladly trade for, say, audacity



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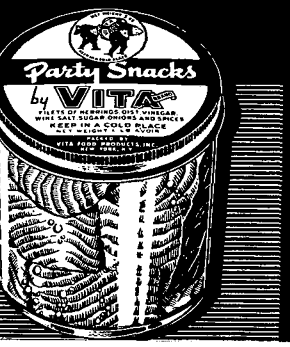

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and spirit. A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.

THE MAN WHO MADE WINE, by J. M. Scott (Dutton). Michel Rachelet has spent many years supervising the vineyards at a château in the Médoc district of France. On the night of his retirement, he reviews his life as he downs glass after glass of wine. The author seems to intone the story, which is full of awful, condescending wine talk ("It is round, it is supple, it has *sève*"), and he doesn't make it clear whether old Rachelet ends up dead or dead drunk.

GENERAL

A BLESSED GIRL, by Lady Emily Lutyens (Lippincott). Lady Emily, who is a granddaughter of the novelist Bulwer-Lytton and is now teetering on the edge of eighty, has finally brought herself to print a correspondence she carried on in her teens with an elderly family friend, the Reverend Whitwell Elwin. Nothing could sound less promising, but this unbuttoned memoir turns out to be one of the liveliest books of the decade. Here is Victorian high life unsparingly seen and brilliantly recounted by a clear-eyed girl, whose topics range from what Wilde really sounded like at lunch to dealings with the pawnbroker over family jewelry. The climax of the book, a futile romance with the poet Wilfrid Scawen Blunt, who may have been attracted to Emily because his wife always went to bed in her riding clothes, is quite a story, if not precisely the epic tragedy it seemed then. The Reverend Mr. Elwin, an eccentric who, for one thing, delivered all his children himself, stands up pretty well as a correspondent against this tough competition, but the reader is not apt to forgive him for the gap in Lady Emily's correspondence each winter; he seems to have saved her letters only when there was no fire handy.

SUDAN DAYS AND WAYS, by H. C. Jackson (St. Martin's Press). The old-fashioned but oddly fresh recollections of a retired British civil servant who went straight from Oxford to Khartoum in 1907, only nine years after the Sudan had been liberated from the murderous misrule of the Dervishes, and stayed there for twenty-four years. In the early days, Mr. Jackson was expected to be judge, engineer, doctor, tax and crop assessor, inspector of schools, and agricultural expert all in one, and

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he journeyed about the country by camel, pony, and donkey, always keeping an observant eye upon the scene, and also keeping a diary. Fifty years ago, he says, the Sudan, a country as large as Europe, was a waste, and its people were ignorant, diseased, and starving. Now, when the British are about to pull out, Mr. Jackson is proud of the schools, hospitals, railroads, and so on, they have built. He is especially proud that they never set up a color bar there.

STRATEGY, by B. H. Liddell Hart (Praeger). Although his foresight about the Second World War turned out to be not entirely impeccable, Captain Liddell Hart shows that he is at least gifted with admirable hindsight. He can now see that his theory of the Indirect Approach, which, he says, is not only the secret of military strategy but "a law of life in all spheres," including politics, commerce, and sex, was the clue to all the victories in that war, as it has been to those of all the wars since Marathon—a generalization the Captain demonstrates with the speed of a panzer breakthrough in the historical summary that constitutes the first section of his book. There is an appendix by General Yigael Yadin, of Israel, who declares that he used the Captain's theories in the war against the Arab states. Even with Guderian and Rommel out of circulation, Captain Liddell Hart apparently does not lack for apt pupils.

TELL FREEDOM, by Peter Abrahams (Knopf). Another sickening look at the ulcerated underside of the Union of South Africa, and in many ways the most authoritative one we have had so far. For one thing, the author, unlike most of the other clinicians who have recently shown us around that racially bedridden nation, is not only a native South African but a Negro (of the mixed caste called "coloured"), and he was born and raised in a slum suburb of Johannesburg, the Nuremberg of Afrikander nationalism. For another, since he now lives in England, he is able to speak his mind without fear of painful contradiction, and in this calm, chilling memoir he evokes the hard years of hunger and humiliation and despair that resulted in his northward flight to freedom.

THE AMERICAN PEOPLE IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY, by Oscar Handlin (Harvard). If the title of this book were "Minority Groups in America in the Twentieth Century,"

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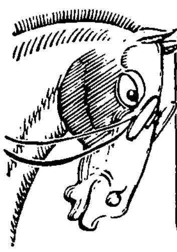

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it would be nearer the mark. What Professor Handlin has written here, and written superbly well, too, is a study of the changes that have taken place since 1900 in the habits of life and thought of immigrants, Jews, Negroes, Indians, small religious sects, political refugees, and the like. The core of the American population—the so-called native stock—is considered principally as it affected these groups or was affected by them, and so are historical events, notably the First World War, the depression, and the Second World War.

The World of the Honeybee, by Colin G. Butler (Macmillan). A methodical introduction, designed for the general but attentive reader, to the methodical members of the insect genus Apis, who, while firmly resisting domestication, have shared the products of their industry with man for at least four thousand years. The author, a zoologist associated with the Rothamsted Experimental Station, in England, discusses the honeybee's evolution (most likely from a wasp of the upper Mesozoic period), the development of its extraordinary feeding habits (useful not only to man but to much of life on earth), the nature of its elaborate collectivism, and, perhaps most illuminatingly, the recent discovery—in which Mr. Butler played a large part—of an exudation known as "queen substance," which appears to be essential in maintaining the cohesion of a bee colony. He also has a few provocative words to say about such phenomena as swarming, mating, and foraging, which are still among the densest of entomological mysteries. Photographs.

Nunamiut, by Helge Ingstad (Norton). Among the forty thousand-odd indigenous wanderers of the enormous arctic wastes between Bering Strait and Greenland, some fifty or sixty fiercely inbred Alaskan Eskimos who call themselves Nunamiuts are close to unique. Their home is deep in the Brooks Mountains, they subsist almost entirely on caribou, and until the fall of 1949, when Mr. Ingstad, a Norwegian ethnologist and anthropologist, walked into one of their camps, many of them had never seen a white man. His visit lasted nearly a year, and in this deeply absorbing report he pictures for us, with a sympathy bordering on envy, the mild delights and fearsome perils of life in a Stone Age society

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that inhabits perhaps the earth's least hospitable corner. Many photographs and some truly fine reproductions of contemporary Nunamiut art.

THE COMPLEX FATE, by Marius Bewley (Grove Press). This collection of essays, by an American who studied under F. R. Leavis at Cambridge and is now teaching at Catholic University, deals with the complex fate of being an American, as reflected in literature from Henry James, and his indebtedness to Hawthorne, to H. L. Mencken, and his nativist philology. Mr. Bewley's key word is "moral," which, though he denies it, usually means "ethical," and sometimes, as in his preference for critical "tact and delicacy," means no more than "genteel" or "well bred." He seems to be ashamed of being an American, which is scarcely a profitable viewpoint from which to write about our literature. As a consequence, the attitude he takes toward Mr. Leavis, who has written the introduction and interpolated acerb comments here and there, is one that any nativist philologist would call "toadying." A distressing book, but perhaps a sign of which way the critical wind is blowing.

THE EUROPEAN THEATER OF OPERATIONS: THE SUPREME COMMAND, by Forrest C. Pogue (Department of the Army). One more volume of a history of the war in Europe that is appearing under the general title "The United States Army in World War II." This book, which centers on the Supreme Allied Command and on the activities of the Supreme Allied Commander, General Eisenhower, begins with the preparations for Overlord and ends with the German surrender. The author has drawn extensively on memoirs, published and unpublished, by a number of the exalted personages involved, and on captured documents that show how the campaign looked from the German side. It is all pretty heavily official, of course, and for the most part Mr. Pogue has to steer clear of the more spirited controversies that arose within the Grand Alliance and within the American Army itself, but he has nevertheless written a very readable book. Photographs, maps, and charts.

GEORGE GISSING: GRAVE COMEDIAN, by Mabel Collins Donnelly (Harvard). George Gissing's life was an interesting, and even lurid, one—beginning with his expulsion from college at eighteen for stealing money

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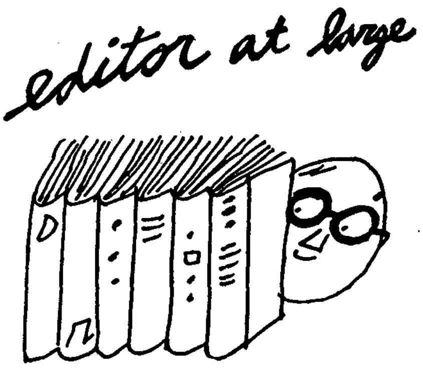

I'd like to try an experiment with the readers of this column. I'd like to give you a book, let you read it, and then ask you to pay for it *only* if you like it.

The book is a novel called "Lucky Jim," by Kingsley Amis. We published it last January, and though its sales have been definitely unsensational, it has won a number of ardent supporters. It is that kind of a book (and this is less of a paradox than it may seem) which is liked only by those who have read it.

The outspoken enthusiasm of some of these people prompts me to try again to get this book into the hands of the right reader.

You are the right reader for "Lucky Jim" if you like English novels, novels about teachers or funny novels. "Lucky Jim" is all of these. It's something like "Pictures From An Institution," more like "Zuleika Dobson," even more like "The Secret Life of Walter Mitty."

It's the story of a young teacher's misadventures in his academic life, his love life and his everyday life. Included among its admirers are such respectable literary people as Edith Sitwell, Charles Poore and Gilbert Highet.

If, on the basis of this description, you'd like to try it, take or mail this column to your bookseller. He'll send me your name and I'll send you the book. If you like it, you can pay him; if you don't you can return the book to me. In the unhappy event that you don't have a bookseller handy, mail the column to me, and I'll send the book directly.

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from fellow-students to buy a sewing machine for a prostitute, whom he later married, and going on through his miseries as a photographer's canvasser in New England to his death in France as a bitter old hack of forty-six. His works are probably of far less interest these days, and it is unfortunate that Dr. Donnelly devotes most of her attention to them, under the odd delusion that they are comparable to the novels of Henry James. An earnest, naïve, and pretty uncritical book that is not without its share of insight.

THE FOUR CONTINENTS, by Osbert Sitwell (Harper). Some of the more special wonders of the world—the geysers of Zunil, the kingfisher ponds of Cambodia, the Ringling Museum at Sarasota—as glimpsed from the book-lined palanquin of the mandarin of modern Baedekers. Topiary.

CALL TO GREATNESS, by Adlai E. Stevenson (Harper). These three Godkin Lectures on foreign policy, delivered at Harvard in March, represent what Mr. Stevenson calls an "attempt to defrost a tiny segment of the opaque window through which we see others and others see us," and, as such, they are highly successful. With a combination of wit, wisdom, and an old-fashioned reasonableness, the former Governor of Illinois both summons his nation to greatness and recommends a generous dose of Christian humility to go with it.

•

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Anacreon sang of love and wine:
The lady and the laden vine
Were tune to him and anodyne,

And so, within an arbor shady,
His light Anacreontics made he
To praise the lustre of his lady:

Her glow, her ripe and rounded shape,
The tendrils curling at her nape—
And died of choking on a grape.

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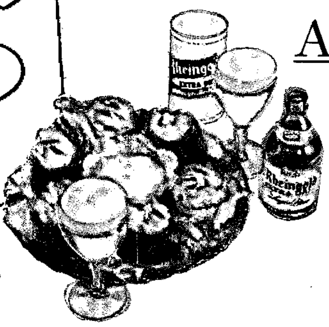
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